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LATIAN
SUMMERS

TRANSLATED BY
D. ROBERTS

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LATIAN SUMMERS
AND AN
EXCURSION IN UMBRIA

LATIAN SUMMERS

AND AN

EXCURSION IN UMBRIA

BY

FERDINAND GREGOROVIVS

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE CITY
OF ROME IN THE MIDDLE AGES"

TRANSLATED BY

DOROTHEA ROBERTS

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TO
MRS. GUSTAVUS HAMILTON

IN RECOGNITION OF THE BENEFIT
SHE HAS BESTOWED ON LITERA-
TURE BY HER ADMIRABLE TRANS-
LATION OF THE "HISTORY OF
THE CITY OF ROME IN THE
MIDDLE AGES," BY FERDINAND
GREGOROVIVS

PREFATORY WORDS

THE *Lateinische Sommer*, now translated into English for the first time, forms the second volume of the series of five entitled by their author, Ferdinand Gregorovius, his *Wander Jahre in Italien*.

The following sketches and studies were written during his residence in Italy, when he was collecting materials for his great "History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages." That important work has been translated into English by Mrs. Hamilton, and has now reached its second edition.

With Teutonic thoroughness, the genial East Prussian was wont to take up his abode, for months at a time, in some ancient hill town of the Sabina, or Latium, or in the southern Campania (this Campania is not to be confounded with the Roman Campagna), where the spirit and customs of the past still lingered, and the peasant population retained their ancestral characteristics. The huge relics of palaces—once the abode of the prelates and princes whose lives he was revivi-

ing northward. The sight of those lovely distant ranges suggested the inclusion in this little volume of a chapter from a later work by Gregorovius, entitled "An Excursion in the Sabina and Umbria," written, after the Italian Revolution, in 1861. It shows Italy as she appeared just after her unification, and replaces a record of the devastations wrought from the earliest days by the river Tiber upon the Eternal City. Another chapter has been omitted as it deals with the sojourn of the Popes at Avignon, and may link itself on some day to a translation of another small book by Gregorovius, entitled "The Monuments of the Popes in St. Peter's." This I am about to translate into English.

DOROTHEA ROBERTS.

ROME, 1898-99.

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SUBIACO

**THE OLDEST BENEDICTINE MONASTERY
OF THE WEST**

LATIAN SUMMERS

SUBIACO

THE OLDEST BENEDICTINE MONASTERY OF THE WEST

THE far-famed Benedictine Monastery of Subiaco lies in one of the most beautiful mountain gorges of the Roman Campagna, four and twenty miles¹ from Rome. Through this ravine the ever-cold waters of the Anio rush down to the Tiber. A spur reaching out from the Apennines, called the Sembruine Hills, here divides the States of the Church from the Kingdom of Naples,² whose frontier province is the ancient territory of the Marsi, now called Marsica, in the Abruzzi. The Anio, plunging down it with great impetus, has carved for itself a deep, narrow ravine, which feeds the cascades at Tivoli.

On the crests of the mountains which close in this beautiful river between their cliffs once stood

¹ The author evidently means Roman (or German?) miles. (*Translator's note.*)

² The above was written in the year 1856. (*Translator's note.*)

many dark feudal castles of the Middle Ages—Filettino, Trevi, Jenna, Subiaco, Agosta, Cervara, Marano, Articoli, Roviano, Cantalupo, Saracenesco, Nicovaro, St. Polo, Castel Madama, and Tivoli. All these *borgos* were in former days under the jurisdiction of that old Benedictine Monastery of Subiaco. This was the stage on which a remarkable drama was acted during the Middle Ages in that then little-known province, the Roman Latium. Subiaco was, above all else, the cradle of the Monasticism of the Western Church.

Out of these wild solitudes—these barren mountains—went forth colonies of monks to found all the Monastic Settlements of France, of Germany, of remote Britain, of Italy, and of Sicily. Their monks helped to rivet all those lands to the Chair of St. Peter in Rome; and, to the lasting benefit of the whole civilised world, they also sowed in them the seeds of culture; they preserved classic learning, they collated, transcribed, and sought to recover its fragments; toiling in their dusky cells by the dim light of the midnight lamp. The monks wrote their Chronicles for the benefit of our later ages, in those dark days when rapine and violence were prevalent over the whole known world. If they had but recorded what occurred day by day, they

would have left us priceless records. It is strange that men living, as they did, remote from the tumult of the world should be the founders of historical research; although, perhaps, less strange when we remember that the cloister was in those days in very close relationship with the political life of the civilised world.

The following pages will record a few of the more remarkable events in the history of this most important monastic establishment. It is true that, as regards historical and scientific records, Subiaco is excelled by her eldest daughter, Monte Cassino, standing above the river Liris. We may safely say that the whole of the Middle Ages were illumined—as by some solitary beacon light—by Monte Cassino. To this day, the treasures which her archives still disclose to us testify to the learning and the industry of her monks. Yet, treating, as it does, of the conditions existing during the earlier days of the Church in the Roman Provinces, the history of Subiaco is all-important. The picture it presents to us of the spiritual feudalism then existing in the Kingdoms of the West is most instructive.

Whilst a small town subject to it, had been gradually gathering round the monastery, Subiaco stepped forth into the Roman Catholic realm as a mighty principality. Her Abbot was a king, her

monks were barons, while knight and peasant, alike, lived for long ages, subservient and obedient to her suzerainty.

Subiaco was founded at that period when the valiant Goths under Theodoric had conquered the whole of Italy, as well as Rome. The wise rule of those conquerors retarded for half a century the submersion of the old Roman culture, albeit, the fall of the empire was already foredoomed. In days when the ties uniting the people with the State had been rent asunder, and the old order of things had ceased to exist, certain men felt impelled to flee away to the wilderness, and live in caves, in deserts, as their predecessors had done in the early years of the fourth century. Then it was that Benedict, accompanied by his young friend Gregory the Great, founded not only Western Monasticism, but the Roman Hierarchy. What that Hierarchy owed to Benedict Pope Gregory has recognised and defined in his second book of Dialogues. He freed the Church of Rome from the Byzantine Ordinances; he established a national rubric; he sent disciples out into all the Western lands; and so he brought their people under the sway of Rome.

Benedict was born at Nursia, in the province of Valeria, in the year 480. At the age of four-

teen he came to Rome to perfect himself in his "humanities." Then, suddenly overcome by a longing for solitude, he wandered away into the wild mountains, where he lived, absorbed in enthusiastic contemplation, for many years.

Peinz describes the place now called Subiaco as being the site of Nero's splendid villa, Sublaquum, or *sub lacu*, so named because of its position under the artificial lakes which had been constructed there by the Emperor, and where he caught trout in golden nets. The trout of the Anio maintain their excellence to this day, but Nero's lakes have long since vanished.

When the youthful Anchorite lived there, no town existed at Subiaco. St. Clement had, indeed, built a convent out of the ruins of Nero's villa, and to one of its brethren, the monk Romanus, Benedict was indebted for his daily food. Roused, presently, by the frequent admonitions of his sister Scolastica, the youthful hermit, forsaking his solitude, came forth once more into the world, like Mahomet emerging from his grotto. The fame of his sanctity was already in the ears of men, and many young Roman citizens came out to join him. Then it was that he framed Rules for his Order, and divided the brethren into twelve distinct com-

munities. Twelve monasteries were founded—all in the same long valley—in the recesses of its wild and rocky fastnesses. Looking down from Subiaco, we cannot but admire Benedict's feeling for beautiful scenery, as it was shown in his choice of this site for his Monastic Settlement. The summits of its encircling hills rise, sharply defined against the blue sky, some bare and jagged, others clothed with chestnuts and olives; and out of their green shades the nightingale pours forth her song to the rushing stream far below. Not one of those distant and entrancing views, in which the Roman Campagna is so rich, can be descried from Subiaco—prospects which seem to steep the senses in warm sunshine. The horizon is shut out from Subiaco, and fenced all around by nearer rocky heights. To the north two mountains lie couchant, their giant forms stretching out across the plain. Between these the Anio cleaves its way with such force that no power can resist its waters. They whirl round each mass of rock in silver eddies, and plunge down into dark chasms with a sad, deafening roar, which carries the mind of the solitary traveller far away into dreamland. Here, on steep and lonely heights above the river, sat, like monuments, those holy men from Rome, in their twelve Monasteries. This Subiaco valley may have been to them what the ravines

of Egypt were to Athanasius and Antonius and the many Anchorites who followed them.

Pelagius of Vicovaro sought to dissolve a settlement of which he was jealous. He malevolently sent a bevy of beautiful young women to invade the cells of the Subiaco monks. Then it was that Benedict, taking his staff in his hand, forsook the consecrated spot where he had taught his acolytes, and wandered away, accompanied by three young ravens which he had reared and cherished, over the mountains till he reached Monte Cassino; and here, in the year 529, he founded that Monastery whose fame was to become world-wide.

Subiaco maintained his ordinances faithfully under Honoratus, whom he installed his successor as its Abbot. The story of the twelve other Monasteries is not preserved. The frightful war of extermination, then carried on by the Goths in Italy, would appear to have hindered their growth.

Honoratus built the Subiaco Monastery, consecrating it to the Saints Cosmas and Damianus. This one, of all the twelve, now remains. It is called Santa Scolastica. The others were destroyed by the Lombards in 601, the expelled Benedictine brethren taking refuge in Rome, where they were given the Monastery of St.

Erasmus, on the Cœlian Hill, by the Pope. Gregory the Great is believed to have invested Subiaco with its temporal power. To him is ascribed a charter of the year 599, endowing the monastery with a number of territories and privileges. On the strength of this apocryphal document, the monks continued to enjoy their great possessions. The charter has only been preserved in the form of a so-called authentic transcript of the year 1654. There are other charters of a similar description, bestowing further estates on Subiaco, both from Gregory IV., Nicholas I., and from the Kings Hugo and Lothaire, of the date 941, which no person of common intelligence could account as genuine. Forgeries indeed abounded. Leo IX. burnt many of them with his own hands when he visited the Subiaco Monastery in 1057.

Benedict's Monastery lay waste for a hundred and four years. In the year 705 Pope John VII. once more settled a community of monks in it; but in 840 it was again ravaged, this time by the Saracens. Its Abbot, Peter I., rebuilt it shortly afterwards. In 938 it was destroyed by the Hungarians, to be again reconstructed, from its foundations, in the Papacy of Benedict VII., who consecrated the Abbey Church, dedicating it to St. Benedict and Santa

Scolastica, on the 1st of December of the same year. Henceforth Subiaco suffered no more from destroying forces, and its Monastery, now enriched by actual and undisputed endowments, began to flourish exceedingly. Its chronicles relate that its Abbot exercised feudal power early in the eleventh century, a period when vassalage was greatly developed in all the Kingdoms of Europe.

In such estimation was Benedict's Abbey held that powerful barons in the Campagna were wont to bestow castles and estates upon it. In proof of this we read that Count Rainoldo of Marsia relinquished to Subiaco, Arsoli, Anticoli, and Roviano, and many other fortresses, in perpetual fief—for in those days the Abbot was a feudal baron. It is strange, however, to know that the town of Subiaco, which had grown up around, and under the fostering care of the Monastery, was not subject to the monastic rule.

On the wall of the vestibule of Santa Scolastica, by the principal doorway of the church, there is an inscription built into the masonry, dated 1052, the fourth year of the pontificate of Leo IX. This sets forth, firstly, that the most venerable Bishop Hubertus had built a tower upon the Monastery to the glory of

Christ, of His disciple, Benedict, and of his sister, Santa Scolastica. It then proceeds to enumerate the possessions of the Abbey—namely, the grotto of Benedict, lying between Nero's villa and the two lakes; the river Anio, with all its fisheries and other privileges; and twenty-four castles in the vicinity. The town of Subiaco, however, is not mentioned as under its ecclesiastical suzerainty. Abbot John built a fortress there—so the historian relates—in the year 1088, and then Subiaco at last became the feudatory of its Monastery. That fortress and palace may still be seen, crowning the conical hill on the slopes of which the town is built.

John V., Cardinal-Diaconal of Santa Maria in Domenica, in Rome, a powerful and truculent prelate, seems to have secured, single-handed, the domination of the town by the ecclesiastics of Subiaco. He reigned there, a sacerdotal prince, for fifty-nine long years, warring successfully with his neighbours, the barons of the Campagna. He filled the monastery with all manner of precious things, the most lasting memento which he bestowed on the place being the church. This he built over Benedict's grotto, the *Sacro Speco*. He died, at a ripe old age, in the year 1121.

After his death, the Benedictine Abbots strode

forth into the Campagna as warlike princes, much dreaded, and considered as equally powerful with the Colonna and the Orsini, with whom they waged war. Their vassals, whether they might be peasants or the owners of feudatory castles, groaned beneath a despotism all the more frightful because it was exercised by men whose passions were neither softened nor restrained by any consideration for the rights of their fellow-men and fellow-citizens.

These men were themselves the slaves of the clerical despots of the Monastery—of its reigning Abbots elected by themselves; yet they tyrannised over the people as tax-collectors, bailiffs, and judges quite irresponsibly—sole arbiters of the lives of those wretched people. The Abbot sent a monk, as castellan, to each feudatory castle, to administer justice—barbaric justice. Some of the miseries under which these poor people groaned were mitigated by a decree of Gregory IX., in 1232. From thenceforth the monk, when holding his court of justice, was obliged to summon, on behalf of the populace, an advocate from their own ranks. This advocate was called the *buon uomo*, and his intervention deprived the monks of their supreme jurisdiction. The bailiff collected the taxes, but advocates chosen from the people dispensed

justice independently of him, but in the Abbot's name.

The feudatories of the Monastery were of three ranks: free vassals, who were not obliged to bear arms or fight for their ecclesiastical landlord, as they held no land in fief from him; the *Milites*, who were bound to fight for the Abbot in time of war, being feudatories of the Monastery; and lastly, the *Servi*, or bondsmen. All who lived in vassalage, whether occupying castle or township, were under the control of the *Connetable* (or bailiff), and thus a small, but efficient, army was always at the call of the Abbot. Later on he subsidised troops, just like any other feudal baron. If he were a man of war, he led his troops into battle in person, mounted on his charger, his sword by his side, his shield on his arm. His standing feuds with the Bishops of Palestrina, Tivoli, and Anagni, as well as his constant quarrels with the barons, gave ample occasion for such deeds of arms. The Abbot went to his eternal rest with his sword either girt on him, or laid by his side.

These Abbots belonged, for the most part, to the most important families of the Campagna. Such was Abbot Lando, nephew of Innocent III., of the distinguished family of the Conti of Segni. He died in 1244. Alas! neither the iron des-

potism of the Abbots, nor the strict rules and regulations of monastic life, could preserve the brethren from certain aberrations of a most unholy nature. The conditions of the Pope's household at Rome were reproduced on a smaller scale at Subiaco. The monks, filled with rabid party animosity and ambition, began to laugh at the rules laid down for their guidance by Benedict. At the death of their Abbot, in 1276, one of them, named Pelasgius, fell upon the Monastery with an armed force—he stormed it—and proclaimed himself temporal ruler of the whole territory. He drove out the brethren, he plundered the church, he seized the contents of the treasury—then, with his spoils, he retreated to Cervara, a rocky fastness above Subiaco, which strong place he held by force of arms, the Abbey meantime lying empty and deserted below. The Pope proceeded to appoint another Abbot, who arrived presently with a strong military escort; but Pelasgius could only be dislodged after he had made a strenuous resistance to this force.

When the Popes were exiled to Avignon matters grew still worse. Again the Abbey was deserted for a long space of years, and when an Abbot, consecrated at Avignon, was sent to take possession of the See, the monks,

his vassals at Subiaco, broke out into open rebellion against him. Bartholomew of Monte Cassino, who was also appointed to the See from Avignon, led the most dissolute of lives at Subiaco.

He had a harem filled with beautiful girls in the palace, his monks following his lead in this respect. The Monastery was threatened at last with suppression, and was only saved from it by Adhemar, a Provençal, who became Abbot in 1353. He was a petty tyrant, in his own sphere. What his government was may be conceived if we realise that, on one day alone, seven recalcitrant monks were hung up over a slow fire, to be burnt to death.

He was an avowed Ghibelline, and fought for his cause against the Bishop of Tivoli's troops by the banks of the Anio. To this day, the citizens show the spot where a covered bridge, with a small fortified tower upon it, crosses the river, and tell the stranger how it was built by the prisoners taken by Adhemar, and paid for out of the booty taken at Tivoli.

The turbulence waxed greater, and as neither papal decrees nor repeated reforms availed to quell it, Urban VI. at last resolved to make an end of it by a *coup de main*. His Bull of 1386 deprived the monks of their rule—reaching back

to the days when the Monastery was founded, and enjoyed for a longer period than that of any merely secular sovereign in the world—and also of their privilege of electing their spiritual ruler for themselves.

They bowed before the Papal edict, though with many murmurings, and from henceforth their glory departed, and the prestige of this great Benedictine Monastery diminished steadily.

The Abbots, chosen by the Pope, were henceforth called *Manueles*, as receiving the charge from his sacred hands. The first of these was Tomasso di Celano, a warm partisan of Urban, and a man of distinguished ability. This order of things lasted until the year 1455, when the Abbots lost, also, the feudal dominion they had hitherto wielded over the communes attached to the Abbey.

It has been stated that the persistent tyranny exercised over their dependants by these prelates was the cause of this deprivation.

Their suzerainty had weighed like a curse upon their poor subjects. The gaols were always full, while wretched prisoners were frequently thrown into those subterranean rivers which occur in limestone hills. Their bitter discontent found a vent in the November of 1454, when a circumstance took place which

brought matters to a climax. It so chanced that a band of fifteen youths when crossing the piazza at Subiaco had one day jeered at some monks and set their dogs upon them. The monks laid a complaint before the Abbot. This dignitary sent his bailiff in the night to the different houses in which these lads, several of whom belonged to families much esteemed in the town, resided. When the sun rose, the bodies of all these fifteen young men were found by their fellow-citizens suspended, quite dead, from gallows set on the heights around the town. To this day these hills are called the *colle delle forche*. At this the town-folk rose up in their wrath and stormed the Monastery. They slaughtered the brethren, flinging them out of the windows into the ravine beneath—they laid waste the entire building. As a sequel to this, Pope Calixtus III. raised the See of Subiaco into a *Commende*. He gave the first presentation to the office to the Commendatore Juan Torquemada, a Spaniard, Cardinal of Santa Maria in Trastevere, and a man of great learning. He received, with the administration of that rich benefice, the task of reorganising the Abbey, and settling the affairs of its feudal castles. A new statute was established and enacted, namely, that the Abbot, when inducted to the See, should, in the first place,

swear in an authorised governing body of men qualified to receive the oath of allegiance of all the subjects of the Monastery.

To Torquemada, its first Cardinal-Abbot, Subiaco owes the glory of being able to call itself the first place outside Germany from which printed books were issued from a printing press, before such a press was set up in Rome itself—a press was afterwards established there in the Massimo Palace—the printers Arnold Pannartz and Conrad Schweinheim, had been hospitably received by the monks of Subiaco, and it was on the 30th of October 1465 that they accomplished the printing of the *Institutions* of Lactantius. In 1467 they completed the work by St. Augustine called *De Civitate Dei*. Thus, too, it happens that the best monuments left by those Benedictines of their then existing learning are also worthy testimonies to the progress of the arts of peace in our own German Fatherland. These works are still preserved in the library of the Monastery of Santa Scolastica at Subiaco.

Torquemada died in Rome in 1467, and was succeeded by another Spaniard, Roderigo Borgia, afterwards Pope Alexander VI.

Though not made famous by the writing of learned treatises, Borgia's name is preserved

as having built a wing to the palace in 1476. On this he erected a square tower, which is still standing by the side of the Fortress. His coat-of-arms is emblazoned on its outer wall, with an inscription setting forth that Cardinal Roderigo had strengthened this Fortress of Subiaco for the protection of the monks and their Monastery, and for the greater security of this outpost of the Roman Church. Sixteen years later he was raised to the pontificate as Pope Alexander VI. He bought the vote of Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, at the Conclave, by promising him the reversion of the Abbacy which he himself was about to vacate; but the friendship between Alexander VI. and the house of Colonna was short-lived. This most powerful of all the great Roman families now began to contravene the crooked policy of the Borgias, who aimed at creating great temporalities for themselves at the cost of the barons, using craft and subtlety to compass their ends. Cardinal Colonna fled to Sicily, being forced to give up the *Commende*, which Alexander then bestowed on Luigi di Aspris, a native of Palermo. Aspris enjoyed the revenues of the See during the remaining years of Alexander's pontificate.

Scarcely was that horrible Pope dead, however, when his successor, Julius II., recalled

and reinstated Colonna in his *Commende* at Subiaco. At his death, in 1508, he bequeathed the office to his infamous nephew Pompeo Colonna. This wanton prelate is said to have abducted the beautiful Marsilia, daughter of Attilio Corsi. When her father made his way into the apartment of Pompeo, sword in hand, to avenge his daughter's dishonour, he was seized by the attendants of the Cardinal-Abbot and flung into a subterranean cell at Subiaco. Pompeo had already quarrelled with Pope Julius on the plea of that Pontiff's interference in the matter of uniting the Sees of Subiaco and Farfa. Farfa, the third of the great Benedictine Monasteries, had been founded in Latium in the sixth century, and endowed by the Lombard Duke of Spoleto, near whose territories it lay. This attempt to join the Abbacies gave rise to perpetual strife, as one section of the Subiaco brethren wished to be linked to Monte Cassino, from which foundation they had been cut off in 1514, while the other, or German, faction desired to be joined to Farfa, which carried with it the title of "imperial." Many Germans resided at Farfa, and, as a consequence, their Emperor bestowed upon it numerous benefactions. When it so happened that Benedictines were expelled from

Monte Cassino, they were apt to be reinstalled at Farfa by the Popes.

Pompeo Colonna was excommunicated by Julius II., but recalled and rehabilitated by his successor, Leo X., when he made over his *Commende* to his nephew Scipione. The family of Colonna was then all-powerful in the Campagna, where they had created a small kingdom for themselves out of the Volscian and Hernican towns. They now strove to add Subiaco in perpetuity to these towns, as nephews of their house had succeeded one another in the See. It was not possible to dislodge these nephews. They went on reigning at Subiaco for the incredibly long space of 116 years. For that length of time did the Monastery remain in the hands of this potent family, in spite of its embroilments with the Holy See. Clement VII. sustained a disastrous defeat there in 1528. His troops had destroyed the Rocca in 1527, but the following year they suffered a shameful reverse under the leadership of Napoleone Orsini. The Papal banner, then captured, still hangs in the church of Santa Scolastica—a trophy of that victory which is each year celebrated by a procession at Subiaco, so persistent are historical memories or traditions in those regions.

The rule of the Colonna family was lawless

and cruel, just such as Manzoni has depicted similar governments in the Lombardo-Spanish province in his famous novel. Seated aloft in their mountain Fortress, those Cardinal-Comendatori considered the purple vestments they were clad in the symbols of regal power. They held in their pay bandits, known by the name of Bravos, always ready to carry out their most trifling mandates. Neither the property nor the honour of the surrounding families was safe from these mercenaries, who lived encamped in the courtyard of the Colonna castle.

While affairs were still in suspense as to Farfa and Monte Cassino respectively, Scacciadiavola, Pompeo's much-dreaded bravo, fell one night upon Santa Scolastica, plundered it, and drove out all the monks. The Cardinal, it was rumoured, had a hand in this business; in fact, he was soon afterwards deposed by the Pope; but only, as we have seen, to be once more installed by his successor. The history of those times abounds with deeds of violence. In Subiaco many spots are still pointed out which are infamous as connected with such dark doings. Beneath the fortress they showed me a place where several of the citizens were once buried alive. Amongst other horrors we are told of a matricide, which was the cause of the inexorable

execution of the sentence passed on the Cenci family. A son of the Santa Croce family in Rome strangled his mother at Subiaco in 1599. On hearing of his frightful crime, the Pope at once signed the death-warrant of Beatrice Cenci, her brother, and her stepmother.

Meantime, the monastery passed from the control of one Colonna to fall into the hands of another ; their most prominent names are bound up with its history, the names especially of Marcantonio, Camillo, and Ascanio Colonna. This latter was the last Cardinal-Abbot of his race. Ascanio lived in the Subiaco palace so shamelessly with his beloved Artemisia that he even left this beautiful woman to be his *locum tenens* when he was called to Rome. The universal disgust excited by this proceeding cost Ascanio and his family the office of Commendatore. After his death the Pope bestowed it on his own nephew, Scipione Cafferelli Borghese.

This Colonna family left no good name behind it. The place itself had little to be grateful to them for ; only a few rooms added to the palace, adorned with paintings and with their coats-of-arms, now remain to show that they had reigned at Subiaco for over a hundred years.

Until the middle of the seventeenth century

the Colonna and Orsini families had been lords of the Roman Campagna. Now the Borghese and Barberini began to supplant them. The latter great family at that period began to acquire some of the finest estates in Latium, estates which are held by them still (1855). The towns in all this district are adorned with their stately many-chambered palaces; on their walls still hang the portraits of Barberini barons with their several dates attached to them. You find them continually, even in the remote hill-towns of the Hernican Highlands. As I write these words, I am sitting with the family pictures of the Barberini Cardinals, and of many stately dames, looking down upon me from the walls around. Just over my head hangs the comfortable presentment of Scipione Borghese. His was an age when gallant and freethinking absolutism prevailed, in its powdered peruke and silk stockings. Its character was feeble, intriguing, and revoltingly prosaic. The iron-clad warriors of the Middle Ages were then transformed into carpet knights who reclined upon cushions, feasting on the fruits borne to them in their mountain palaces by their trembling vassals. So often as a new Cardinal made his entry in state into Subiaco to take possession of his benefice, he came at the head of an army of mercenaries, and a gang of insolent

domestics, to receive the keys of the gate from the hands of the Municipality.

The Barberini drove the Borghese out of Subiaco. Urban VIII., the founder of a former rich nepotic house, gave the *Commende* to Antonio, his nephew, in 1633, and from that date the Barberini followed in the footsteps of the Colonna, remaining rulers at Subiaco for 105 long years. Antonio increased the power of the Cardinal-Abbots, adding to their feudal rights the spiritual rights hitherto enjoyed by his other nephews, the Bishops of Tivoli, Anagni, and Palestrina. Dominating their wretched dependants from their fortresses above the Anio, a terror to the miserable peasant, so pitiless was this despotism that to snare a pheasant or a quail was to be subject to a penalty of ten years at the galleys. But the Barberini at least left something behind them which was beneficial. From its good water supply, Subiaco seemed well adapted for industrial development, and perceiving this they built factories for the manufacture of paper and the weaving of cotton stuffs, by which some hundreds of poor people gained food and work. Yet but little good development of any industry could be looked for when the Cardinal-Commendatore received royalties on the profits of all factories.

While the Monastery continued to prosper, the monks had not forgotten that they themselves had at one time been its feudal lords.

Seizing their opportunity, no sooner was Francesco Barberini dead, in the year 1738, than they straightway asserted their ancient right by electing their vicar Bernardo Abbot of Subiaco. He allowed the brethren to carry him, like a lesser Pope, to the church; he received the oaths of allegiance of the citizens through the Gonfaloniere, and pledged himself to abide by the statutes of the Commune. After the ceremonial was over, they bore him on their shoulders, seated in the episcopal chair, through the town, in imitation of the custom which accompanies the consecration of a new Pope. Bernardo then began to issue edicts, to recall exiles, to pardon offenders, while he appointed bailiffs, and placed them in his feudatory castles. His orations, addressed to his subjects, might have been uttered by a prelate of the thirteenth century. The edict by which he proclaims himself their Cardinal-Commendatore begins with the following pompous words: "We, Dom Bernardo Cretoni, of the Order of St. Benedict, monk and provost of the most sacred and imperial Abbey of Santa Maria of Farfa; also, by the grace of God, now the elected Abbot of the holy Monastery of Santa Scolastica;

also, by the grace of the holy Apostolic Chair, Vice-regent, as well in secular as in spiritual concerns, of the said Chair. . . ."

The third Abbot in succession after Bernardo met with the most obstinate resistance from the citizens. They abhorred, equally, this return to the despotism of the cowl, and its adverse effect on their municipal development.

They addressed themselves to the Pope, who then appointed Cardinal Spinoza Commendatore. His accredited envoy took possession finally at Subiaco, on behalf of the new Cardinal-Abbot.

The hatred of the people for all feudal institutions had reached its height towards the middle of the eighteenth century. The collective Monasticism of the world, when it came into contact with the civic constitutions of the different States, had to feel the effect of this universal hatred.

At Subiaco a crusade was organised against the Benedictines. Songs ridiculing the monks were sung, and men read aloud in the streets a history of the Abbey, stirring up the people by this recital of their fathers' sufferings under the long rule of the Abbots, whom they painted in hideous colours. The monks, being powerless to suppress a rising of the populace,

which took place on the 13th of May 1752, called in Roman soldiers to their aid. A company of Corsicans was despatched to Subiaco, accompanied by a Papal Commissioner. When this functionary discovered what lay at the root of the evil, Pope Benedict XIV. determined to deprive the Benedictines of their feudal rights. A Pope bearing St. Benedict's name had the courage to abolish these; not only did he nullify one of the oldest spiritual principalities in the world, but Benedict went on his way reforming still more abuses—a course which his luckless successor pursued also. On the 7th of November 1753 the secular jurisdiction of the Cardinal-Abbots of Subiaco was abrogated, at once and for ever. They were allowed to keep certain titles and revenues, which, for the most part, survive to this day (1855), and which are indeed sufficiently oppressive. The temporal power was relegated to the State, to be administered by a judge and a governor, called the Sacra Consulta. The office of Cardinal-Commendatore remained purely a spiritual one. The first person who was invested with it in its new form was Giovanni Battista Banchieri.

So ended the mediæval constitution of this celebrated Monastery. Thereafter its history

lost much of its charm. Nevertheless one of the new Cardinal-Commendatori stands out brightly in its records, as having worked beneficently, in the spirit of the later times, for the welfare of this small monarchy. This was Pius VI., Braschi, appointed Abbot in 1773; he continued, after being raised to the Papal throne, to fill Subiaco with benefactions. Besides building the church in the town, also a great seminary, renovating the palace, and carrying out other works, his best title to the gratitude of the district consists in that excellent high-road by the side of the Anio which he made between Subiaco and Tivoli. For this great work the citizens of Subiaco raised a triumphal arch in his honour. It is a reproduction of the arch of Titus in Rome, and still embellishes the place which Pius VI. raised to the dignity of a town. When he made his entry into Subiaco, in 1789, he passed beneath this arch.

Soon after that date the Franco-Roman Republic destroyed many of the existing monuments of the town, when they ravaged the Monastery. It was finally restored, however, by Pope Pius VII. Since then all its conditions have remained as they were established in 1753. The Cardinal-Abbot enjoys one of

the best benefices of the Church of Rome. The monks, no longer the lords of castles and of vassals, still enjoy the revenues of many farms and communes. Their patrimony, rich in oil and wine, reaches to the foot of the Volscian mountains. The net proceeds of their yearly tithes are estimated at from 8000 to 10,000 scudi. The Abbacy itself contains more than 21,000 inhabitants, distributed over sixteen different localities: Subiaco, Trevi, Jenna, Cervara, Camerata, Marano, Agosta, Rocca di Canterano, Canterano, Rocca di Mezzo, Cereto, Rocca di Santa Stefano, Civitella, Rojate, Afile, and Ponza. Two of these, Trevi and Afile, are ancient Roman colonies.

From the summit of the Serra mountains, which divide the ravine of the Anio from the broad Latian valley of the Sacco, we can survey all this Subiaco district, and the mountain fastnesses through which that turbulent river cleaves its way down to the Campagna. Its towns, all except Subiaco, which is niched into a rocky gorge, stand out boldly on spurs of the mountains, grey and weather-worn as the limestone crags on which they are built. Their strange architecture, their lonely position in that romantic wilderness, the peculiar costumes and dialects of their inhabitants, give a remark-

able interest to this whole district. But the poverty of these poor mountaineers is appalling. Their food, often solely confined to the worst kind of maize bread, is even more meagre than that of the beasts of the field—for them, indeed, nature has provided plentifully. No, never, not in all Italy, have I met with such misery as here. You must go into their forlorn stone huts, or watch the poor people themselves as they till the ground singing their mournful *ritornelle*, or meet them bearing burdens over their rocky hills heavier than those the mules are laden with, to know how to pity them. In their rags, in their pale fever-stricken faces, you can read more plainly than in any chronicle the story of the feudal rule of the monks and of the barons.

Some account of the noteworthy buildings at Subiaco, on which the eye falls when turned away from the wretchedness of the population, may be more revivifying than is the municipal history of this old Monastery. For whilst the vassal starved, the monk, for whom he had to labour compulsorily, lived, well-fed, and at his ease, and was adorning his Abbey with artistic works, and with pictures, fruits of the genius of long-past ages, which, we must confess, were much too good for him.

There are two Monasteries at Subiaco, both under the same Abbot and the same ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The lower one bears the name of Santa Scolastica; the higher one is called the *Sacro Speco*, or sacred grotto. Both lie high up above the town, on ledges of the precipitous declivities of the mountain, and on the right bank of the Anio. The first, and oldest, is a fanciful and picturesque pile of buildings, above which still rises Abbot Humbert's square tower.

Its mixed Gothic and Romanesque architecture, as displayed more especially in its windows and niches, proves it to have been built at different periods; yet but few remains of the oldest period now survive, and these are chiefly to be seen in the courts or quadrangles, for the Abbey has been frequently renewed, and the present church is a building of the last century. The façade of the convent is of that date also, while the second or inner quadrangle, with its Roman arches and pilasters, is of the seventeenth century. Modern pictures, in bad condition and in mediocre taste, record the history of the Monastery and people the walls with the life-sized figures of the Popes and Princes who have visited the place. Amongst the latter we find those of the

Emperor Otho and the Empress Agnes. There are inscriptions, also, recording the names of all those territories once owned by the Abbey.

From this we enter a little intermediate court ; just in front of the principal doorway—which is remarkable for containing a specimen of Gothic architecture—is a great arch, decorated with multitudes of small figures and scrolls. Here I also found the oldest monument which Santa Scolastica possesses, a rude marble *alto rilievo* dating from the year 981—in the reign of the German Emperor Otho—the time of Rome's deepest barbarism. It is a marble cube, a foot high and a foot square, and it contains this curious design, one which is found elsewhere, with slight variations. A vase, set on a stem, like a flower on a plant, with two long-eared creatures stretching up to drink out of it, one at each side. So enigmatical is their aspect that whether they are wolves or stags, foxes or dogs, I could not decide. On the back of one is a bird, which pecks at him.

The block is encircled with rough designs wrought in the marble. The body of one of the beasts bears an inscription to the effect that Benedict VII. had consecrated this church, built in the year 981, during his pontificate.

Above this relief there is a defaced inscription, the first words of which are illegible. Beside the portal is that inscription of the age of Leo IX. which I have already mentioned.

The church contains nothing ancient, though its earliest buildings were consecrated by Benedict VII. Turning out of it to the left, you enter a curious old cloister, its four sides enclosing a fountain. This resembles some of those old Roman cloisters whose circular arches are supported by double columns. It is of the early thirteenth century, a monument alike of the great Abbot Lando and the famous Cosma family, who decorated Rome with so many beautiful mosaics and pavements. Above its central doorway the hexameter says :—

“Cosmus et Filii Lucas et Jacobus alter
Romani Cives in Marmoris arte periti
Hoc opus explerunt Abbatis Tempore Landi.”

These worthy mæstri were more successful in their monuments and tabernacles than in this particular erection, which has none of the beautiful proportions of the cloisters of St. Paul's Without the Walls, in Rome. The columns (two twisted ones between two plain ones) are inartistic and rude, their capitals faulty, resembling wooden beams, and deco-

rated neither by mosaic work nor by sculpture. Art would scarcely seem to have felt herself at home in the Campagna. These are the most noticeable specimens of work in this Abbey—a barren survival of so long and precious a past, and yet to be explained by the frequent devastations which fell upon Subiaco. The Monastery is roomy, with many corridors, cells, reception halls, and rooms for divers purposes, some of them quite new. With a longing eye did I survey the library, with all its hidden-away archives concerning this ancient Benedictine Abbey. Those neatly arranged shelves contain priceless treasures in their records of the Latium of the Middle Ages. A few are open and accessible, many quite inaccessible; even the magic wand of Muratori did not suffice to disinter their mines of wealth. The *Insigne Veterum Monumentorum Monasticum Scolastica* is of great value. It is a collection of parchment documents, dating from the ninth century. Older decrees do not exist in all Christendom. None of the chronicles of Subiaco have been printed save one, and it only dates from 1390. It was edited by Muratori, who was inhibited from printing the following one, compiled by a German in 1629, under the following title: *Chronicon Sublacense P. D. Cherubini Mirti*

*Trevirensis Anno Dni 1629.*¹ The monks granted me a sight of this work. It is more fascinating than the older, and also not printed, compilation of Gulielmo Capisacchi of Narni, of the year 1573. In no respect is this an extraordinary work. It is only a compilation without any ancient authorities being adduced or old documents named in it. The history of the Abbey lies buried in those archives. The Canonicus Janielli has recently described some of them, but his work is of very little literary value. In 1833 a MS. fell into my hands at Subiaco which contained a fairly good history of the place. The author was Livio Mariani of Subiaco, who died a short time ago in Greece. He had studied the old chronicles exhaustively, and also utilised many other documents. His work extends to 492 pages only. It is written in a liberal spirit, and I have to thank the writer for most of the information I have to give to my readers.

The library is small, but remarkable for possessing those old *incunabula* I have mentioned before. I took the venerable and well-printed folios of a compatriot, a young German monk, into my hands with joy. At the end of Lactantius these words are added: "LACTANTII

¹ The earliest existing specimens of printing are so named.
(*Translator's note.*)

FIRMIANI DE DIVINIS INSTITUTIONIBUS ADVERSUS GENTES LIBRI SEPTEM, NEC NON EIUDEM AD DONATUM DE IRA DEI LIBER UNUS, UNA CUM LIBRO DE OPIFICIO HOIS AD DEMETRIANUM FINIUNT. SUB ANNO DNI MCCCCLXV PONTIFICATUS PAULI PAPÆ. ANNO EIU SECUNDO. INDICTIONE XIII DIE VERO ANTEPENULTIMA MENSIS OCTOBRIS. IN VENERABILI MONASTERIO SUBLACENSI. DEO GRATIAS." A homely jubilation on the part of those excellent printers of books, who, out of modesty, do not so much as mention their own names. It reminds me of the good old saying with which Greek and Latin writers of the Middle Ages were wont to crown their labours when ending their works :—

*“ὥσπερ ξένοι χαίρουσι πάτριδα βλέπειν
οὕτως χαὶ οἱ γράφουσι τέλος βιβλίου.”*

Santa Scolastica has now (1856) a community numbering seventy brothers, many of whom are Germans. The present Abbot has strenuously reformed the discipline of the monks, and it is said that they live at small cost in these days. Nevertheless, when I looked into the handsome, lofty kitchen, with its vaulted roof, it was filled with a delightful Homeric odour of rich meats. This did not savour at all of the Pythagorean rule of St. Benedict, which forbade the eating of animal food.

And now we climbed up to that curious shrine

of the Benedictine Order, that second little Monastery, which was built over Benedict's cave, in the middle of the eleventh century, and, from it, is named the Sacro Speco. The monks of Monte Cassino made the road leading above the rocks to this grotto in 1688. It is a stiff climb, but rich in enchanting prospects. Clambering up by the river, which thunders in its rocky bed far below, you look down upon Subiaco and its beautiful valley, on the wild gorge of the Anio, and far away, seeming to close in the landscape, rises the little hill-town of Jenne, the birthplace of Alexander IV., and of Abbot Lando, one of the Counts of Segni. Just in front of the grotto we enter that dark and shady oak-wood, which may perhaps have taken possession of the Anchorite's imagination in the first instance, as it reminds the modern visitor of those sacred groves of the Ancients which were always found in the vicinity of the temples dedicated to their mysteries and to their gods.

This little collection of edifices, and the church built, bit by bit, over the grotto, and perched on the dizzy crest of a wall of rock, present a strange mixture of many different styles of architecture. Even the outer walls are partially decorated with frescoes. We crossed a covered bridge, which had been used as a drawbridge in the Middle

Ages, and from it entered a long gallery, leading to the interior of the building, which is adorned with portraits, of early date, of the Evangelists. On one of the walls are these good distichs:—

“LUMINA SI QUÆRIS BENEDICTE QUID ELEGIS ANTRA
QUÆSITI SERVANT LUMINIS ANTRA NIHIL.
SED PERGE IN TENEBRIS RADIORUM QUÆRERE
LUCEM
NONNISI AB OBSCURA SIDERA NOCTE MICANT.”

Underneath is:—

“D.O.M. ORDINIS S. BENEDICTI OCCIDENTALIIUM
MONARCHORUM PATRIARCHÆ CUNABULA.”

In good sooth, when I emerged from that gallery and entered the first church, I could have fancied myself plunged again into the mysterious life of those strange and memorable times. I found myself suddenly in a tiny Cathedral, of charming Gothic architecture; on its walls and roofs a bewilderment of gay, though already darkening, frescoes shimmered all around me. Unseen monks were chanting vespers, their deep bass voices resounding solemnly in measured cadence through the twilight of the darkening church, while the pauses in their litanies were filled in by the hoarse croaking of ravens. Three ravens are always nourished here in memory of St. Benedict

—the traditional number of these living symbols of the saint is never exceeded.

It is difficult to describe this place, so famous for its frescoes. The small chapels and shrines are numerous and labyrinthine, as they have had to accommodate themselves to the natural formation of the cavern. They are partly within, partly outside it. The bare, natural rock is sometimes exposed, sometimes built in with structures which rest against it. As you descend by flights of steps from one church to another, you fancy yourself in some most strange catacomb underneath the mountain, all overlaid with colours and glimmering with altar candles. You see no scrap of wall which is not covered with paintings of Benedict's Monastery, of scenes from the lives of the saints, or of symbolic subjects.

The history of Monasticism has its heroic epoch, somewhat resembling that of those fabulous days of romance, and abounding in strange adventures, and Benedict is its exemplar. This realm of pictorial incident unfolds itself to us not in the guise of martyrdoms, of holy men battling with the heathen for Christianity, but it is pervaded by a kind of gentle, fantastic spirit, remarkable and all the more attractive from the age it deals with, and from the classic ground on which we find it. I discovered more poetry in the miracles of Bene-

dict as here recorded than in those of most of the saints. The love which united the brother and sister tended to soften the egoism of a life cut off from the world of men. It comes out very beautifully in these representations of their adventures together—of their lonely lives and their wanderings over these mountains. Old heathen temples were converted into Christian churches, and noble youths attached themselves to Benedict. Such were Placidus, the apostle of Sicily, and Maurus, the apostle of France, who led the monks' imagination away from that narrow wilderness in which they dwelt to famous and historic lands, far from Subiaco. The life of Benedict lends itself to pictorial treatment, and this great romance of the monastic system, which is analogous to the poems about the Grail and Titurel, has its classical embodiment at Subiaco.

In the whole of Latium there is no collection of paintings comparable to these, if, perhaps, we except those in the crypt of the cathedral at Anagni. These frescoes are of value to the student of art because they belong to so many different styles—to the severe early Byzantine period, to that of Cimabue and of Giotto, as well as to the later methods of the artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I will only choose out a few of them now for description.

The first small church was, according to an existing inscription, built by Abbot John V. in 1116, and adorned with frescoes by Abbot John VI. in 1220. These cover, in the most literal sense, its walls. Though they are hard, and their drawing unskilful, they display a charmingly fresh quality—a naïve, epic, homely strength; these old painters might be called the chroniclers of art, if such an expression is permissible. To the right and left many scenes of the life of Christ are represented, amongst them His entry into Jerusalem, a picture composed of many groups of figures, His passion, and the events after His crucifixion. They have grown rather black, but are happily much less injured by restoration than are those which relate to Benedict. Among the latter, there is one of the saint when he is writhing in the thorns to shun the too enticing apparition of a beautiful woman. In another, Benedict is seated in his grotto writing the rules for his Order, and reading this old leonine tetrasticon :—

“HIC MONS EST PINGUIS, MULTIS CLARUIT SEQUIS,
A DOMINO MISSUS SANCTUS FUIT BENEDICTUS
MANSIT IN CRYPTA, FUIT HIC NOVA REGULA SCRIPTA.
QUISQUAS AMAS CHRISTUM TALEM SORTIRI MAGIS-
TRUM.”

are represented; most of these refer to the history of the Abbey. At the foot of the steps we see Innocent III. handing a diploma to Abbot John IV., and Gregory I. presenting the famous charter to Abbot Honoratus. Many of the pictures here relate to the life of Benedict. One, where we see him with his nurse, is especially distinguished by the charming figure of the woman and the admirable draping of her garments. Another presents to us a most original conception of Death. Benedict is lying on his couch, the black cowl covers his head, out of his lips streams a beam of light which is bearing away his soul; this is typified by a tiny naked doll. A winged angel stands waiting to receive and bear it away in his hands. This angel has a good expression, with a severe Greek profile, and half-closed almond-shaped eyes. The soft droop of the head—a characteristic of graciousness long before Giotto's day—reminded me vividly of the best of the catacomb pictures. This remarkable work of art is left, happily unrestored, in its brown neutral tints. There are many resembling it in the childlike simplicity of their methods, but I must pass them by. They are not all by the same artist, for some are undoubtedly of the eleventh century and retain all the worst peculiarities of the

Byzantine school. Such are the colossal roof-pictures of apostles and saints, in glaring contrast to the frescoes on the walls, and these too have been mercilessly "refreshed" in the most inartistic manner.

This middle church contains the grotto of Benedict. It reminded me of the grotto of Santa Rosalia on Monte Pellegrino, near Palermo. Behind a richly ornamented altar the figure of the youthful saint is kneeling in prayer before the cross; it is but a mediocre work of the Bernini school, yet is enhanced by the dim light of the cavern.

But truly everything in this grotto has a theatrical, unreal effect. It is unlike anything else I have ever seen, so small, so fine, so gay and glittering; chapels and grottoes appear like glimmering phantasmagoria. It is curiously different from any other sacred shrine I have ever discovered. It is like an illuminated picture-book of legendary poetry, as bloodless and painless as the lives were of those pious Anchorites who lived in the wilderness, amongst the birds of the air and the wild creatures of the fields—religion presenting itself as a fairy tale, at least so it appeared to me. This is apart from the general character of the Monastery, and it is therefore the more remarkable, perhaps it is unique, of its

kind. Nothing here attunes the spirit to solemn thought; not once in that sacred grotto, could the most devout Roman Catholic feel himself penetrated by devotional fervour. The artist who had thought to produce it by some of the sadder pictures was mistaken as to their solemnising effect on the beholder. The charming, fantastic unreality of it all would appear to even mock at such emotions.

I noted two frescoes, placed opposite each other on the walls of the narrow passage at the bottom of the last flight of steps which conducted me down to the lowest church. They represent the Triumph of Death, according to Petrarch's well-known description of it in his *Canzone*. Death, riding on a horse over dead bodies, smites down with his naked sword a youth who stands conversing with a companion. On the other wall three open coffins are depicted. In one lies the body of a young woman just dead, in the next her corpse when it had become a loathsome sight, and the third contains only her dry bones. An old man is pointing out these three degrees of bodily decay to three beautiful youths, reading a lesson to them, while they stand by, in their splendid attire, with hawks on their wrists, contemplating these sights sorrowfully. The painter of this striking picture is

unknown; he appears to have been coeval with Ghirlandajo—it has, alas! suffered woefully. The Slaughter of the Innocents, which is at the top of these steps, may perhaps be attributed to the same artist. I have never seen this gruesome subject so finely handled before, nor with so much delicate artistic feeling. It has been a favourite subject with artists during every period of Christian art, and when we recall the merciless butchering depicted, for instance, in the tapestries at the Vatican, we can value the better perception of this old master, who knew that in order to touch one's feelings the inhuman should only be forecast, or dreaded, not absolutely portrayed. The picture is rather small. I discovered two very curious and original conceptions amongst many there. One is of St. Stephen, who was stoned to death, and either the painter or his restorer has been so filled with anxiety to make this clear that he has not only introduced real stones into his canvas, but has sent one by a hard blow right through the nimbus of the saint. The other is of St. Lawrence, a graceful youthful figure, clad in his deacon's gown, and holding a palm in his right hand, a book in his left, standing upright on the gridiron.

I will only add that from the chapel I have

described we descended into the last, very tiny, grotto. They tell you that here Benedict himself taught his acolytes to write. Its walls are covered with stucco, which bears traces of some very ancient paintings.

These are the principal and most remarkable objects of interest in this Monastery. We must not, though, neglect to look out from the upper quadrangle, for from this spot we get the best view of the gigantic precipice against the face of which all these shrines are built. It falls down vertically to this platform, as if to destroy the Abbey; but the statue of St. Benedict is standing here with uplifted arm, and he exclaims in a warning voice: "Firma, O rupe! non damaggiare i figlii mei!"

I saw three ravens crouching at the feet of this statue and croaking dismally. These mysterious birds, in their black Benedictine cowls, with their raucous voices, seemed to me the fitting attendants upon the saint.¹ Just as in the ancient mythologies each god or goddess has a symbolic bird, the ravens play a part frequently in the story of Benedict's life. I have already said that they accompanied him when he departed from Subiaco, and wandered

¹ This bird is probably our hooded crow. (*Translator's note.*)

away to Monte Cassino. The reader must know that they had previously saved the saint's life. For it came to pass that an enemy had once sent a poisoned loaf to Benedict, and this they straightway took up in their beaks, and carried off to a desert place amongst the rocks. The mountain raven seems to me to be an excellent monkish attribute, much better than the dog with a torch in his mouth, which the Dominicans have chosen as their symbol.

There is another sacred spot which brings to mind old memories and a great name. Of this I thought when I saw Subiaco. There is also a garden of roses, which once were thorns, close to a shrine. In those thorns another saint once plunged his naked body.

When the celebrated founder of the Franciscan Order¹ visited Subiaco in 1223, he budded roses on those thorns, whose descendants bloom bravely to this day. In the course of time these Subiaco roses have developed some miraculous properties. A monk told me seriously that when dead and reduced to powder, they would cure all manner of diseases if taken internally. Whether they also possess the valuable peculiarities of the roses of Apulius this excellent monk did not divulge, so it must rest an open question.

¹ St. Francis of Assisi. (*Translator's note.*)

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

THE district which is called the Roman Campagna has a narrower or wider significance according to our conception of its geographical limits. Firstly, we designate that vast and desolate region which lies spread out all round the walls of Rome, "the Campagna." The Anio and the Tiber traverse it, and its limits may be defined by including within them the following well-known places — Civita Vecchia, Tolfa, Albano, Ronciglione, Soracte, Tivoli, Palestrina, and Ostia. In its more extended signification the Campagna includes the Neapolitan frontier and the Liris (or Garigliano), and the district from that river to the Sarno, which falls into the sea at Pompeii. The beautiful province which has been called the Campania stretches along the coast towards Naples, its chief town being Capua.

The Roman Campagna is really the ancient country of Latium, which was divided from Etruria by the Tiber. Since the days of Constantine the Great, Latium has been called "the

Campagna," its older designation having lapsed out of use. During the Middle Ages the greater part of this district was called the *Ducatus Romanus*.

Since then it has been divided into the Roman Campagna and the Maritima, the latter lying along by the sea as far as Terracina. Nature has parcelled out the three great plains which constitute the inland Campagna, dividing them by mountain ranges. First, the Campagna round Rome, through which the Anio and Tiber flow, bounded by the Sabine and the Alban ranges, the mountains of Ronciglione, and the sea. Next, the great, level tract lying between the Alban and the Volscian Mountains and the sea, which includes within its boundaries the Pontine Marshes. Lastly, the wide valley of the Sacco, enclosed by the Volscian, the Hernican, and the Æquine chains of hills. The Sacco, after a short course, falls into the Liris, near Isoletta, below Ceprano.

Of this glorious Latian land I would now talk to my friends, many of whom may have chosen the route to Naples by Frosinone and Germano, in preference to the lower road by Terracina, and so will remember how beautiful is that valley of the Sacco, with its encircling mountains. I will link two of the towns together in

this sketch—namely, Genazzano, a celebrated place of pilgrimage at the opening of the valley, and Anagni, the abode of many of the mediæval Popes. I spent many peaceful weeks at Genazzano, utilising my time by improving my acquaintance with the Roman Campagna, its towns and its districts, in order that the History of Rome in the Middle Ages might become more explicit to me. I found myself, at a central point in that History, in the ancestral territories of the great family of Colonna — so prominent and so important in their day—and also, as already mentioned, in one of those Papal residences where to name Boniface VIII. is to arouse the liveliest interest in the locality. But, my reader, do not fear; I am not going to burden you with a superfluity of names or of researches.

This district deserves a more detailed description than either Gell or Nibby has given it. A prolonged excursion through its ancient hill-towns — Anticoli, Alatri, Veroli, Sora, and Arpino (the birthplace of Cicero and of Marius), as well as amongst those wild and beautiful mountains and valleys, known as the Ciociari country or “Sandal-land,” would amply repay the traveller for some slight discomfort.

The Labican Road, leading to Genazzano, and the Via Prænestina, both start from the Porta

Maggiore in Rome. Picture to yourself that great Roman road which, of old, joining the Via Latina below Anagni, proceeded to cross the river Liris at Ceprano (the ancient Fregilla) after traversing the Val Sacco (or Trenno) as it went south.

Faring forth to-day from beneath that same venerable portal, you enjoy a novel spectacle, for there—lurking within the giant arches of the Claudian Aqueduct—you find the station of the first Roman railway which has traversed the States of the Church. This unsightly structure tries to hide itself beneath the ancient arches—all that remains of a work of true genius. One surveys this most modern product of our civilisation, set into the ruins of Rome's mightiest work, a work which surpasses it so greatly that Pliny or Trajan might well have gazed at it with much the same astonishment that the Latian shepherd feels as the snorting locomotive speeds past him. With the exception of that finest of all railway lines—the one which runs between Naples and Pompeii—there can be no more interesting or pleasing contrast than this line of railway affords to the moss-grown remains of the Aqua Claudia, from whence it starts, and the melancholy Campagna, through which it runs between the ancient Roman tombs and

the lonely towers of long-departed generations of its inhabitants.

Three miles from Rome is Torre Pignatara, the tomb of Helena, the mother of Constantine. Six miles farther comes the bridge over the brook Marana (Aqua Crabra), by Torre Nuova, the castle and farm of Prince Borghese. Amidst its majestic pine-trees archæologists are pleased to locate Papinia, the villa of Attilius Regulus, a joy we would only temper by a smile, and not try to rob them of. Lacus Regillus, yes, this is truly the Lake Regillus; the ghost of King Tarquin revealed the fact to me quite indisputably. To-day there is no water in it, this crater of a volcano is dry. It is an inconsiderable circular hole, which the people call the Laghetto, or little lake. Now comes our first station, Osteria della Colonna, by the sixteenth milestone. On an isolated hill which the Alban Mountains have here sent forth into the plain, is lifted up the town of Colonna, which was the cradle of that great race in the Middle Ages. Then comes the station *Ad Statuas*—called now San Cesario—merely a lonely hostelry among vineyards on broken ground, once famous for its robberies, for here bandits were wont to waylay the diligence in a hollow of the road—*saltar fuore* they called it, technically. At San Cesario, Zagorolo may be discovered peeping out

of the greenery of luxuriant vines. This is an old fief of the Colonna family, whose territories we have entered. This town is, or ought to be, that ancient Pedum, known to readers of Horace. In the fourth epistle, to Albius Tibullus, he says—

“Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide iudex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?”

From thence, mounting ever higher and higher, after a few miles, we reach the town of Palestrina, the old and renowned Präneste of the Romans, where still, to a certain extent, the streets retain their ancient polygonal pavement.

Here we must surely rest for a space. My readers would blame me if I passed through so old and memorable a spot with only the mention of its name. But I pledge myself to be brief.

Präneste—whose grandchild Palestrina now lies before us, a grey mass of houses set on the declivity of a limestone mountain—was once the mistress of Latium, older than Alba Longa, older, far, than Rome. Her Cyclopean walls bear witness to this. They rise above the present town in two concentric rings to fortify the *arx*, or citadel, crowning the mountain top; so inaccessible does it appear as to be almost impregnable. A mediæval fortress was built on the same spot. The founding of this ancient town takes us back

to the days of fable. It is ascribed to King Cäculus, whom Virgil—Æneid, vii. 678—represents as here commanding a legion gathered in from the surrounding districts—the Anio, the Hernican Mountains, and the “rich” Anagni.

Präneste dominated the Campagna far and wide, until it was laid low by the Romans. In later times it is often named in history. Pyrrhus took possession of the town, and halted there before marching on Rome. Präneste fared even worse in the days of Sulla, when the young Marius strove to defend himself within its walls. When Sulla had taken the stronghold, after a strenuous siege, he killed every inhabitant of the place, planting his own veterans in their dwellings. He enlarged the Temple of Fortune with such magnificence that this abode of the gods, once the most famous temple in all Latium, covered the whole of the ground now occupied by the present town, which is built on its foundations. Augustus planted new colonies in Präneste; both he and his successor, Tiberius, often came to occupy the Imperial villa within the precincts of the town, and enjoy its pure and health-giving air. The Villa Claudia was a favourite resort of the later Emperors while Präneste still flourished. This town fell into decay in the days of the barbarian incursions, her name then becoming Palestrina.

A deed of gift exists, dated 970, by which Pope John XIII. confers this Palestrina, in fief, on the Senatoress Stefania. Her granddaughter Emilia (*Imilia nobilissima comitessa*) married the possessor of Colonna in 1050, and their son was possibly that Pietro de Colonna from whom the Colonna lordship of Palestrina may date. So much, at least, is indisputable, that this family was powerful in that district early in the twelfth century, their possessions reaching from the Latian to the Volscian Mountains, as well as to the territories of the ancient Equii and Hernici.

As concerns Palestrina, Pope Boniface VIII., the bitter foe of the Colonna family, took this, their chief town, from them by force of arms in 1298, or, possibly, the two Cardinals of that family, Jacopo and Pietro, who had entrenched themselves there, may have delivered it up to him without awaiting the bursting of the storm, whereupon that furious Pope tore down the walls and the houses of the town, with the solitary exception of the Cathedral of St. Agapitus, strewing salt over the ruins, and causing a ploughshare to be passed through its soil. But Palestrina rose again from her ashes, only to be a second time destroyed. This destruction happened in 1436, when the patriarch Vitelleschi, at war with the Colonna, sacked the town and levelled even the cathedral

with the ground. Two years later the fortress on the summit of the mountain was also demolished.

I will not enumerate the later plunderings of Palestrina. The town, as it exists to-day, goes no farther back than the middle of the fifteenth century. The Colonna family continued to regard it and Pagliano as their two principal possessions. They obtained, in 1571, from Pope Pius V. the title of Princes of Palestrina, but in 1630 they had to sell the town, to pay their debts to Carlo Barberini, brother of Pope Urban VIII., receiving for it the sum of 775,000 Roman scudi. The last Colonna who possessed it was Francesco, who died in 1636.

The town is built in terraces on the hillside; it looks dull and dingy till you reach the principal street, where are several palatial houses. At the upper end of this is the Palazzo Barberini, a large, but now quite dilapidated, building in the Decorated style of the seventeenth century. It describes a semicircle, following the foundations of the Temple of Fortune erected of old by Sulla. In this huge baronial edifice, with its great walls, and halls, and arcades, there is absolutely nothing to note, except a splendid mosaic pavement, which seems to be a fitting pendant to the, so-called, Battle of Alexander at Pompeii. It represents scenes in the rural lives of the Egyptians, chiefly

descriptive of their religious ceremonies, excellently treated as regards the grouping of the priests and priestesses, and the officiating attendants, of the warriors, fisher-folk, shepherds, and hunters who assist, and also as a presentment of Egyptian temples, country houses, and animals, all of which are admirably portrayed. It may be of later date than Sulla, probably it belongs to the days of the Empire, possibly to Hadrian's reign. It was found in the ruins of the Temple of Fortune in the year 1638, where it had most likely decorated the floor of a recess or niche. The Barberini had it conveyed to their palace in Rome, but at the urgent petition of the municipality of Palestrina it was later on brought back to their town.

What distinguishes the palace yet more than this ancient work of art is its incomparable position on an acclivity, where fresh and balmy breezes always fan it, and the dwellers in its houses can enjoy a prospect the beauty of which is not to be expressed in words.

There beneath the eye, lies spread out the greater part of Latium, as well as of Etruria ; in other words, the patrimony of St. Peter—a great classic plain—the Latian and Volscian Mountains rising from it, spacious green levels spreading between each range of hills as far as the shores of the sea, which gleams in the far distance : the

world-city, Rome, lifting up her domes through the blue mists of distance; Soracte, solitary, springing from the plain; and close to Soracte the Apennines; while, farther still, the Sabine group of mountains can be descried. Just beneath our feet is the deep, beautiful Sacco valley, around it rising glimmering peaks—those above Segni, and Montefortini, and the Serra—all those aerial pinnacles, so varied in outline, which lie bathed in the sunny mists beyond Anagni and Ferentino. Think of it all—these plains—these mountains on which are set towns and villages, most of them rich in memories and associations with the past—of the Middle Ages—of the Empire. Call it all up before your imagination—think of Umbria—of Sabina—of Latium—of the land of the Equii, the Hernici, the Etruscans, the Volscians—think of seeing all this with the sea on its horizon, in one panorama, and you will have some idea of the grandeur of this prospect. When the Colonna of the Middle Ages looked forth from his ancient castle, he might well count himself the richest and the mightiest prince in Latium.

Looking upon this noble landscape, and up into the azure sky and clear air, it is easy to imagine that Palestrina was the birthplace of one of the greatest musical geniuses the world has known.

Yet wider becomes the horizon if you ascend to the ancient fortress above the palace. It crowns the summit of the Palestrina mountain, and is reached, in a short hour, by a steep and fatiguing climb over bare limestone rocks. It was a hot August midday when I scaled that airy height, and although the sun blazed hotly, the air felt cool and fresh to me. A small settlement called San Pietro nestled itself in here in very ancient days. Already, in the sixth century, a convent existed. Beside it rise the beautiful remains of the mediæval fortress, the walls and shattered towers still standing, almost smothered in yellow broom, and covered with masses of luxuriant ivy. Here the unfortunate Conradin was held a prisoner after the battle of Tagliacozzo, and from this place he was led forth to suffer on the scaffold in Naples.

Boniface VIII. had this *Castrum Montis Penestrini*, this old stronghold of the Colonna, the central point of their dominions in the Campagna, levelled with the ground. We may read the expostulation of the Colonna of that year, 1304, in which he complains that the Pope had utterly destroyed the castle and town on the mountain of Präneste. "Therein there were a noble fortress (*Rocca nobilissima*) and a beautiful palace, also very old walls (*Saracenico opere*), built of

mighty blocks, like a city wall, and, moreover, there was therein the very important church of St. Pietro, formerly a monastery; all these, with all the other houses and palaces, of which in the Castrum there were about two hundred, he entirely annihilated." Nevertheless, the renowned Stephen Colonna subsequently rebuilt the town, and the Rocca also. To this day you may read over the gateway of the ruined fortress, beneath the coat of arms of the Colonna, the following inscription:—

"MAGNIFICUS DNS STEFAN COLONNA REDIFICAVIT
CIVITATEM PENESTRE CV MONTE ET ARCE ANNO
1332."

This citadel of Präneste is one of the oldest historical places in Latium, the seat of that fabulous King Cäculus, whose name may be the same which appears under the differing form of Cocalus of Agregentum, who is known through the myth of Dädalus. The view from these still loftier regions is entrancing as you look over to the Sabine Mountains, standing there in all their wild grandeur, desolate, ravishing to the sight.

I will not detain my reader by leading him through the ruins which have been recently brought to light underneath the present town,

and which have proved a rich harvest for the antiquarian. There may be found, beneath all the vineyards, a labyrinth of vaults and chambers. In their tombs may be hidden golden ornaments ; but such explorations are fatiguing, and, in truth, but little fruitful.

Palestrina possesses two historians of note, Cecconi and Petrini. Their *Memorie Prenestine* are of much value as concerning the Middle Ages in Rome and in the Campagna.

Just below the town the road descends into a ravine clothed with the most magnificent chestnut trees. It is the bed of a stream enclosed on each side by rocky walls, from which at first the eye seeks an outlet in vain. At length, however, a great picturesque bridge appears, crossing one of the head springs of the Sacco, and before us, on a high hill, lies the dark village of Cavi, built on terraces of black tufa, but girdled about with vineyards and gardens ; and now also the Volscian Mountains come into sight.

In the market-place of Cavi stands a column, the actual, as well as heraldic, emblem of the Colonna, whose ancient fief this place is. The Cavi folk speak a dialect which resembles the language of the mediæval chronicle, or romance, writers, and is not unlike that of the Calabrians.

Instead of the vocal sound they use the diphthong. *Si* is *sei*, or even sometimes adding the vulgar *ne* it becomes *seine*; for *signor* they say *signaure*; for *muratori*, *murataure*; for *Roma*, *Rauma*. On the other hand, we find a spice of the Latin tongue at Palestrina; my trusty vine-dresser, Agapeto, when asking me into his vineyard, said, "*Venite in vigna mea*" (not *mia*). The vine-dressers of Genazzano consider themselves superior to their confrères of Palestrina therefore, whose "false accent" they talk about.

We had still three miles to ride across the mountain-side to reach Genazzano, our eyes all the time feasting on that enchanting valley of the Sacco. Before us, in the distance, Pagliano, the second in importance of the Colonna towns, was visible, with its white castle, and further still, in the haze on the horizon, old Anagni was coming forth, on its hilltop.

Then the road descended suddenly into a charming region of hill and dale, which alternated in the happiest way, a picture of rural prosperity, with its grey olive groves, shady chestnuts, corn and maize fields and gardens, and everywhere the little dome-shaped elm trees; festooning them, dark masses of grape-vines. On the long rocky hills enclosing this picture Genazzano stands, a narrow, dark grey strip,

just like the tufa rocks on which it is founded. The houses look as if they were marching in procession to the shrine of Santa Maria *del buon Consiglio*, the great sanctuary of the Latian Campagna, or else taking their way up to that beautiful baronial Colonna castle crowning the summit of the hill, the dutiful vassals of its lord.

A tower with battlements defends this little town. As soon as you enter it you see a rough fresco on the wall of a house depicting the sacred figure of the Madonna of Good Counsel borne up in the arms of angels, pilgrims drawing near to her reverently. Miserable streets lead to the Piazza Imperiale, the principal square. The houses are sufficiently uninviting, but an occasional semi-circular Gothic window, like some withered efflorescence surviving from the Middle Ages, charms us by its Moresque rosettes.

During my first visit to Genazzano I lived for three months with the muses of that rural region, and since then I have returned to it often. When about to take up one's residence in so remote a spot, the first desideratum, after making one's domestic arrangements, is how to find space for pleasant locomotion, good air, and green shade in which to read and reflect.

The little town does not lend itself well to walking exercise, being too steep and too limited

in space, with no green shady spot to sit in; but all round it are spread vineyards and chestnut groves, where one can indulge in the delights of solitude.

There is, too, a level footway, though to reach it the Colonna palace must be traversed. Behind this palace is a bridge spanning a ravine, which rests on stone arches, not unworthy of the Romans themselves. An aqueduct, now in ruins, had been constructed by the Colonna family, to convey water to their palace, and its crumbling arches look wonderfully picturesque amongst the green trees of what was once a park, but is now no less neglected than the aqueduct. Beside it runs a path which leads on to the deserted convent of San Pio.

I recall with delight that day when, on my voyage of discovery, I first explored that path through the vineyards to its terminus. Opening suddenly to the right, the following prospect lay beneath my eyes. A foreground stretching far out embowered in green; beyond, a brown valley, miles in length, broken by groves of forest trees. Shimmering through the sunny blue mist to the right and the left magnificent chains of mountains. The Serra, its crowning pinnacle the Serone, standing out fair and distinct—a giant pyramid. Peaks trending away in perspective into the far distance, with a brown and green

carpet spread at their feet, and towns and castles nestling in their recesses. Hills reaching out from the Serra across the plain to draw near to the river, holding aloft on their green summits fortresses with their little gleaming white towns. To meet them, but more cautiously, came forth spurs from the Volscian Mountains opposite, so varied in their outlines as to give variety to the view.

Many are the settlements lurking in the dark folds of those hills, or on their sunny heights. Towers, monasteries, villages, seeming to sport in the summer air, yet with an epic repose over them all. The outlines of these mountains against that purest blue of heaven are so sharp as to delude the eye. You seem as if able to float over and wander amidst their shining peaks in the fresh air of that high region. Where the Serra range dips, some soft snowy, or purple-tinted peak of the wild Abruzzi peers up, suggesting yet farther horizons. Out of the silvery clouds peep more and more mountain peaks; shadowy, of many forms, some like domes, others like obelisks, leading the imagination far away into remote "Sandal-land," on the banks of the beautiful Liris.

Who can paint this Latian landscape, when all its mountains glow in iridescent purple tints, and the wide valley below grows darker and darker,

and night creeps slowly up from behind the broad, glowing wall of the Serra, and then seems to wipe out, one by one, with her dark hand, all the little towns that had been shining there, till they are swallowed up in gloom? The windows of Serrone sparkle in the rose-red sunset rays, then Rojate; then, above there, Piglio; one after another they are extinguished; even Castel Pagliano is gone, but behind her the last rays flicker still on the casements of a dark town, which may now be discovered miles away on its hill, and which from the mass of its buildings looks greater than any other town in the Campagna. So it seemed to me the first evening I ever saw it, and then I knew from the character of its surroundings it must be Anagni, the native town of Boniface VIII. I hailed the long-wished-for sight in these words by Dante—

“Veggio in Alagna entrar lo fiordalisco
E nel vicario suo Cristo esser catto.”

The impression made by a great landscape is enhanced to every thinking being if he knows it to be bound up with, or vivified by, historical associations. This Latian valley at our feet is the very key of the kingdom of Naples. It was the military highway of all her armies in the Middle Ages: of the Goths and the Vandals;

of the Franks and the Lombards; of Belisarius and the two Othos; of the Hohenstaufen, and even of the swarms of Saracens, Frenchmen, and Spaniards of later times. In short, countless multitudes have watered their horses at the Sacco river as they passed through the Virgilian meads, across the Liris, and onward to the paradise of Naples.

For the rest, Genazzano is not an ancient place—it dates only from the Middle Ages. Its name indeed may be old; it has been attributed to the *Gens genucia*, who possessed the *Fundus Genucianus* in these parts. In the beginning of the eleventh century a fortress is first mentioned in a deed, as existing at Genazzano; and this castle belonged to a Colonna of Palestrina. It gave a title and a residence to one branch of that great family. The only Pope who came of that great race is said to have been born here. This was Pope Martin V.—Oddone Colonna, elected at Constance in the year 1417, with whom the Avignon schism in the Church came to an end. That great man, at all events, belonged to the Genazzano branch of the Colonna family. He delighted in the solitude of his ancestral home. He loved the place; he built churches there, and, apparently, enlarged the palace which his nephews afterwards embellished, and con-

structed the aqueduct. There are artistic fragments, too, of baths in a ravine outside the gate of the town, which show, by their beauty, that they were built in the *style-de-luxe* prevailing in those days. Their palace or feudal castle was once vast and beautiful, but to-day it is decaying, like all other palaces in the Campagna. The quadrangle is very noble in design, with a double arcade, lightly and gracefully proportioned, which reminds me of Bramante's period. Headless statues standing now between the columns accord well with the deserted palace. It reminded me of the old baronial castles which Walter Scott sometimes describes. In his palmy days, some Colonna has had all the towns possessed by his family depicted on the walls of one of the loggia here. The frescoes have vanished, as have the rights and titles this rich family once enjoyed from all these towns. Through these lofty, empty halls creeps an aged, superannuated physician with a silvery beard, the only dweller in them now. He looks like an old-world magician or sorcerer.

For the present there are no researches to make in Genazzano; we need not worry ourselves about antiquities or archæological remains, but take our pleasure gaily, living in the fields and the fresh air, and occupying ourselves with

the country folk of the district. I will therefore talk about the vineyards, like any countryman, because one cannot feed for ever with ecstatic countenance on old family records, but must needs find out what one can get to eat and drink. It would seem that there is not much to be had this year, because the vines are always sickly, and the maize is now in danger of being lost, since not one drop of rain has fallen for two months past.

One day I was following an overgrown path up amongst some brambles to a vineyard where I had discovered a beautiful little lonely perch beneath the olive trees. There I sat down, drew a parchment-bound book out of my pocket, and was soon absorbed in its pages.

The dog of the house, my true and constant companion, my pioneer that pointed out all the prettiest spots to me, suddenly growled as he lay at my feet. I looked up and beheld a well-dressed woman standing about five paces off, and regarding me with every sign of fear and distrust.

"Buon uomo," she said; "what dost thou do there?" (In the Campagna they always say "thou," as they do in the Abruzzi.)

"Why, good woman, askest thou that?" said I.

"I believe," she said, "thou art after no good,"

and she shrugged her shoulders angrily and contemptuously. "It's not at all right or fitting," she added. All amazed, I asked the woman what it was that displeased her so much; had she never seen a man reading a book in her life before?

"It may be, but it's not decent, and who knows what evil thou art about? . . ."

With these words she went away, casting back many a timid, anxious look at me, over her shoulder. I went on with my book, but soon got up, puzzled to know what this extraordinary scene could mean. In the evening I told the people of the house about it.

"You must know," said Annunziata my hostess, laughing, "that woman takes you for a magician, or a sorcerer; she thinks you are bewitching the vines out of your parchment-covered book."

Here I had to laugh heartily, thinking of the possibility of working charms by means of that particular book—it was Platina's "Lives of the Popes."

Notwithstanding, the vines recovered this year completely, and because this is the first good year, and the disease has abated, the grape is now, the people say, a *cosa santa*.

During my residence at Genazzano five men

were murdered in that district, and all because of stealing the grapes. One case throws so much light on the then condition of justice in those parts that I cannot be silent about it. A rich man, brother-in-law of the Prior (or Burgo-master) of Olevano, killed a poor thief of his grapes, on the highway, and then fled to his vineyard, which adjoins that of my hostess. His friends followed him armed, for the two grown-up sons of the murdered man were just about climbing the hill with guns in their hands to avenge their father's death.

For several days the authorities took no notice of the matter. At last it was said that the widow intended getting the law enforced through the aid of an influential patron: the bailiff of Olevano had been ordered to arrest the murderer. But these officials never stirred in the matter: they were suborned, people thought. The widow's hopes now turned to the San Vito police, but they were just as immovable.

Meanwhile fourteen days had gone by. "Fine justice you get here in Genazzano," I said one day to the apothecary, whose shop, like that of his confrère in "Hermann and Dorothea," was the social resort of all the men of the place. Whereupon quoth this son of Æsculapius—the handsome father of his no less handsome daughter

Sophia—"O Signor! what do you think? That dead man was not by any manner of means killed by the Prior's brother-in-law, for look here! our *medichino* (the little doctor) and the surgeon have made a post-mortem examination and proved that the man in his fright had flung himself over a cliff, and his spleen was broken in two pieces by it. So it is—*si, Signore, egli si è ben vero*, and the arch-priest of *Santa Maria del buon Consiglio* says the same thing also." I held my peace. In the evening my hostess said: "I don't believe that he broke his spleen, but—" and she counted with the thumb and first finger of her right hand an imaginary sum of money into her left.

The abundance of the grape crop here is astonishing. The vines cover all the hills of this pleasant Campagna as far as the eye can reach. They climb up the slopes from the plain below in long rows, supported either by rods or strong Italian reeds, or else by the little round-topped maple and elm trees. Lovers of Virgil may know that even in Roman days the vineyards were arranged in these two different ways. It gives me great enjoyment to read the Georgics in the midst of the vintage of the present day—that most glorious monument of Latin poesy, not because of the art with which it is written

that is mediocre, but of the pure, pregnant, quite inimitable language of it. I read that poem over and over again, beneath the vines at Genazzano, and convinced myself that all Virgil's remarks, his rules, his instructions are throughout just as sufficient now as if they had been written for the cultivators of the Campagna of to-day.

Here the vineyards are everything to the people. They unite the three rural deities—Bacchus, Ceres, and Pomona—for between the rows of vines they sow the wheat, amongst which the slender almond trees rise gracefully. The lark chants his *cento novelle antiche* when he sees that the slightest breath of spring begins to open their blossoms; for this tree, this tree of love, was planted on the grave of Narcissus. Then the no less graceful olive grows between the vines, with its fine-grained, artfully folded-in bark of silver grey, and its delicate leaves, which gleam sometimes, in the changing light, like silver, sometimes like bronze. Pleasant it is to see the corn springing up to make the good, tasty bread, and the oil which will furnish a relish for it.

Then the peach, the apple, the pear trees, the fiery-red pomegranate, the walnut, the chestnut, the fig-tree with its honey-sweet fruit. And the fruits of all these trees come in beneficent succession: no sooner has one yielded its crop

than another begins to bless us, and the next is already giving promise of ripening. I have spent this long summer in the Campagna, and the table by my bed has never once been without its dish of fruit.

My hostess owned three vineyards—one at Palestrina, and another on the mountain above Olevano, three miles from Genazzano. There a lonely house, occupied by her vine-dresser, stands on the hillside, its wide verandah decked with flowers and shaded by fig and chestnut trees, with nothing to interrupt the view from it of the majestic chain of the Serra and the wide plain of the Sacco, and there I spent many long days in the pure aromatic mountain air, living only on fruits, my only hesitation being which to break from the parent tree first, for the variety was great, and all were alike excellent and plentiful.

But what am I to say of the grapes? for, no disease having fallen upon the famous vines in this whole district, they are bending beneath the burden of their crop, the bunches supported here and there, or tied up with strong thread. These bunches are of such weight, and the berries of such size, that you would accuse me of telling stories if I stated what they weighed. The harvest is of many-hued varieties—the clear

golden muscat grapes, which gleam translucent in the sunshine; the whitish clear grape, called *buon vino*; the great blue-black ones, from the heavy clusters of which is expressed strong, blood-red wine. Thus fed and thus refreshed, I sit between tall myrtles at the foot of the hill, or in the chestnut groves, or amongst Virgil's fennel, fragrant with menthe and serpillum, which grow everywhere, and there read our Horace, which is never left at home. The menthe is the real native plant of the Campagna—all Roman meadows smell of it. If I find it when I am in Tuscany or North Italy, its perfume instantly awakes a longing for the Roman Campagna.

Can it be believed that in the midst of all this profusion the country people themselves are poor? Looking around on this beautiful land, it seems as if it ought to be an El Dorado for the happy natives; yet, if you live among them, you will see, too often, hunger-stricken human beings coming out of this paradise to meet you. These abundant fruits (you may buy twenty figs or twenty walnuts for one bajocco, and in good years a flask of wine may be had for the same small coin)—these fruits do not nourish the peasant; he would starve if it were not for the meal of the Indian corn, which is

his sole nutriment. The evil of these inequalities is to be explained by the agrarian conditions under which the peasant exists. From remote ages the occupier of the land has had to give a fourth of his produce to his feudal lord—Prince Colonna. It is this ancient curse of the taxation which impoverishes the people. It is true there are few of the country folk who do not possess small vineyards of their own, but this does not suffice to support the family. The usurer knows no limit to his extortions; even the poorest must pay him 10 per cent. on a loan. When the smallest misfortune occurs, a bad harvest—many may come in succession—he gets into debt. If he borrow money or seed corn, the percentage on it grinds him down; the greedy lender, waiting for the time of his greatest need, acquires the small proprietor's farm at a nominal price. The baron, and the monasteries grow rich, the peasant becomes their vassal and their vine-dresser. I have had the opportunity of considering these conditions carefully. As a rule, this is how the evil comes about. First of all the debtor sells his land, pure and simple; the trees (*gli alberi*), which include the vines, remain still his own, and, if he continues to cultivate the vineyard, he may still enjoy one-half, or even three-fourths of their produce. But

scarcely has a year elapsed when the vine-dresser again presents himself before the purchaser of his land, and begs him also to buy his trees ; so, all becomes the property of his lord ; the man's family lives on in the vineyard, attending to its cultivation, because he receives a portion of its produce. If he is one of many proprietors, even a larger one, he goes on, getting deeper and deeper into debt ; a great portion of his earnings has already been resigned to his master before he receives them.

On my Padrona's vineyard, and she is a person much esteemed for her upright dealings, a Venetian, a vine-dresser, and his family of eight persons live. She tells me that she took these people as tenants, gave them clothes, and household goods, and had got them into a condition in which they might have maintained themselves. But they existed in a state of such bitter poverty that fever attacked them from bad food, and she had to send them the means of life from her own place. After the vine harvest, it appears as if these poor peasants may get into a better condition for a time, at least while the money lasts, for which they sell their wine.

Wine excites the nervous energy, but does not nourish the muscles. The peasant drinks the worst kind of wine, that of the second pressure

of the grapes, and he needs bread also. Wheat is too costly, so he plants or buys polenta, and eats the meal of the Indian corn. As in Lombardy, that beautiful plant, the oriental corn, adorns the fields of the Italian Campagna with its great golden ears of grain, which nature seems to regard as jewels of price. All the country people eat polenta, either in the form of soup or of cakes; they call it *pizza*. If I meet a man on the road and ask him, "What have you had for breakfast?" he answers, "*La pizza*." "What are you having for supper?" "*La pizza*." I have eaten it myself by the peasant's hearth. They prepare it in this way. The yellow porridge made with this meal is kneaded into a flat cake, and baked on a smooth stone, over the charcoal fire. It is devoured toasting hot. The whole family sits round it to enjoy the midday meal, of which it consists. For the evening meal a salad of the plants that grow in the fields, with oil poured over them, is added. Sometimes this supper is of water soup, made with chicory or other vegetables. The oil often fails them—it will probably fail this year, as, after a double crop last year, the olives give promise of a very poor harvest—an emblem of human activities, or rather of all good fortune, of happiness which ebbs and flows.

It is easy to imagine with what excitement the

country folk look forward to the harvest of the Indian corn. At the end of July the ear has formed, and then the rain is needed. None has fallen now, but a glowing hot atmosphere pervades the fields. Every one was anxious, so they decided to pray to heaven for rain. There were daily processions, of an afternoon, which reminded me of the heathen festival of the Rubi, and of the rain-stone, of ancient Rome, which was borne along the Via Appia to the *Votisque vocabites, imbrem*. I beheld all these things with astonishment. It is truly amazing to find yourself in the present day among people who hold the innocent belief that the immutable decrees of Nature can be set aside by prayer and cries for mercy—that they can be changed or accelerated. Every evening the women of Genazzano passed through the town in pairs, with their red handkerchiefs falling like veils over them, not worn as they are worn when they go to church, headed by the priests, with a picture of a saint displayed. When they had got to the principal square, singing and muttering as they went, they burst into the cry, with a fervour verging on frenzy, of—"Grazie, grazie, grazie, Maria!" This cry of a hundred, or two hundred, loud voices, all in accord, resounded through the air. "Et clererem clamore vocant in testa," as Virgil

has it. Each day they carried around a different saint, but it seemed that each was proving more deaf and ineffectual than the last. My hostess—she was to some extent an enlightened woman, and she owned no maize fields—said one evening, as we sat at supper and suddenly the cry of “Grazie, grazie, grazie, Madonna!” resounded close to the door, “Why do they pester the saints in heaven so much? They will make them so angry that they will never allow us to have any rain again!” I was infected to some extent by this feverish excitement. I wanted the rain to come just as much as they did. I visited the maize fields every day, and, indeed, they were very nearly ruined. At length they carried St. Anthony of Padua around in procession, and when they had taken him up to the convent of San Pio, an Augustinian monk preached, by torchlight, from the steps of the church there, the townsfolk all crowding round; some had even climbed up into the trees to hear him. A strange scene! the gesticulating monk, the image of the saint, the black cross, the white surplices of the choir-boys, the women in their red veils, the glaring light of the torches, the dark trees, and the splendid deep blue of the vast landscape, and all this, to draw down rain from the heavens! At last the sky clouded over, the third day after

this it thundered, and tropical rain rushed down in torrents, with tremendous force.

It would seem that the gods, or the saints who now replace them, will give us no good gift without claiming a victim in return for it. So it was now. With the rain came a water-spout, a magnificent phenomenon, which I beheld while I was out riding. It drew on towards me from the Volscian Mountains, blue-black over the valley, and when it discharged itself in hail, it devastated a long strip of the vineyards. All that afternoon we had storms, violent dashes of rain with thunder and lightning. Then they rang the church bells, in their terror. Next day the whole town was in a state of excitement; the people poured out into the streets; it appeared that four persons had been killed by the lightning. The report was confirmed. They brought the dead bodies into the vine-dresser's house, where the police kept guard over them for twenty-four hours. Next day came a much-esteemed procession on asses, the *medichino* (the little doctor) and the surgeon with him, to hold their post-mortem examination. These dead men had doubtless been struck by lightning. Towards evening they carried them out of the house, and laid them on biers covered with black cloth, the clergy

preceding them with lighted candles in their hands, accompanied by the brothers of the dead in black cloaks, also bearing torches. It was a most affecting sight. The people were waiting outside the gate of the town, and when the solemn cavalcade approached, they all began to chant the psalms for the dead. All who were waiting at the gate stretched up their hands in unspeakable agitation, and gave vent to a cry of lamentation so wild, so frightful, so full of anguish, that it must have moved the hardest heart. These poor men who had been killed by lightning were regarded with fear, as beings suddenly destroyed by God, and so perhaps doomed to everlasting perdition. Then the relations tore themselves free from the crowd, women and children (one woman especially) struggled with the bystanders, trying to fling themselves upon the biers. This scene was repeated, when the bodies, one by one, were carried into the church, where they were left on the pavement for the night. I can never forget that gloomy spectacle.

These country folk express their feelings in primitive ways, and the most ancient natural conditions of life remain still in existence here.

The separation of the sexes from each other reminded me pleasantly of the East. This

means that the fashion was for men to consort with men, women with women. It would have been thought quite laughable if a married man should give his arm to his wife, and the girls would think their characters were quite in danger if they were seen speaking to a young man in the street openly, or if he accompanied them a little way along it. Lovers have their *discorso*, that is to say, they talk through the window, or the house door, to one another: this is the *lenes sub noctem susurri* of Horace. The fair one is serenaded, with guitar accompaniment, sometimes also by the bagpipe. Its plaintive sounds float out sadly on the night air, yet are melodious, withal. The country folk, too, sing simple, long-drawn-out *ritornelli* charmingly.

It is pleasant to hear, from afar in the vineyards, the question and reply of a pair of lovers; they remind one of the cicadas calling to each other through the summer air unceasingly.

They marry very early in these parts—a young fellow of twenty-one chooses frequently a girl who has only numbered fifteen summers. It is more usual to find a real love match, a courtship—*far amore* this is always called—which continues for some length of time, in the peasant class than among the citizens or

burghers, who look upon marriage as a commercial transaction. There was an instance of this while I was living at Genazzano. A young Abbé of twenty-one was suddenly seized with the wish to return to a secular life. He was the son of a well-to-do family, so, one fine day arrived a Franciscan monk (the Franciscans are the go-betweens in all family arrangements in these regions) from Civitella, to inform the youth's mother that a certain fair one, living at Pesciano, was looking out for a husband, that her dowry would be 1000 scudi, and that she belonged to one of the first families of the town. Her age was twenty-eight; if the Signora approved of the suggestion, she could talk to her son about it. No sooner had the young Abbé heard of this lady's proposal than he decided in its favour; he had no manner of doubt about it. The very next day he got on horseback, still in his priestly garb, and rode off to visit the lady.

Then and there the two were betrothed, and on his return a tailor was called in to convert his clerical robe into a coat. His sister set to work to make him a pair of grey trousers, and as no waistcoat was to be had, the mother sent to me (secretly) to know whether I would supply the want. Thus attired, the bridegroom-elect again

set forth to visit his bride. They met at the cottage of a vine-dresser, and the contract was legally signed and completed. Three weeks later the lady arrived, seated in a carriage, two huge sacks filled with copper coins (her dowry) beside her. The youthful bridegroom had just seen his life's companion twice, for about an hour each time, at this stage of the proceedings; but the ceremony was straightway solemnised. A small room in his parents' house was arranged for them to live in, and this was actually the only difference which the marriage made in the family.

In connection with this subject I will take occasion to tell of a strange custom which prevails in the whole of Latium. One night there arose in our market-place the most horrible, ear-splitting noise. Every species of untuned instrument seemed to have been got together. I turned out, and there I found all the younger portion of the community, big and little, congregated before a certain house, and regaling the inhabitants with a veritable cats' concert. Never—no, not even at any German University—had I encountered a finer discord produced by conch shells, cows' horns, the clashing of butchers' knives, and the dragging around of old pots and kettles over the rough stones, while a dozen or so of the assembly were clanging cow-bells. "But do tell me what

all this diabolical row can mean," I said to a gentleman who stood by laughing. "A widow lives in that house who has taken to herself a second spouse, so they are treating her to the *scampanella*," he replied; for thus the barbarous concert is named, because of the cow-bells which bear so prominent a part in it. It appeared that if a widower or widow marries a second time, he or she is regaled with this cats' music for three nights running. No less than three times during my sojourn at Genazzano did this barbarous noise recur. The company marched through the whole of the town like a band of demons, swarming through its narrow streets, carrying a lanthorn made of a hollowed-out pumpkin in front of them, and filling with their hellish music our peaceful little commune.

For truly peaceful is Genazzano. Its inhabitants seem to be of a more gentle and superstitious nature than their neighbours, and for this they have perhaps to thank their famous shrine, which brings them such shoals of pilgrims, and to their church such rich revenues from the whole of the Latian land around. In fact it represents the two ancient heathen fanes which were once so all-powerful—the Temple of Fortune at Palestrina and its namesake of Antium.

I witnessed the Festa of this celebrated

Madonna of Good Counsel here, on the 8th of September, and can therefore describe it. First, however, I will relate the legendary history of the Sacred Image, which is a fitting pendant to the fable of the Holy House at Loretto.

Just before the period when that house was borne by unseen hands from Nazareth to Loretto, there suddenly appeared at Scutari in Albania a miraculous image of the Virgin. Whether this image fell straight from heaven, or came there fleeing from the Turks, seems uncertain. It was named *la Madonna del buon officio*, that is to say, "of good service." Now it so befell that in the year 1467 two pilgrims, escaping from the Turks and trying to get to Italy, came to Scutari to prostrate themselves before the Holy Image and beseech its aid in their further journey.

To their great amazement they could only discover, on the spot where the Madonna had once stood, a white cloud. Towards night they saw this cloud begin to move away. They followed it, till at last it came to the shores of the Adriatic Sea. It went on its way over the waves, steadily, persistently, the two pilgrims always following it dry-shod; this shining white cloud vanished from before their eyes when they drew near to the city of Rome. Then they heard that an image of the Madonna had suddenly appeared

at Genazzano, and, hastening to that town, they found that this was indeed the one they had worshipped formerly at Scutari.

From that day the so-called *Madonna del buon Consiglio* began to work great wonders. A church, with a monastery attached to it, was built to enshrine her image, the monks of the Augustinian Order managing to get possession of the sacred treasure, which has proved not less—even more—profitable to them than the image of the Madonna which this Order already possessed in Rome. Indeed this goddess of Genazzano enjoys as widespread a reputation for sanctity as did the ancient heathen oracle once residing here.

Twice in the course of the year her festival is celebrated, and a double harvest of offerings is gathered into the Augustinian coffers. Countless are the gifts in money and valuables which believers bring. The poorest peasant comes to lay his mite on the altar of the Virgin. We may safely say that this shrine is as well endowed by the whole of Latium as is the State itself. I was told that the offerings by means of associations, each member giving five bajocchi to the general chest each month, will sometimes bring in from one peripatetic company alone as much as 100 scudi at one time. The annual receipts of this pilgrim church are valued at 7500 thalers.

The picture is preserved in a chapel lighted by perpetual lamps in a clean, and much decorated, church. Access to it is absolutely debarred by a grating and iron bars, and, in addition to this, a curtain of yellow silk is generally drawn down before it. They allege that it is suspended, hovering in the air, always upheld by unseen hands. I often saw it unveiled, but I could never discover its super-terrestrial position.

Already, on the vigil of the Festa, pilgrims begin to arrive. Not only the place itself, but the whole district then begins to be alive, and the air is filled with songs and litanies, which resound without ceasing day or night. All the roads are filled with gaily dressed, orderly processions coming along towards Genazzano.

They come from the Abruzzi, from "Sandal-land," from Sora, from the banks of the Liris, but chiefly from the Latian Campagna. We might imagine they were celebrating the feast of Jupiter Latinus, so great is the concourse of people, so varied their dress and dialect. The pageant—the spectacle—of all these country folk coming down from their mountains singing their "Oras," streaming along by the banks of the rivers, along the wide highways, all in bright festal array, moving through that vast expanse—that glorious landscape—coming on by the

field-paths, beside the streams, stretching out ever farther and farther into the distance, clad in red, in blue, in green, their long pilgrim-staves (*bordoni*, these are called) in their hands, is a spectacle well worthy the pen of the historian or poet, or the pencil of the artist.

I had ridden out to see the first companies of these pilgrims, as they streamed in on the day before the festival; seeking to bring back the Middle Ages to my imagination, and to help my historical survey of them by this great, old-world pageant. About two miles from Genazzano the Roman frontier ends, being bounded by a branch of the river Sacco, a stone bridge, the Ponte Orsini, crossing it on the road to Genazzano. This was a famous robber-hold in days of old. The Frosinone Commune commences here, where the hills sink down softly and graciously towards the river, enclosing a most enchanting vision of plain and mountain. A very El Dorado discloses itself to the spectator—the Volscian Mountains, the Serra, the heights of Olevano all standing around, beautiful plains stretching out at their feet, clothed with every kind of tree, fertile and verdant. This bridge is a good point from which to await the arrival of the pilgrims. They halt to rest for a space, when they come to it, before entering the district in

which their shrine resides. As they approach the river, they pour forth fervent chants, traversing the bridge on their knees. Thus did I see innumerable multitudes cross this bridge, the women kneeling on one side, the men on the other. An old woman was acting as leader of the choir; she stood up, when the farther side was reached, and uplifted her voice in a penetrating *evviva Maria*, in which every one joined in chorus.

Then the long procession went on its way. Exhausted as they all must have been by their previous singing, some man or woman continued to raise a litany each time they flagged. This monotonous chant, the simple expression of their deepest religious sentiment, uttered in the plaintive voices of the people, and flowing on and on, like the sound of the waves on the sea-shore, seemed to have a strange and exciting effect on the masses now pacing on to their goal. They moved in unison with it, and in the very rhythm of the sad strains they chanted. They seemed almost to imbue the whole procession with a moral force, guiding not only the feet of the pilgrims, but the emotions of their souls, fixed upon the object of their pilgrimage. I have always remarked that in these processions they pause for only a short time between their outbursts of song; if the overwrought pilgrims

fall into ordinary discourse during these pauses, some one recalls them promptly to the object in view, the leader of the band immediately starting the choral chant once more.

A pilgrimage exercises a certain charm over those even who do not take part in it, or belong to the true Church which it glorifies, especially where the illusion is not destroyed by such drawbacks as are sometimes unavoidable, when a mixed crowd first sets forth on a long peregrination. These evils are less felt in the south than under similar circumstances in the north. The clear skies, the fasting, the independence of material wants of the southerners, keep many disorders aloof from them ; the artistic arrangement of these long trains of southern folk, the beauty of the women's dresses, the dignity and grace of their bearing, seem to keep aloof all low and sordid ideas ; in short, their best protection is that inborn tact and decorum which are peculiar to the Italian people. Amongst all those thousands who passed before me, amongst all the processions I saw returning from their accomplished pilgrimages—and I accompanied them on their way in order to learn something of the land and of the people themselves, of their speech and their characteristics—I noticed not one instance of rude or rough behaviour.

We then realise, also, this fact—that these people are brought up in those ideals of the religious life which find their highest expression in a pilgrimage to one of their holy shrines. They have waited patiently a whole year, heaping up all their little sins, their difficulties; their world of morals is confused, their souls heavily laden; then, for a couple of festal days, they seize the pilgrim staff. They break away from their poor mountain farms, their hard work; now they can lay it aside, they move freely, they feel free, in company with their village friends or townsmen, who are uniting with them in one common object.

Then they wander hither by the banks of the Sacco, coming down from the hills *come i gru van vantande lor lai*—like the cranes which sing as they fly. It did bring back the Middle Ages to me; I thought of those crowds of pilgrims who took their way to Rome in the Jubilee year, and more than once I found myself repeating that beautiful verse of the pilgrim sonnet in the *Vita Nuova*:—

“Deh! peregrini, che pensioni andate
Forse di cosa che non v’è presente
Vanite voi di sì lontana gente
Com’ alle vista voi ne dimostrate?”

They come in bands of ten, of twenty, of fifty, of a hundred or more. Of all ages—the old man

walking with the same long staff which he has carried along this same road fifty times already, and which he may now be bearing for the last time ; here comes the matron with her grandchildren, the blooming and beautiful young girl, the sturdy youth, the boy ; even the nursling has come too, borne on its mother's head. I saw in one of the groups a young woman walking along and bearing on her head a basket ; a laughing babe lay in it, with merry, wide-open eyes ; it seemed to delight in the bright sunshine. Most of the women carry baskets on their heads containing eatables or a bundle of clothes ; these baskets enhance the beauty of the whole pageant.

Could we but lift the veil from their souls, we might see blood-guiltiness walking beside innocence, in the same band—sin, repentance, suffering, and virtue, in strangely mingled alternation, as they stream past. This moving mass, with all its varied physiognomies, its colours, its dresses, is like some vast, beautiful procession of solemn masqueraders, pacing slowly on through the loveliest land, the most glorious of nature's landscapes. They have come from Frosinone, from Anagni, from Veroli, from Arpino, from Anticoli, from Ceprano, and from Sora, on the Neapolitan side of the frontier.

Look at these ! see their olive complexions,

their beautiful oval faces. The women look fantastic, like Arab women, with thick strings of coral or gold chains hanging round their necks, and heavy gold ear-rings. Their head-cloths (*panni*) of white, or brown, have deep fringes, which hang far down the back, shrouding them like a Madonna's veil. Their white chemises are gathered into innumerable folds over the bosom by a narrow, reddish-purple bodice, or corset. The skirt, of brilliant red or blue, is short, and bordered with a yellow band. And their eyes! how large and dark they look beneath their black, boldly arched brows!

Then the Cetano pilgrims! The women wear bodices of an amaranthine hue, matching their long aprons. Their white head-dresses have long white ends, and they wear sandals. The men have peaked hats, and jackets of amaranth colour; the sash round the waist is wound round with bright ribbons.

The pilgrims from Pontecorvo! How splendid, and how majestic, do the women look in their purple-red skirts, beautifully bordered with embroidery, their heads bound round with red ribbons!

The pilgrims from Filettino! simple, yet charming, in their black velvet bodices, and plain white skirts.

And then the Ciociari—the men and women from “Sandal-land”—from the district round Ferentino, or even farther away, beyond the Neapolitan frontier, from the Liris or Melfa. Theirs is a land of lovely wild mountains stretching away towards Naples, and there they wear the *ciocie* or sandals, that most simple covering for the feet, from which their country has taken the name of La *Ciociaria*. I even found these sandals in wear at Anagni; and more primitive, and also, I may say, more convenient foot-gear could not well be found. The shoe is formed of a square piece of donkey-skin or horse-skin. Holes are bored all round this, through which a thong of parchment is run and then drawn up, so as to enclose the foot firmly, while forming a point at the toe which sometimes bends upwards in classical fashion. The leg is wrapped in a piece of coarse grey linen, bound round by cord, or strong thread, up to the knee, where it is gartered round firmly. Thus protected, the Ciociaro moves freely, whether tilling his fields (*zappar la terra*) or following his sheep and goats over the rocks, his bagpipes under his arm, his sheep-skin flung over his shoulders. The sandals are classic, you see; Diogenes would have worn them if he had not gone barefoot; Chrysippo or Epictetus would have extolled them, doubtless,

when setting forth in some treatise the beauty of simplicity. When new and well arranged, the *ciocie* look smart and well, but when the leg-wraps grow old and shabby, the Ciociaro is apt to assume a beggarly, wretched aspect; and this being too often his plight, he has got an unfortunately disreputable character. His name has even grown to be a term of reproach. A San Vito citizen, pointing out the beautiful panorama of the Campagna to me one day, said, "See, sir, yonder, Ciociaria lies up there," and he smiled superiorly, as much as to say, "A poor set of creatures, you!"

These Ciociari wear long, fiery-red waistcoats, and black, peaked felt hats, which are seldom without either a smart feather or a bunch of bright flowers. I found amongst them, as elsewhere in the Campagna, a pleasing mixture of fair-haired, blue-eyed folk. They crop their hair short at the back, like the German Landwehr, leaving two long locks to fall down, one on each side of the face, from the temples. Fling a shabby grey waterproof or a white or black sheep-skin about the Ciociaro, and behold your "Sandal-man" fully equipped. But we won't give him a gun in his hand, lest he fall upon us in the Pass of Ceprano, crying out "*Faccia in terra*," and forthwith our pockets will be emptied with astounding

dexterity. The women wear sandals also, a short grey-coloured gown, a bright woollen apron, worn cornerwise across the person, a white or red head-shawl of wool, and finally a *busto*, the crowning glory of all female attire in Latium. This is a bodice, or corset, of stiffly quilted linen, high and wide, with straps resting on the shoulders. Within this corselet rests the breast, as it were shielded by a bulwark; as the *busto* stands out, and is so tall and capacious, it also serves as a pocket.

The bands of pilgrims grew more numerous as the vigil of the Festa approached; you heard nothing but the melancholy chanting of the processionists, who, one after another, streamed through the streets drawing on towards the church. Arrived at this goal after their long march, each seemed to forget his fatigue, and their faces beamed with fervent devotion. They fell on their knees before the church door, their hands folded on their long staves, their bundles still on their heads, singing litanies in a loud voice, and then raising the shrill cry of "Grazie, Maria!" They dragged themselves up to the steps on their knees; here and there women might be seen kissing the steps, or licking them with their tongues—a revolting spectacle, which is none the less revolting to me because I recollect

the fact that Charlemagne crawled up the steps of St. Peter's in just this same degraded way.

Scenes are not wanting which shock the beholder even more than this. I saw a man shuffling up on all fours, like a dog, to be carried into the church on a piece of carpet, while he howled like a were-wolf. They said, indeed, that he had the disease which is called in Latin *lupomania*. I heard a woman howling for hours before the iron rails of the chapel of the Madonna; they declared that she was possessed.

On and on the procession glided through the side aisle of the church, then in front of the altar, singing, praying, crying aloud ecstatically for pardon. That cry "*Grazie, Maria!*" yelled out with frightful energy, the feverish, almost frantic, fervour with which they poured it forth, made me shudder.

The lights were kindled, the night deepened. The columns threw dark shadows over the pavement and on the groups of human beings, their figures by turns dimly seen in the chiaroscuro, or catching the full glare of the lights. Beautiful pictures disclosed themselves. All round the columns, by the altars, seated on the marble floor of the church before the chapels, were groups of tired pilgrims, most varied in their dress, their ages, their physiognomies—living

pictures which had a great charm for any one who could recognise it.

All this time the Augustinian monks were sitting at a small table, receiving gifts, selling indulgences—or masses—gathering in the money of these poor peasants—stolidly, calmly.

Outside the church similar groups were seated on the bare ground, new bands of pilgrims always coming in, never ceasing. One followed another without intermission during the whole of the night preceding the festival. The solemn resonance of their Latin hymns, poured forth into the silent night, spread a mystic atmosphere of deep sadness through the whole place. Yet even when it is a sad one, any great emotion which harmonises the souls of so many people, and has sent them forth afar with one and the same impulse, exerts a certain soothing influence on the human mind.

The town could not house all the pilgrims. As the night deepened the poor people, used to hardships, lay down on the rough pavement of the streets in crowds. They gathered round the wells and in the squares, for country people care little about losing a night's rest when travelling. But it is an ancient ordinance of the heavens that it must rain when there is any great gathering of holiday-makers. There is no greater

mockers of festivity than your sky, when any unusual concourse of the children of men is gathered beneath it: accordingly, no sooner had these poor people stretched themselves on the bare stones—some hundreds of them—than down came the rain. Then flight, confusion, cries of distress, and the crowding in of these unfortunates beneath every projecting roof and outer wall of the houses; and how many of them, whether from their poverty, or in fulfilment of some vow, were fasting!

In the morning there was service in all the churches, and a further sale of masses. Gilt ornaments, pictures, and rosaries were bought at the door of the pilgrim church, as well as bottles, the size of one's finger, filled with oil taken out of the lamps which burn eternally before the shrine of the Madonna. They were bought eagerly for a bajocco each, and were held to be an infallible cure for all manner of diseases.

There was a concert given by a band of music in the afternoon; then the never-failing *tombola* or lottery, and fireworks in the evening. The pilgrims danced merrily under the oaks in the park, though many had to set forth on their homeward journey as soon as their prayers had all been repeated, their offerings bestowed.

Then the same groups, in orderly procession, wandered away, singing and decked out with those posies of artificial roses and pinks which are always sold in the south on such occasions as this.

When they reached the last point, on their homeward way, from which Genazzano was visible, they all knelt down, their hands folded round their pilgrim-staves, and said a parting prayer. This scene beneath the free heavens seemed to me the most beautiful of all. I liked to see the women's figures as each one knelt down with such a graceful gesture, her eyes fixed on the shrine from which she was now taking her leave comforted.

We then also left Genazzano, to ride to Pagliano and Anagni.

Pagliano, a town of 3700 inhabitants, is distant six miles from Genazzano. It stands on an isolated hill rising out of the plain, and is clothed with umbrageous trees and vineyards. A good road through fields of maize leads to it. The great pyramidal peak of the Serrone overshadows it to the left, and lends a certain majesty to the whole landscape.

Still more charming than this road, however, is the field-path by which we rode quite easily up to it, until we had reached the last steep bit of

the rocky summit itself. Here is set a small but very strong fortress, often and pertinaciously besieged in old times, more especially during those wars, or feuds, waged between the Papal See and the great family of Colonna. Standing on so high and steep a rock, Pagliano was hard to reach by means of artillery. The Citadel is now used for a *bagnio*, or Papal prison, and here reside over 200 captives who have been condemned to the galleys, and over whom the Papal soldiers keep watch and ward. The town is gathered about the castle. Its streets are narrow, its houses dark, and for the most part unsightly. There is no sign of commercial activity, but when the country folk go forth of a morning to till the fields in the plain below, and when they return at night, there is a certain amount of stir and movement in the place. The only one of the palatial-looking houses still existing which need occupy us now, is the great Colonna palace—Pagliano confers a title upon the principal branch of this illustrious family. It is a beautiful structure, built of dark tufa, in a symmetrical quadrangle, and although only two storeys high, it is spacious. It stands at the entrance to the town, on the declivity of the hill, from which a prospect spreads out before the eye of which one would never tire. Its graceful

architecture is of the seventeenth century, when the castle has evidently been restored.

When we realise how profoundly this dominating race of Colonna has influenced the history, not only of Rome, but of all Italy, and if we know something about its more prominent historical personages, we are bound to tread the floors of their old ancestral home here with no trivial interest. It may be well to give a few outlines of the family history while we are near this ancient dwelling-place of the race.

The Roman writer Antonio Coppi, known for his valuable edition of Muratori's famous "Annals," has earned our gratitude by having published in 1855 the *Memorie Colonnese*. This contains a history of the House of Colonna, as well as of Rome, during the Middle Ages. It is filled with valuable materials taken from their family archives. Coppi, as well as the other Colonna chronicler, Count Litta of Milan, was put in full possession of the family archives by Dom Vincenzo Colonna of Rome. (That estimable old man died at his castle at Marino in 1855. I also have to thank him for the unstinted and prolonged use of those archives, and for all the light which they have thrown upon many events in Roman history.)

Among the records, of which so great a

number exist, of the great houses of Italy, a whole library could, indeed, be filled with the annals of this one family, which deserve the closest attention, from their historical importance. Restless, ambitious, warlike, they were a constant motive power in the history of Rome. Grown rich by the acquisition of estates, they could never attain to the rank of independent princes, which so many of the younger families, especially in North Italy, had succeeded in effecting, because their lands lay within the Pope's jurisdiction. Thence came constant conflicts with the Papal power, and their adhesion to the Roman Emperors. For deeds of arms this house was more renowned than for peaceful exploits, nevertheless it was the one Pope of their race, Martin V., who put an end to the schism in the Church. Several Cardinals were amongst their descendants. Culture and science have perhaps not much to thank them for; the name of Colonna is eclipsed in this respect, in Rome, by individual names, most of them of strangers—Popes and their families; to name whom would be superfluous.

Nevertheless there are a few individuals of the Colonna family connected with the revival of art and literature in the highest degree. There is that old Stephen Colonna, and his

chivalrous and cultivated children, whose relations with Petrarch are so well known; and the celebrated poetess, Vittoria Colonna; and contemporary with her were those two beautiful women, Julia Gonzaga and Giovanna of Aragon, both of whom married into the Colonna family.

The origin of the race is uncertain, but they probably can be traced back to that Count of Tusculum who dominated Rome in the tenth century. According to this view, the Margrave Alberich, the husband of the famous Marozia, may be deemed their ancestor. He died in 924, and five of his family, in an unbroken series, filled the Chair of St. Peter. The name of Colonna first appears in history in connection with Pietro Colonna in the twelfth century. Of him I have spoken before.

At this, their earliest period, we find them in possession of the towns of Colonna, Zagarolo, and Monte Porzio. Whether they really came of that ancient race, the Counts of Tusculum, or not—a race which disappeared when the Romans sacked their town in 1191—they did come, at all events, from those Tusculum hills, and spread out over the Campagna from thence. Their possessions extended from Fortino, that is to say from the Volscian Mountains to the Æquine and Hernican ranges, even as far as to the Sabina.

Palestrina was their chief town, and they owned all the land lying around it.

In the thirteenth century their power, their great influence, began to be felt in Rome, where they had possessed a palace near the church of the Santi Apostoli in the Via Lata for a long period. During this century Cardinals of their race were conspicuous—who is there who does not recollect the part they played in the fall of Boniface VIII.? In the history of the Hohenstaufen dynasty the House of Colonna was called the most zealous for the Ghibelline cause in Rome.

In the fourteenth century, when the Popes were in exile at Avignon, they strove with the powerful Orsini for the suzerainty of the city of Rome. The Orsini became henceforth their sworn enemies, and the zealous adherents of the Papacy. It was then that Stephen Colonna the elder shone forth as their leader. To him Petrarch dedicated sonnets and addressed letters. During this century also the two great branches of this house split up into two separate families, the Colonna of Palestrina and of Pagliano respectively.

In the fifteenth century the favour shown to them by Ladislaus of Naples still further strengthened them. The friendship of Queen Joanna II. increased their power, which culminated in the election of Ottone—or Otho—Colonna to the

Papal Chair, when he reigned as Martin V. Many fiefs fell to them in the kingdom of Naples, also the Duchy of Marsi (*Marsum Dux*) and the title of Count of Celano. They then possessed, in all, forty-four towns and castles.

With the accession of Pope Sixtus IV. war broke out again between the Papal See and the Colonna. Girolamo Riario, the nephew of Sixtus, besieged Pagliano, but the sudden death of his uncle saved the town. The conflict with his successor, Alexander VI., raged persistently. Few years went by without wars ravaging the Campagna. This was the period when many distinguished men of the Colonna family began to come to the front. I need only name the first *Connetable*, Fabricius, of the Pagliano branch, and his two children — Ascanio, who married Joanna of Aragon, and Vittoria, the wife of Fernando d'Avalos, Marquise di Pescara. Ascanio's son, Marcantonio, won the battle of Lepanto.

The share borne by Pompio Colonna in the fall of Pope Clement VII. and in the *Sacco di Roma* is known to all who may have read of those events.

The family of Colonna was threatened with great disasters in the middle of the sixteenth century, when it quarrelled with Paul IV., and that irascible Pontiff, like his predecessor, Boniface VIII.,

now robbed the family of Pagliano ; raising it to the position of a Duchy, he bestowed it on his nephew, John Caraffa. Marcantonio, the head of the Colonna family, invaded the Campagna—assisted by the Duke of Alva—in order to recover this town. Hence arose the famous war between Pope Paul IV. and the King of Spain, which came to be designated the War of the Campagna. This war ended in 1557 through the intervention of Alva, and of Cardinal Carlo Caraffa, the articles of peace being signed at Cavi, near Genazzano. Before this took place, however, Marcantonio had got back his estates owing to the death of the Pope. John Caraffa, Duke of Pagliano, who had seized them, came by a frightful death ; he was beheaded in the Torre di Nova, in Rome, while Cardinal Caraffa was strangled in his Castle of St. Angelo.

Marcantonio may justly be called the last great Colonna. He was buried at Pagliano in the year 1584. After his death the times were changed, the barons ceased to wage war against the Popes, but their estates were diminished by sales, to which they were driven by debts. The glory gained at Lepanto was costly. I was told by Dom Vincenzo that Marcantonio contributed a million out of the family property towards that war, and that the House of Colonna has never recovered from the

expense it incurred by that expedition. In 1622 the ancestral estates of Colonna and Zagarolo were sold; in the year 1630 Palestrina was sold; the Barberini are now lords of these territories (1856). Though the family was always falling from its former high estate, the Pagliano branch continued to preserve its name and dignity. Its present head is Isabella Alvarez of Toledo. The Colonas have migrated from Rome to Naples, and live there for the most part. The greater portion of their fiefs are now in that kingdom. Philip, the third Colonna, possessed twenty-seven of these in the States of the Church, sixty-two in the kingdom of Naples, and eight in Sicily—in all he had 147,403 vassals. Their properties within the States of the Church are the following—Anticoli, Asnara, Castro, Cavi, Ceccano, Collepardo, Falvaterra, Posi, Ripi, Rocca di Papa, San Lorenzo, Santo Stefano, Scurgola, Serrone, Sonino, Sapino, Trivigliano, Vallecorsa, and Rico (in 1858).

These fiefs were entailed in the order of primogeniture, and remained so for the most part, but subject to the local laws. In the kingdom of Naples feudal jurisdiction was abrogated in the year 1806, in Sicily in 1812. Following the example of Prince Colonna, most of the nobles in the States of the Church relinquished their fiefs in 1816. In 1807 the law of entail was

partially abolished in Naples; in 1809 it was entirely abolished there. At the time of Philip Colonna's death it was still in force in Sicily,¹ as well as in the States of the Church, where it is so to this day (1858). As a consequence the law of inheritance was regulated according to different enactments, and the paternal inheritance came to be divided amongst the offspring.

Philip, the lineal descendant of Marcantonio, left three daughters—Maria, who married Giulio Lante delle Rovere; Margherita, who married Giulio Cesare Rospigliosi; and Vittoria, who married Francesco Barberini. Philip's brother Fabricio then became head of the house.

This much it has seemed to me well to recall, before I take my reader into the palace of so renowned a race as were these Colonnas of Pagliano. This castle—once so magnificent, so brilliant, so filled with eager life—is now, as are so many old palaces in Italy, silent and deserted. A surly castellan leads you through the great rooms, pointing out where fine trophies of arms, the spoils of the Colonna victories, used to hang on walls now also denuded of their pictures. These last have been either sold or removed to other places.

It is pleasant to wander through these old

¹ On the 2nd of August it was totally abrogated in Sicily.

feudal castles, where the family tree hangs on the wall, withered and dry, and the tapestries are torn and defaced, as are the patents and other documents, which their former vassals have now destroyed. What ghostly, shadowy apparitions those blackened portraits of their old ancestors are in their gilt frames—portraits of warriors, or Cardinals, or of beautiful ladies, with their Marie Stuart ruffs, denoting the age in which they lived. I found but few—indeed, perhaps but thirty in all—and about these the custodian could tell me nothing. His head was still more empty and forlorn than the palace of his lord; all the records of the past had been expunged from it. They were dead and forgotten by this modern being. What would I not have given to know who was that beautiful pale lady with the dark-brown eyes, shrouded in a great red velvet robe! yet she must still have remained but a name to me, whether she had been Felice Orsini, Lucrezia Tomacelli, or Diane Poleoki. Might she, indeed, have been that hapless Duchess of Pagliano whose tragic fate formed one of the strangest romances of those days? That hapless lady was not done to death here, but in one of her husband's other castles.

In the smaller gallery the portrait of the astro-

loger of the family is not missing, he of whom we are wont to think as the *spiritus familiaris* of every baronial castle of olden days, with his long white beard and his capacious robe of black velvet. This garment accords well with the sad and solid furniture of such mediæval palaces, where the frockcoat and kid gloves of modern days would seem quite absurdly incongruous. The star-gazer at whose picture I was looking was *Nicholas Colinus de Paliano* ASTROLOGUS SUSIGNUS—according to the inscription which his portrait bore.

The walls of another room were covered with sketches of towns, and plans of such cities as Madrid, Paris, Venice, Florence, and Genoa. Some rooms are of medium size; others reminded me of that princely state-room which is so much admired in the Colonna palace in Rome.

Close by is St. Andreas, the family church and Colonna place of sepulture, an elegant structure of massive proportions. This is said to contain the tombs of all the members of the Pagliano branch of the family, Philip I. having brought the ashes of all his ancestors here, and constructed the family vault. When I went down into it I was no little astonished to find it perfectly empty. The walls of this large cir-

cular building were whitewashed ; there was not one sarcophagus, not even a marble monument left—nothing but a series of inscriptions all round the walls, all of them in the uniform lettering of the seventeenth century. Here were the epitaphs of Marcantonio and his wife, Felice Orsini ; of Ascanio and Joanna of Aragon, his father and mother ; of Fabricio and Agnes of Montefeltro, his grandparents. Whether Julia Gonzaga, the wife of Vespasian Colonna, and the most beautiful woman in Italy, may have been interred here I know not. Just as little do I know concerning the last resting-place of Vittoria Colonna. By her will, completed as she lay on her deathbed in the old palace of the Cesarini, near Argentina, this celebrated lady, under date the 15th of February 1547, bequeathed a sum of money to the nuns of the Convent of Sta. Anna, at Falegnani, who nursed her in her last illness, and whose convent was the nearest one to the spot where she drew her last breath.

There was no carriage road by which we might reach Anagni, which possesses but one gate, that opening on the Genazzano road. As we came from a different direction, we had to ride round the walls before we found ingress to the town. A labyrinthine pathway, possible for horses, though often rough and steep, the lime-

stone over which it climbs being washed bare by the winter rains, led us safely, through a wilderness of rocks, to Anagni.

I rode there with a native of the Campagna, whom I had engaged as guide, on a glorious September day, and this I shall always regard as the most enjoyable of all my many excursions through the Saturnia Tellus, so beautiful was that wild hillside, so majestic the mountain chains all around us. The spur on which Pagliano is built stretches forth towards the river, and rises abruptly from the plain on every side. From base to summit this hillock is girdled about by vineyards; its crest, over which we rode, through thickets of mastic, myrtle, and raspberries, was hard withal to surmount, and to descend from. Myrtle I wondered to find up here, as it loves the sea-shore, and the sea air. Colonies of wanderers live in these hills, in their conical huts, just as one finds them in the neighbourhood of Rome, on the Roman Campagna.

Between these huts we rode on till we came to a solitary Convent, hidden in the heart of a deep forest of oaks, chestnuts, and elms. This wood is called the Santa Maria di Pagliano.

From thence a narrow path has been cut through the wood which clothes the hill. This path descends so rapidly into the depths below

that it is hard to ride down it. The romantic, deserted district which lies between the hills of Pagliano and of Anagni is very wild. Here and there you come upon an isolated farm, or mill built of brown stone, and set by some tumultuous stream, tumbling and foaming down from the mountain—this stream we have to ford. The landscape is enlivened by herds of cattle and flocks of sheep.

Here we saw the Pifferaro who comes to Rome at Christmas, in his native haunts, and here we heard the strange tones of the *cornamusa*, or bagpipe, which the shepherd blows into as he follows his flocks and herds. These creatures seem restless. They try to snatch at the grass as they speed over the pastures.

Towards the end of September there descend from all these mountains which we see around us great flocks of sheep into the plains. They wander on, as far as even to the walls of Rome, in search of winter pasturage. On my way back I came upon one of these flocks of sheep—so great a flock that it literally filled the road—watched over and kept in bounds by barking dogs, and shepherds both on foot and on horseback. I reckoned that they might number about 3000 head of sheep; but a shepherd told me that in this flock there were more nearly 5000,

coming down from the Serra on their way to Rome. The cries of the mother sheep, the bleating of the lambs, filled the air with soft, plaintive tones. The Campagna resounds with such sounds outside the city gates during October and November, when the Campagna more than ever displays to us a great classic idyll.

But now we drew near to Anagni; already we were at the foot of the hill on which this ancient metropolis of the Hernici is built.

A tall and stately gate stood up before us, bearing on its entablature the arms of the town, a lion, in whose back an eagle has buried her talons.

Anagni surprised me, accustomed as I had been to the dark streets and shabby houses of other Campagna towns. Here I rode in between rows of important-looking buildings and palaces, which bore every mark of the seventeenth-century luxury of Rome, and gave a certain well-to-do air to the whole town. Its modern aspect set me wondering; I failed to understand it until I had made myself better acquainted with the history of the place.

Presently I came to the principal square, a small quadrangle enclosed by modern dwelling-houses on one side, by palaces on two others, on the fourth by a low stone fence, or enclosure, from

whence, as it lies on the slope of the hill, the valley of the Sacco is visible, and through it the Via Latina, winding up in graceful curves from Valmontone. This ancient road does not touch Anagni, but goes on its way, skirting the foot of the hill, till it arrives at Ferentino and Frosinone, and the banks of the river Liris, which it reaches just below Ceprano. From this piazza the view is so fine that it may well enchant even those who have beheld the whole of Italy, from the Alps to the African and Ionian Seas. Just opposite rise the Volscian Mountains, their sunlit rocks clearly defined, the very windows in the towns set upon them being visible. These towns catch the eye in every direction as they succeed each other all along the slopes of Monte Fortino, the famous Segni, Gavignano, Rocca Gorga, and Scurgola. Then come Morolo, Sapini, and Patrica, behind which the tall, bold pyramid of Monte Cacume stands out, blue and beautiful. In the distance peak after peak arises, then more towns—Ferentino behind a hill, Frosinone, whose fortress is still visible, Anara, Posi, Ceccano, and many other places can the eye discover. Towards Rome stretches out a vast plain, bounded by the heights of Palestrina, which may itself be seen in the far distance. The Latian Mountains come within our ken, and so the greater part

of Latium can, without effort, be beheld from thence.

Turning out of this square, an entirely different view presents itself, and here we realise the position of Anagni for the first time. The hill on the outer edge of which it is built joins on to the Serra, or springs out from that range, in the form of a sickle. The brown rocks lie bare and rugged all around as you look out on a wilderness from which Monte Acuto springs up hard by, a dark castle which takes its name from the precipice on which it stands.

Seeing what its position is, it is no wonder that Anagni became the favourite place of retreat, or summer abode, of so many Popes during the Middle Ages—a country town raised above the Campagna, its air so health-giving, while it is sheltered and protected by those rocks and walls.

It is only to the Middle Ages that Anagni owes its historical fame. Although capital of the Hernici, a powerful race in Latium, it was of no significance during the Roman epoch. After being conquered it remained merely a subject town. Very few fragments of old Roman work remain to recall the past, only some portions of walls, and, on the north side of the town, a row of colossal arches supporting the steep hillside. Yet these

—the most conspicuous monuments of her older epoch—lend a great charm to the place. No remains of any fortress are to be found ; probably the cathedral now occupies the place where it formerly stood. Of Cyclopean walls, like those of Ferentino and Segni, there is no trace.

Anagni became an important place for the first time at the end of the thirteenth century. Then it had the unusual good fortune of seeing four of its citizens raised to the Papal Chair within one century. The first of these Popes was Innocent III. Conti—1198–1216. Then followed Gregory IX. Conti—1227–1241 ; Alexander IV. Conti—1259–1261 ; and finally Boniface VIII. Caetani—1294–1303. But still earlier Anagni was chosen as a resort by the Popes. During the period when the Romans revolted from the Papal rule, several of the Popes withdrew within its walls. Breakspear, otherwise Adrian IV., died here, a fugitive, in 1159, fleeing from the demands of the Roman Senate that he should reinstate the republican government in Rome. He was the only Englishman ever raised to the Papacy. Hither also fled his celebrated successor Alexander, and also Alexander's successor, Lucian III.

The fact of her having been the nursing mother of no less than four Popes must have

tended to enrich Anagni, and have been immensely to her advantage. She adorned herself with palaces and other great structures built in the Romano-Gothic style of architecture which prevailed so largely in many parts of Italy up to the fifteenth century. Even in Genazzano Gothic remains may still be found. Anagni has not many to boast of now, however, besides the cathedral, her most remarkable Town Hall, and the Gigli Palace.

The Communal Palace possesses a great arcade, over which one storey is built. The street runs under this arcade, as through a long gateway. On its façade the stone is sculptured and adorned with many coats of arms of mediæval days; amongst these stands a bust of one of the captains of the town of the House of Rovere, of the fifteenth century. The back of the arcade is still more remarkable from the ornamentation of its plinth, and its row of little double-columned windows of that Moresque style which we find at Rovello, above Amalfi.

This Town Hall has been rescued from the universal destruction of the Middle Ages, and with the Casa Gigli still remains a fine monument of the past. The house of the Gigli family, a small structure probably of the fourteenth century, reminded me of the houses in Palermo. It is

built round a quadrangle, with a flat roof and an outer court. This latter consists of two round arches, resting where they join on a single pillar. A flight of stone steps leads up from these to the doorway, which is also circular. This architectural style is finely reproduced in the one window of this vestibule, with its round arches resting on pillars. Round the top there is an open cornice, simple, and harmonising charmingly with the Eastern character of the building, which is rendered still more Oriental by vases filled with flowering plants set all around on the flat roof.

When I had discovered this Casa Gigli, I sat down on a stone to make a sketch of it in my notebook. Straightway a crowd of townsfolk gathered round me. While they watched my attempt to depict this monument of their palmy days, I could see how proud they were of their past. They complained bitterly of those four Popes—their fellow-townsmen—for having done so little to improve the condition of their birth-place—they “had not even given them a supply of good water.” This is, indeed, a misfortune, and the water in the cisterns seemed to me dirty and unwholesome; yet an aqueduct could only have been constructed at great cost, as it would have had to span a deep valley in order to reach Anagni from Monte Acuto. “Well,”

said one of the burghers, "no doubt it would have cost a large sum of money, but—just consider—there were four of those Popes, and if each had given something (*qualche cosa per uomo*) the work would have been completed in the end."

The cathedral stands on the highest level in the town, by the Ferentino gate, but on a site rather enclosed by buildings, so that only its façade and its bell-tower, which stands by itself, produce any effect. It is one of the oldest cathedrals in Latium, older than most of those in the States of the Church. It dates from the First Crusade. Peter, the then Bishop of Anagni, of the family of the Lombard Prince of Salerno, built it in 1074. He himself took part in that Crusade, in company with Boemund of Tarentum. We may read, on a stone beside the portal, the following inscription:—

"QUISQUIS AD HOC TEMPLUM TENDIS VENERABILE
GRESSUM

MOX CONDITOREM CUNCTORUM NOSCE BONORUM
CONDIDIT HOC PETRUS MAGNO CONAMINE PRAESUL
QUEM GENUIT TELLUS NOBIS DEDIT ALTA SALERNUS
SIC MISERERE SIBI SUPERI PATRIS UNICE FILI."

The character of the writing is modern—it may be of the sixteenth century—but the spirit and

mode of expression of this inscription are of the date of the founder of the cathedral.

Though frequently restored by the Bishops of Anagni and the Popes, this still retains its original Romano-Gothic style. The façade is rude in character, rising to a gable with obtuse angles, yet curtailed by a cornice. A simple arched window has been placed in it; another, a plain square one evidently of later date, has been broken out below it. The doorway—it has only one—has a tasteless entablature, pieced together out of various blocks of stone, and adorned with roughly sculptured heads of oxen and lions, dating from the Middle Ages. Without any apparent object, two pilasters have been placed together, their capitals joining, on one side of this doorway. A round stone arch rises above the portal, ornamented with simple arabesques. The stone is, throughout, the dark limestone tufa found here to the present day. The façade evidently belongs to its original period, but it has been restored hastily, as necessity may have dictated.

Within it is spacious and beautiful, of the ancient basilica form, and of that mixed early Gothic which is best displayed in the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva in Rome. There are three large aisles, a lofty choir crossing them. The pavement, of fine mosaic, the work of the

famous Cosmas brothers, dating from 1226, was placed there at the cost of the Canonico Raimondo Conti, who became afterwards Pope Alexander IV.

The crypt is under the choir, and deserves careful attention as well as restoration. It is supported by columns of medium height. The roof and the floor are both beautifully adorned and overlaid with mosaic, and the walls are covered by various, but, alas! much damaged, frescoes. Though these are often hard to make out, they are evidently of very different dates, for while many of their Biblical figures are of the rudest Byzantine form, others are handled much more freely. Among them are heads beautifully and gracefully painted. One picture especially charmed me. It represents the Adoration of the Cross, and seems to be of the period of Cimabue.

In this lower church is the tomb of St. Magnus, the patron saint of the cathedral, and an old inscription tells us that in the year 1231 "the said Master Cosma was busied with the translocation" of the martyr and saint. Thus it would appear that this old family of artists, who enriched Rome with so many architectural gems, were then also busied in the embellishment of the towns of the Campagna.

There is also one of their monuments in the

choir chapel—in the inner aisle—a Gothic tabernacle, over a sarcophagus of marble. This reminds one, at first sight, of the tomb of Bishop Gonsalvo which John, the son of Cosmato, erected in 1298, in Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. This tabernacle is most undoubtedly designed and wrought by him, and only four years previously, for the inscription runs:

“IN ISTO TUMULO REQUIESCUNT OSSA D. PETRI
EPISCOPI
QUI NUTRIVIT D. BONIFACIUM PAP. VIII. ITEM
SUBTUS
OSSA D. GOFFREDI CAJETANI COMITIS CASERTANI.
ITEM OSSA D. JACOBI CAJETANI HIC RECONDITA
KAL. AUGUSTI
ANNO D. 1294.”

On this very simple sarcophagus, enclosing their remains, the arms of this great family of Caetani are carved, but without the eagle. Their shield usually bears two fields, one with two ribbons or baldricks involved, the other bearing the eagle.

In the choir of the same chapel there is another interesting ancient relic, a picture of the Madonna, beneath which we may read:

“HOC OPUS FIERI FECIT DON. RAYNALD, PRESBYTER
ET CLERICUS ISTIUS ECCLESIAE ANNO DNI.
M.CCCXXII. MENSE MADII.”

It was also given, then, by the same Pope, Alexander IV. Conti.

A few other memorials of the Anagni Popes still remain in the cathedral. The vestments of Innocent III. and Boniface VIII. are kept in a press in the sacristy. The cope of the famous Innocent is blue, richly and heavily embroidered with gold, into which the most exquisite pictures are introduced from the New Testament. They resemble Giotto's work, or that of the later Fiesole artists, rather than designs of so early a period. The ponderous cope of Boniface is ruder in its ornamentation, being wrought all over solely with golden lions and eagles.

With these treasures the sacristan also showed me many old mitres and pastoral staves. Their curious shapes would delight an antiquary.

In vain did I seek for any statues of those Popes who belonged to the place. I could only find, in a niche, or tabernacle, outside the church and under its roof, one marble figure seated on a throne. I was told that this shapeless effigy, more like a heathen idol than a Pope, was meant to represent Boniface VIII.

At a later date, four medallions of the four Anagni Popes, huge painted heads on canvas, were suspended over the gallery of the choir. They are fantastic and absurd, evidently be-

longing to the seventeenth or eighteenth century.

Before we leave the cathedral to go in search of the Papal palace, let us recall some of the scenes which, occurring here, seriously affected the history of Germany, for this cathedral at Anagni was intimately connected with the dynasty of Hohenstaufen. From this very altar, on a Maundy Thursday, Pope Alexander III. laid his anathema on the great Emperor Barbarossa, in 1160. From this spot Innocent III. read out the Bull which excommunicated Frederick II., and here stood Pope Alexander IV. when he placed the heroic young Manfred under his ban. Wild and barbarous scenes of the Middle Ages, now long past and gone, as is the glory of our own German Empire,¹ and, indeed, the power of the Papacy itself.

The last of the Anagni Popes was Boniface, of the Caetani family. Who is there who does not know the story of his imprisonment in his own palace here, of his release, and of his tragic death immediately afterwards?

A singular chance had raised the Anchorite, Pietro, to the Papal throne in the year 1294. He was forced from his hermitage on the mountain of Majella, and consecrated at Naples, where

¹ These words were written before 1870. (*Translator's note.*)

he remained a helpless tool in the hands of Charles II. But the ambitious Cardinal Benedict Caetani of Anagni aimed at the Papacy, and Pietro, or Celestine V., gladly laid down the tiara, after wearing it for five months, and fled back to his mountain once more. No sooner had Caetani seated himself in the Chair of St. Peter, as Boniface VIII., than he dragged the unfortunate Celestine from his hermitage and brought him to the Anagni palace, sending him afterwards to the fortress of Fumone, where this helpless man ended his days a few months later.

Boniface did not forget that two Cardinals of the Colonna family had opposed his election as Pope, and he now considered in what manner he might best humiliate that powerful house. A war broke out between Boniface and the Colonna in 1297, under circumstances which I need not here detail. A regular crusade followed, when the Cardinals, unable to withstand his fury, repaired to Rieti to consult with the head of the family, Sciarra Colonna. With him, they proceeded to France, where they were gladly welcomed by Philip the Fair, also at war with Boniface, who had excommunicated him and pronounced his throne vacant. A plot was devised in 1313, by which the

Pope was to be seized and made a prisoner when he retired to his palace at Anagni for the summer. With the assistance of William Nogaret, a confidant of Philip, they got together three hundred horse and a large body of foot soldiers; and, having stationed Nogaret at Ferentino, hard by, to be ready if needed, Sciarra fell upon Anagni from Scurgola on the night of the 7th September. Confederate Ghibellines within the walls opened the gates, Sciarra then stormed the Caetani palace, and forced his way into the Pope's bedchamber. Boniface confronted them with dignified heroism. For three days they held him a prisoner, giving him his choice between death and his abdication of the Papacy, just as he had previously forced Pietro to abdicate it.

Meantime, Cardinal Luca Fiesco had been stirring up the citizens to rescue their Pope, their own townsman, from these desecrating and infuriated hordes. The inhabitants seized their arms, and succeeded in expelling their invaders.

The liberated prisoner was conveyed to Rome, where he died, raving mad, on the 11th of October—three days later.

His countrymen, Cardinals, members of the Curia, had betrayed Boniface. His successor, Benedict IX., soon after his consecration issued a Bull against his predecessor's foes. It begins

thus: "His own ancestral home could not shield him, his own palace was no asylum for him. The Head of the Church was humiliated; she and her Bridegroom both lay in chains. To what place are we to flee for refuge? Who can be safe if the Pope of Rome himself was thus betrayed? O godless sin! O unheard-of outrage! Woe be unto thee, Anagni, thou who hast witnessed such deeds done within thy walls! May no dew nor rain fall on thy mountains, as it falls elsewhere! May it pass thee by! for thou hast seen these things done, and hast not hindered them; the mighty are fallen, and he who was girt round with strength has been overpowered."

The curse pronounced by Benedict IX. no longer rests upon Anagni; yet, so recently as the year 1616, its superstitious inhabitants believed that they were suffering under it. When the then well-known traveller, Leandro of Bologna, visited the town, he found it a heap of ruins; even the Caetani palace had been destroyed. The frightful war waged against the Lords of the Campagna by Alba had reached this place, and the poor townsfolk complained to their visitor from Bologna that since Boniface, the proud Pope, had been betrayed there, their town had been pursued by constant calamities.

I asked to be shown the spot where the all-conquering Papacy, as once organised by Gregory VII., had met with its death-blow ; but the scene of that famous event no longer exists. The Caetani palace was destroyed long ages ago, and the house which the citizens now call by the Caetani name is a modern structure belonging to the Marquis Traetti. This occupies the site of the famous Caetani palace, close to the cathedral and on the side of the hill. That palace, they said, had been connected with the church, and some old walls are shown in the precincts of the cathedral, which belonged to it. On the outer side of the present edifice there are also the considerable remains of a loggia ; three great round arches are still standing, which support the steep hillside. Far below, in the ravine, is a great wall, which the people point out as the stable of Boniface.

I found that current events possess much greater interest for the Anagni folk than the memories of their past glories. These, indeed, I lost sight of myself when that grand landscape which is here disclosed to the traveller lay before my eyes. Rising from amidst wildernesses of sombre rocks, a solitary Doric temple, belonging to the Campo Santo of the place, suddenly stood before my eyes. Beyond it,

Monte Acuto stands up on its pyramidal rock. A few steps more, and you see, turning a corner, covering the top of a bare mountain, a sad-looking, forlorn fortress, at a height of 6000 feet, with a dark, neglected little town gathered round it. "That is Fumone," said a woman who came by; then she added, in a sort of scornful tone: "*Quando Fumone fuma, la Campagna trema.*" As I did not comprehend what this proverb might mean, I asked her to explain it. However, the good woman only said: "See you! see you! it is such a wretched place that the people up there are hungry both by day and night." That, then, was Fumone, where Celestine V. lived a prisoner—the one Pope who abdicated, and whose story is as strange and romantic as are the Middle Ages themselves.

But now I must tell you of an absurd thing that occurred. I had taken out my field-glasses, which had clear metal rims, to examine Fumone, when, accidentally, I turned them on a boy standing a little way off; this youth suddenly emitted a yell and ran off, filling the air with his piercing shrieks. At this outcry came men, women, and children on the scene, to know what I had been doing to the child. This recalled my adventure at Genazzano, where I had spread

such a terror amongst the natives by my parchment-bound book.

Having seen all the lions of Anagni, we could soon depart from the town. With Boniface our interest in it ends, but not its history. Twice again has it been brought into notoriety: In 1373, when the French Cardinals fled hither, after the election of Pope Urban VI., in order to elect another Pope in opposition to him and the Roman faction. With this began the great Avignon schism. In 1556 the Duke of Alba ravaged Anagni during the Campagna war. The town was then entirely destroyed, and this accounts for its comparatively modern aspect of to-day. It is now a remote and dead-alive provincial town, with, perhaps, 6000 inhabitants, proud of its former glories, its Popes, and its twelve noble families—the so-called twelve stars of Anagni. Of these the Caetani and the Conti are reckoned as the oldest and the most illustrious. Newer names are always being added to those of the old families. Among these it will always be a great pleasure to me to mention honourably the charming family of Ambrogi.

FROM THE HERNICAN MOUNTAINS

1858

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THERE are certain spots in the Roman Campagna which—whether it may be because of their antiquity, their natural beauty, or the characteristics of their inhabitants, or their remarkable historical monuments—invite us to visit them. The district I now have in my mind's eye belongs to the legation of Frosinone; it extends from the river Sacco to the foot hills of the Apennines. This territory of the ancient Hernici contains the towns of Anagni, Ferentino, Alatri, Veroli, and Frosinone, all of them of far greater antiquity than Rome herself; their origin, indeed, is lost in the mythical ages of Saturn and the Cyclopean wall-builders.

My intention was, after visiting these towns, to go up into the higher and wilder mountains where I might see the great Carthusian Monastery of Trisulta, the Grotto of Colleparado which is in its vicinity, and that strange depression in the earth called the Santulla, or "Italian Well," far-famed yet seldom visited.

Accordingly, I rode out from Anagni one early morning, accompanied by a sturdy son of the Campagna, my brave servant and guide Francesco—out into that beautiful district.

After descending the hill Ferentino came into sight eight miles away, spreading along a green hillside, from which its brown towers, its convents and churches stood out boldly. It looked a considerable place, its picturesque buildings relieved against the skyline on the crest of a hill, the feet of which were clothed with gardens and vineyards. The Via Latina, by which it is reached, would be very monotonous if it were not enlivened by travelling bands of the Ciociari taking their produce and that of the frontier country of Naples¹ to find a market in Rome. The compatriots of Cicero and of Marius now carry their cocks and hens to the capital. I saw these men of Arpino leading long strings of cars—great, wide, two-wheeled vehicles laden with sacks of wool or of corn, piled high with baskets and crates filled with poultry, and drawn by white long-horned oxen led by mountaineers, most stately to behold, in their long red vests, sandalled feet, and peaked felt hats.

I had been building upon the good offices of a

¹ Written in 1858. (*Translator's note.*)

family to whom I had an introduction in Frosinone. A friend of mine, the lord of the manor of a certain Sabine town in which I had resided for some time, had entrusted me with a somewhat delicate commission. A love affair which had been in progress for some time had latterly gone wrong, and my friend was eager to set things right again. As he was not able to ride over to see his lady-love with me, he had besought me to be his Galeotto, or Cupid's envoy, and to take charge of a missive carefully penned, and entrusted to me with injunctions not to deliver it to the lady in the presence of her brother—a priest—but with discretion and secrecy. No sooner had I arrived and dismounted at my inn than I set forth on my mission in search of the house he had described so minutely. The fair one seemed to be leaning out of the open window; whereupon I mounted the steps, and found her alone in the first room I entered. As I saw no traces of the priest, I drew out the letter, after greeting her, and presented it. She became much embarrassed—turned red—turned white—and then, without uttering a word, she rushed into an adjoining room. Presently she returned, and asked me to come with her into this inner chamber. There I beheld the priest, extended at full length on a

bed—none of the cleanest—with the letter in his hands, and reading it carefully.

I discovered that the poor girl was entirely under the despotic rule of this brother. There had probably been painful scenes between them, and she seemed to lack the moral courage to break away from the tyranny of this cleric—this person whose good offices I had counted upon in my quest after the ancient monuments of his town. He received me in a chilling manner, looked anxious, and finally I departed, with the sad consciousness of having tangled the threads of this love affair more hopelessly than before.

However, there was help at hand, and I was quickly exploring the old Latian city, in all quarters of it. It is an important place, the seat of a Bishop, but it consists of a bewilderment of narrow streets, broken occasionally by a square, or piazza. The silence, the deserted aspect of the houses, the absence of all stir or business, gave me a strange impression of having slipped back into the Middle Ages. Yet the broken classic columns, the *cippi*, or pedestals bearing inscriptions in Roman characters, lying all around, took me back yet farther—to the Roman period.

I sat down on the wall where a piazza sur-

rounded on three sides by buildings, on the fourth opened disclosing a view out over the Volscian range of mountains. With that splendid prospect before my eyes, I relapsed into a state of idyllic beatitude. The women just below were clustered round the well—at Ferentino, as at many of the Latian towns, no fountains exist—fastening their tin cans to the rope, lowering them into the depths, working them up again laboriously. In such old-world spots it is difficult to rouse oneself from the torpor born of the warm summer air, the enchantment of the prospects, the still life around one. Here one feels oneself oblivious alike of the past, the present, and what the future may hold in store. All this seems to be swallowed up as in a dream. Luckily my eyes fell upon a Roman inscription just then, when, once more invigorated, I started off to explore the primeval walls, or such very considerable remains of them as still survive, for Ferentino to boast of.

Like so many Latian cities, it had been at first entirely surrounded by these Cyclopean defences. A complete circle still surrounds the Citadel, set on the highest ground. That works of such almost inconceivable age and colossal size should still exist is less wonderful than that they should have been even partially destroyed.

Enormous blocks of rock—not merely many-sided stones—have been embedded in the wall, the Pelasgic wall. On these a superstructure of well-chiselled blocks can be traced—those of the Roman period—while at the top of these are mediæval structures in the so-called *Saracenesca* style of architecture. These three periods are exemplified at the Frosinone gate and the *Porta Sanquinaria*. The very curious Cyclopean wall here has been altered by the Romans, an arched gateway broken through it, and finally it has been topped by some of the worst specimens of mediæval building. The giant blocks of the lowest ranges rise on each side of the opening to a considerable height, where some enormous, many-sided blocks, set fast into the original wall, remain intact.

The old Fortress is well worth exploring, standing in its ring of prehistoric walls, the *arx* rising above them from its rocky foundations. This was an imposing structure in the Roman period, with its towers and gates still to be traced. It must have been impregnable in those days. Even now it might easily be rendered strong for defence by the expenditure of a little money and thought. It was the palace of the Prefect in the days of the Roman supremacy, and was often attacked and defended. Two towers

still remain of what was once a quadrangular *Castello*, and these are most picturesque.

In all the Latian towns the absence of any convenient site for a cathedral is remarkable. The church seems, as a rule, to have been dropped down, casually, on the hillside. Ferentino is one of the oldest Ecclesiastical Sees in the district. The cathedral was constructed out of the ruins of the Citadel, while the Bishop's palace was built over the Prefecture. When you walk out of the Roman gate the cathedral faces you, the palace standing up beside it proudly, a purely mediæval group.

The church is small, but finely proportioned, and rich in inscriptions, as well as in fragments of sculptured marble, wonderful in design, dating from the tenth century. Some of these are on the walls, others on the floors of the building.

Besides the cathedral, Ferentino possesses a few other excellent monuments of the best period of mediæval architecture, and amongst others the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore. Standing below the town on a small piazza, it is the most perfect specimen, in Latium, of the Romano-Gothic style of architecture of the fourteenth-fifteenth centuries. The churches at Fossanova and Casamari are said to resemble it

in character, but those I have not seen. Though I myself was chiefly busied with mediæval Ferentino and its inscriptions, the Roman remains scattered through its precincts are too important and too numerous to be neglected here. Its chief glory is its so-called "Testament." To see this celebrated monument, I toiled painfully up over rocks and through brambles and vineyards to it. At last I discovered it, a great table, formed out of the living rock, with its long inscription, in excellently carved letters, to the effect that Aulus Quintilius, Quatuorvir and Ædile, a benefactor to his native town, had bestowed certain lands upon it, for which his citizens held him in grateful remembrance and in testimony of this his statue had been placed in a conspicuous position in the forum of the said town.

When I got back to my inn by the Frosinone gate, fatigued by all these explorations, I found the house in a state of noise and uproar. It appeared that this was the day when the pupils at the Gymnasium were publicly examined; that whole families had come into the town from the Volscian and Latian villages around to take their sons home for the autumn holidays. Fathers, mothers, and children filled every room in this inn, and this

ceaseless jubilation was quite deafening. Some were departing, some staying to sup, others settling in for the night. It cost me no little courage to keep to the room so long bespoken, but to sleep was hopeless while the women and girls, servants and children, were in such a vein of talking—almost shrieking in their excitement. No sooner had this tumult subsided a little than resonant voices streamed forth on the cool midnight air. A pilgrimage was passing through the town on its way to some hill shrine. In the silent night their litanies sounded profoundly impressive. I followed them in imagination. No sooner had one invisible choir passed on than the *Ora pro nobis* of the next smote on the ear, and so it continued all the night long. Though no other music can charm as does this pilgrim chant, I was thankful when the first glimmer of light came to herald the dawn.

The sun had not climbed up above the mountains when I rode away in search of Alatri, filled with new expectations. After traversing many vineyards we emerged upon a wild and rocky district, shaded by giant chestnut-trees and watered by refreshing springs of water. The farther we rode, the wilder grew the country. At length we found ourselves at the foot of a

high hill, on which rose up a dark, sad-looking town, its shattered towers and crumbling walls stretching to the skies. This Fortress stirred my imagination in no small degree. I had gazed at it from Anagni and longed to visit it, not guessing that the road to Alatri led me past it. This, then, was Fumone, the prison of Celestine V., and here he died after being incarcerated there, at the age of eighty-one, for ten months, on the 19th of May 1296.

Gazing at Fumone, I could imagine that it would be hard to find elsewhere so sad a place of exile. Solitude, however, might have but few terrors for a hermit whose life had been spent in caves and wildernesses; the prisoner, after all, may not have suffered much from it.

To me that Fortress dominating the high-road seemed to offer a perpetual menace to the traveller. As we proceeded on our way, a great mountain hemming us in on either side, a third rose up suddenly, barring our progress in front. This we climbed, and from its summit beheld a panorama of rare beauty. Magnificent mountains, hill and dale, and distant peaks unfolded before our eyes. Little white towns could be discerned gleaming from the recesses of the distant Apennines, round whose peaks gathered silvery clouds and veiling mists.

Then we descended to the rich plain of Alatri, which now became visible for the first time. As I rode in beneath its dark walls the sun shone brightly, the town with all its stately houses and palaces seemed full of life and stir, and its festive look rejoiced me no little. I had not previously seen so important a town in the Latian mountains, nor yet one which was so markedly characterised by its Romano-Gothic architecture.

Woollen goods, carpets, and cloth are manufactured here, as well as all the mantles and black felt hats which are worn in these districts. It is a great place of resort for the Ciociari, or sandal-folk, of the highlands of this district, who all buy their clothes at the shops in Alatri. It was market day, and the squares and thoroughfares were set round with autumn fruits—figs, peaches, apricots, and big pears. A sight to make one's mouth water! The whole place was filled with country people; tall mountaineers with red waistcoats, sandalled feet and tall peaked hats, adorned with a gay bunch of flowers and set jauntily on the head, reminded me that I was now in Virgil's *Latium Ferox*, whose sturdy peasantry had been able to preserve their individuality all through the Middle Ages.

The streets are dark and narrow, the houses

being built of brown tufa, a few are white-washed. I was surprised to find so many palatial edifices amongst them. A palace in the Roman provinces only means a house with a portal, however, one especially that has belonged to a patrician family. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries many such families must have lived in Alatri, as these palaces are of that date. They are built, mostly, with flat projecting roofs, with façades of well-dressed square blocks of stone, broken by arched Gothic doorways. I counted six of these running along the front of one dark and beautiful palace; above them was a fine cornice, and over it six windows of charming proportions broke the monotony of the long wall. Like the windows in the bell-towers of fourteenth-century churches, these were Romano-Gothic in their shape—two round-topped arches united by a slender pillar. Such houses give the town an imposing aspect; they reminded me of those in old Tuscan towns of the republican period, of some, especially, in Siena. The Palazzo Jacovazzi is distinguished from its neighbours by its imposing height, and fine semi-Gothic façade. It is now the property of the town, and is a noble Hôtel de Ville for Alatri.

I had an introduction from Roman friends to a family formerly from its wealth and position most influential in the history of the place. I set forth accordingly to find the Palazzo Grapelli, which amply deserves its palatial name, with its spacious inner court, its grand staircase, and its reception hall, with a private theatre attached to it. Here were suites of rooms with painted ceilings and frescoed walls. A ruined tower rising over the buildings around it, once fortified, showed that this mansion had long been the residence of nobles. Now, however, it was all in a state of dilapidation. The poor remains of furniture had been saved from the relics of ancient grandeur. I was told that its owners had sunk into poverty, like so many old families in Italy. Nevertheless, its youthful offshoots seemed to be in blooming health and spirits. It was a joy to behold such splendid creatures, nourished by the mountain breezes. Those merry girls who shone in this small provincial town, spending all their evenings in dancing or playing games, had no cause to envy the more formal gaieties of the capital.

When I inquired about the ancient monuments of the town my attention was especially called to the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, and to the Cyclopean walls, for which alone the journey is

well worth undertaking. The church is small. It stands on a square surrounded by mediæval buildings. Two towers had been projected, but only one exists; its fellow had either not ever been finished, or has been destroyed. Its pretty double windows remain, giving it a resemblance to many of the Gothic bell-towers attached to Romanesque churches. The façade of the church is irregular with three portals, a rose window above them which is foreign to the rest of the building, and is filled with painted glass. The cornices, and the ornamentation of the doorways, are of acanthus foliage, the great arch of the central one has retreating pillars. When I entered I was disenchanted. The form is good, and the three great aisles are traversed by a lofty transept, yet the same bad taste which ruins the effect of so many of the Roman churches spoils this also. Imitation marbles in glaring colours disfigure the transept, and the middle aisle is lighted by five windows similar to the one which disfigures the façade. I sought in vain for a good picture. The only bit of antique sculpture which I could find was a font in the shape of a vase supported by caryatides of rude archaic design. I strolled up to see the enormous walls. Alatri, like Ferentino, has once been entirely surrounded by these Cyclopean structures, and here also the

lower structures, encircling the town, have been well-nigh destroyed. Only the walls around the Citadel are still standing, and these are without a parallel the most astounding monuments of the past in Latium.

The sight of this marvellous masonry, which equals in size any existing Egyptian building, would amply repay the visitor for the longest and most fatiguing day's journey. The ancient Citadel, or *civita*—the town *par excellence*—is set on the highest hill, and the cathedral, here as at Ferentino, has been built up out of its ruins. A wide platform of rock is supported, set round, and concealed, by these Cyclopean walls, which rise up to from 80 to 100 feet. When I walked round these black, Titanic, piled-up masses of stone, just in as good preservation now as if years, instead of thousands of years, had passed over them, I was filled with amazement greater than when I first beheld the Coliseum at Rome.

When Caracalla and Constantine built their baths and amphitheatres civilisation had already advanced considerably; mechanical contrivances rendered any exertion of man's personal strength less imperative. Even the walls of Dionysius at Syracuse, the greatest specimens of masonry of that period, failed to impress me as did these Cyclopean walls. Here was a structure, each

block of which was not so much a huge hewn stone as a smooth, many-sided rock, irregular and gigantic. We ask ourselves, By what possible mechanical contrivances can these vast masses have been heaved up one on another? failing to realise how men could have possessed the strength to effect this, or yet the skill so to joint each fragment, or block, into its fellow so that there exists no interstice sufficient for the smallest implement to be inserted, or to disturb the perfection of this vast mosaic. Tradition sets back all these Latian buildings to the fabulous times of Saturn. Savants who concern themselves to prove the influence of the Indo-Germanic and Pelasgic races on Italian culture are obliged to confess their total ignorance as to any race of men able to pile up such structures as these. One must suppose that their builders were possessed of considerable material civilisation and some settled political organisation. As their Titanic remains are spread over the whole of Latium, and are not far apart, it would seem as if a number of independent republics must have existed there at some very remote period, but their relations to one another we cannot even guess at. The erection of such immense strongholds might lead us to conclude that they lived in a state of constant warfare with each other,

and that theft, the insecurity of life, and their apparent isolation may have led to the erection of such strong defensive works. If we picture to ourselves the workman as in keeping with his work, we might believe in a race of primeval giants, or of the Colossi, with whom all arts and appliances were believed to have originated. Later, the mere strength of men's arms was superseded by mechanical contrivances. But perhaps we dare scarcely relegate these beautiful Cyclopean structures to too remote or dark an era. Might they not, after all, be of a later date than the city of Rome? The architectural step from these many-cornered masses to the wrought limestone blocks of the Etruscans and the Romans is not a very lengthy one after all.

A great gateway, still remaining, gives ingress to the Citadel of ancient Alatri; it is formed of huge piled-up horizontal blocks. Near another and smaller entrance-way are three niches facing the south, which we conjecture to have once held statues of the gods. Some enormous remains in the centre of the *arx* are supposed to have supported the municipal altar, on which sacrifices were offered up on festal days.

Up to the year 1846 half of these high walls was buried beneath rubbish and vegetation, and

there was no path by which to reach the *arx*. Pope Gregory XVI. then purposed to visit the town, and the townsfolk resolved to clear away the earth and expose to view these incomparable relics of their remote past. In ten days' time, two thousand men had cleared away all that concealed their Acropolis, had made a good road round it, and christened it the Via Gregoriana. The giant gateway was disinterred, the path up to it cleared, and the great platform protected by a wall, which now shows above its Cyclopean neighbour. The cathedral is the only building at present occupying that platform. It commands a splendid view of the mountains, a view of such enchanting beauty and extent that I cannot attempt to describe it, or even to trace the ranges of summits standing all around it, wrapped in the blue and sunny air, paradisaical meadows stretching out at their feet. The sense of sublimity it inspires is enhanced by the utter silence—that of the desert itself—which pervades this strange and enigmatic spot, with its relics of so remote a civilisation.

Of the small cathedral set at one side of this great square, I will only say that it possesses a fantastic bell-tower, and an eighteenth-century façade, with a wide flight of steps leading up to its portal. As it befalls in even the remote towns

of Latium, it has been barbarously modernised. The mistaken vanity of either priests or municipalities has left not a trace of the old church visible. Just as modern fashions supersede the national hereditary dress of the peasants, so these venerable buildings are being tricked out in new and tasteless façades, and gaudy, childish pictures, modern Rome competing with them in her utter lack of taste. These churches are as barbarous as those of Sicily.

Alatri captivated me more and more. Its comfortable aspect, and the finely cultivated gardens around it, the stir of business, here prove how well off its inhabitants are. If the quality of their bread and wine may be taken as a test of other things, we may conclude that its citizens do not want for any of the comforts of modern life.

I do not recollect being solicited by any beggars in Alatri, whereas in the Sabine and Alban hills they pursued me in shoals. The very prisoners beg out of the barred windows of their cells. This curious spectacle may be seen in almost all the towns of Romagna. Our more strenuous prison discipline cuts off the malefactor as much as possible from his fellow-men, by confining him, like some plague-stricken wretch, within four walls; but a larger tolerance in the

south gives him a wider range. I have often heard prisoners singing gaily behind the gratings of their cells—singing *ritornelli* which were responded to from the street; talking—relating long histories to friends outside in a *patois* not to be comprehended by strangers. Begging from the jail window is quite an established custom—the offender may be shut up for some trifling peccadillo—a long reed to which is attached a linen bag is dangled from a cord; two or three of these reeds will be vibrating at the same time out of the windows, while their owners sit calmly within, making casts, and waiting for what fish they may manage to catch. So the little empty bags dance about—then some one crosses over, sees one dangling under his nose, hears a beseeching voice calling to him for the love of Madonna Maria to drop a coin into it; yet the captive is quite content if he gets a cigar, which he proceeds to smoke with great gusto behind his grating. If he collects two bajocchi, he orders wine to be fetched, or some toothsome morsel to supplement the prison fare. This classical style of begging always afforded me much amusement; it brought Belisarius to mind, begging from his tower from all the passers-by. We learn, at all events, from that old fable, that tolerance is so old a weakness that very probably just such

fishing-rods may have been seen dangling out of the prison gratings in the days of the old Romans.

I broke away from Alatri in order to visit the grotto of Collepardo, having been told so much about its beauty; the path leading to it, I found, began just behind the town, and ascended thence into the mountain. A few miles being traversed, the country changed its aspect, agriculture ceased, the bare red rocks over which we climbed stretched out on every side of us, and presently I found myself in the solitudes of the higher mountains.

As I quitted Alatri, a charcoal-burner from the little village of Collepardo had just laid down his load there. Meeting him by accident as he returned home, he acted as my guide. While I listened gladly to this fellow's good-natured chat, his *patois* was not always easy to understand. The people in his native village had, he said, enough to eat, though they were very poor.

The masses of rock grew more and more rugged, the valleys wilder and more romantic, as we ascended. Presently we came upon the river Cosa rushing down, green as the Inn in the Engadine, out of the recesses of the mountains, and gleaming with silver trout. This artery creates a narrow strip of verdure and arable land as it hastes onward from its native

wilds to join the Sano, which, again, a little lower down, falls into the Liris. High up on the mountain where a rocky cliff falls down from its summit, the Cosa plunges into a narrow gorge, and here is Collepardo. No sadder spot can one picture to oneself: one row of little houses built of limestone, an odd-looking church, a dark shattered wall round about them, attesting that not even this poverty-stricken little village had been safe from predatory foes in days of old. A few gardens, vines, and olives are visible, but these and the little platform on which they stand are all that is visible to break the monotony of the rocks scattered all around.

My brave charcoal-burner asked me to come into his house when I alighted. I gladly accepted his hospitality, being in a little difficulty as to how I might get housed. I had arranged myself as well as I could in his tiny room for the hottest hours of midday, when my most sanguine hopes were realised by the arrival of a party from Velletri, on the same quest—*i.e.* the grotto—and so it became possible for me to see this marvellous natural phenomenon by torchlight.

The cavern lies deep down below the village. A wall of rock descends to it, and through a rift in this the waters of the Cosa pour down. We rode by its banks for a short way, sheltered

from the sun by chestnut woods ; towering precipices rose on either side of us ; the weather-worn mass of the Marginato Mountain, far up in the clouds to the left, flung its dark shadow on the turbulent river, which foamed and fretted round the rocks impeding its course, far below us. Presently we saw a good-sized opening to the right, grown over with brushwood, and within its jaws we found the grotto.

A black abyss yawned before us, dark rugged rocks hemming it in ; a cold current of air rose from it and warned us to wrap up carefully before we plunged into its depths. Guides with torches had gone on ahead, and light wreaths of smoke issuing from the fissures in the rocks showed their whereabouts. Now, I have beheld many caverns, in many lands, and I must confess to being by no means susceptible to their charms, hence I promised myself but little from this one beneath poor little Colleparado. But its vastness took me utterly by surprise. Two gigantic halls came first, divided by a low jagged partition, their walls of a dull, brownish-yellow tint—great blocks strewed the floor, and these we had to climb over occasionally. Stalactites depend from the roof, and rise up from below, into the most fantastic groups and formations. In the far depths of the second hall lurk strange and weird-looking

objects. We waited in the first chamber whilst our guides were lighting up the inner ones. They had piled up tow at intervals, setting fire to it, whilst torches were stuck against the walls in every coign of vantage. When all were set alight the effect was magical. An ancient Egyptian temple with enormous columns and spectral stone figures of gods and sphinxes appeared to confront us in perspective. Then we seemed to be wandering in a tropical forest, palms and other great growths in stone stretching out around us. We could imagine corselets, coats of mail, swords, lances, depending from the walls, the flickering lights giving life and reality to them. Clouds of smoke shrouded them like cloaks at times, then solitary forms would stand out clearly in the torchlight. Bats, owls, and creatures which love the gloom flung themselves out into the air wildly. It is impossible to depict the scene or describe this grotto. We must each picture it by the light of our own imagination, and people it with our own pet phantasms. Certain groups of stalactites have special names—the "Roman Trophy" among the rest. The grotto extends for miles beneath the mountain, but so far it has not been possible to explore its many chambers thoroughly, or disclose all their wonders.

There are many other caverns in this region,

which may probably have sheltered hermits in past generations. So recently as in 1838 an Anchorite lived in one near Colleparado. A young Frenchman, named Stephen Gautier, appeared there in the September of that year, alleging that he had had a call to this wilderness, where he proposed to live the life of a Solitary. Accordingly he established himself in a cave, and began his life of prayer and penitence. Meat and drink were brought to him, and he was seen at Colleparado, at Veroli, and at the Carthusian Monastery of Trisulti, where he mixed with the monks and attended their services. His life was that of a saint, pure and blameless. He had lived there for two years, when soldiers were seen one day surrounding the cave; they seized him and bore him off to prison, no one could tell why, and no one was ever able to discover what his fate had been. All that was known was that he had fallen into the hands of the French Police for some crime which he had committed. Rumour said this offence had been an attempt on the life of Louis Philippe.

Nature has concentrated much that is remarkable around Colleparado. A short distance from these stalactite caverns, and close to the road leading to the Carthusian Monastery, lies that most celebrated Italian Well, the *Pozzo di*

Santulla. I wished to reach Trisulti in good time to bespeak the friendly hospitality of the monks ; but after riding for half-an-hour through gardens, and over a high-lying rocky plateau, I paused, finding myself suddenly on the brink of a circular hole, which reminded me strongly of the great *Latomien* in Syracuse.

Here sinks down, to the depth of 150 feet, this puzzling Well, about 1500 paces in circumference ; below, in its depths, is a dark green forest, its tree-tops waving and trembling in a little breeze rising from below, and softly undulating like the waves of a verdant sea. Shafts of sunlight poured down out of the clearest of skies into those depths, in which I could see white butterflies hovering over the sunken forest far below. The bright flowers of creeping plants hung from the trees, some climbing 30 feet to fling themselves round branches and stems which looked like small twigs from above. These inaccessible flowers, with their snake-like arms, seen in the gloom of twilight, the fluttering of the wings of creatures living in that pit, seized on the imagination. This, in truth, is the Paradise of the Fairy Folk, a garden of delight for Oberon and Titania. Springs with unseen sources richly fertilise the green plants and shrubs, and draw down the dews of heaven to them.

The eye dwells delightedly on the precipitous walls of this lower world ; the rocks, standing out from the masses of yellow broom and mastic clothing them, take such strange, weird forms, while all are wrapped in an iridescent atmosphere, by turns silver grey, bright red, dark blue, yellow, and black. Collepardo peeps out brown from the green foliage. An amphitheatre of mountain peaks surrounds it, valleys descend from those lonely peaks, the home of the golden eagle, now half visible as they break forth from a veil of cloud.

Wild-looking shepherds lay encamped round the brink of the Santulla—sandalled folk from the hills, with long poles, like lances, grasped in their hands. Sturdy boys were amusing themselves by rolling stones down into the hollow below, when they crashed into the woods with a hollow reverberation which startled the grey doves, sitting on their nests in the tree-tops, and made them circle around in alarm. The herdsmen would have had us believe that a tiger was prowling about in the mysterious depths below us. They told me that goats are sometimes let down by ropes on to the verdant flooring of this Well, that finding plenty of food and water there they grow fat and flourishing, to be drawn up again after a month or so of good pasturage.

Place this *Pozzo* in Scotland or in Germany and we should find it peopled, by the imagination of the people, with fabulous beings ; but the Italian has little taste, as a rule, for legendary or spiritual lore. The clearness of his atmosphere leaves him little illusion as to natural objects. The story of the origin of this Well, as told me by a herdsman, is characteristic of their land. The *Pozzo*, he said, was once upon a time a round threshing-floor. Once, although it was the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the folks dared to assemble on it to thresh out their corn. The Madonna was angry at this outrage upon her, and she suddenly caused the floor, and all the people on it, to sink down into the earth, and so this great hole was made. He may have been right, for there are no traces of volcanic action about it. It might, indeed, have once been a cave, the top of which had fallen in.

Reluctantly did I tear myself away from this extraordinary spot — this vision, as it must appear to be when the moon sails up and shines over the great wilderness, her pale rays flooding the walls of this huge Well and falling on the ghostly forest in its depths.

The goatherds showed us the way to the high-road leading to Trisulti, about a German mile ahead, but not yet visible. Far up

amongst the mountains, our guide said, stood the Convent.

Presently he pointed to a belt of oak-wood—there, he said, lay Trisulti, a wonder of cultivation. Finer, wilder mountain scenery than that through which we now rode by the river I cannot recall. We saw the Cosa foaming in the depths far down, its hoarse roar rising up from below. We gazed up at the peaks of the Monna, chief summit of all those that encircled us, defying the heavens, high above our heads. Half-an-hour's arduous descent landed us by the brink of the river. Here it fell over in a white cataract, thundering into an abyss in the ravine. The sun now sank behind the mountains, leaving a few peaks still tipped with gold. When we turned to retrace our route, coming out on the broad flank of the mountain, I saw three soldiers following us, and not far off either. Were they banditti? The infamous Gasparone no longer gained his living by plundering travellers in these hills, where you may read the names of bandits, and see their graves, dug by their comrades' daggers. These three were soldiers from Alatri, so my companion said, going to visit the Monastery—for it appears that this rich Carthusian brotherhood is obliged to give hospitality for three days, free of charge, to all who claim it. "If an army should arrive they

dare not bar their gates against it." The party we had met at the grotto had spent the previous night at the Monastery, and here were these half-famished soldiers treading on our heels, we who were feasting in imagination on the Convent fare. Such being my intuition, and being also conscious of a most inconvenient hunger just then, I indulged in a certain amount of solicitude. "Francesco, come along!" said I; "let us double our pace, lest those soldiers should devour everything before we get there, in which case the monks may cut up pretty rough when we knock and ask for meat and drink and lodging."

When I reached the knoll on which the Chartreuse stands, on a fine declivity of the mountain, it was still invisible, shrouded in that beautiful grove of oak trees. Riding through this wood, I saw in the distance two of the brethren pacing up and down, in their white gowns. I felt almost envious of those holy men, walking beneath the shade of majestic trees in the cool of the evening, and enjoying philosophical discourse. If there is one spot more than another which ought to encourage high and solemn converse, and fill the mind with devotion, it is surely this—one of the most sublime solitudes which it has ever been my lot to behold. The light evening breeze stirred the tops

of those great trees, so umbrageous still, in their venerable antiquity. The cloister bell resounded through the sacred grove, and filled it with the very spirit of the Middle Ages, stirring my mind and feelings profoundly.

I drew near to one of the monks, said I was a traveller, and begged for a night's hospitality. This stately, well-fed brother piloted me himself to the guardian of the Monastery, to whom I had to report myself. Then another stretch of wood revealed the Chartreuse. To find oneself suddenly in an oasis—a spot given up to the highest cultivation—was indeed delightful, after a long and toilsome ascent over those rocks which I had climbed so painfully. This little kingdom of heaven, this Eden of pious brethren, looked forth from the surrounding verdure, fantastic, mysterious, wonderful to behold, at this great elevation. It is not one building, but a collection of the most charming chapels, churches, quadrangles, dwelling-rooms of every kind, in livable condition, where all bespeaks peace and happiness and wealth; embosomed in old trees, little goats and sheep lying around, monks, servants at work, a cheerful concourse of men, all of them fed by this Convent.

The guardian, a tall, grave-looking man with a long flowing beard, met me kindly at the gate

of the vestibule, showing me where I might find the Superior, who would give orders for my entertainment. I was ushered into a large inner quadrangle, conventual buildings and the church surrounding it, all kept with scrupulous cleanliness. These buildings show no traces of age, having been restored in the *style-de-luxe* of the eighteenth century. Within runs a long, airy corridor, the monks' cells opening from it on each side.

I found the Superior in a spacious room, seated at his writing-table, and giving an ear to many servitors, who apparently were bringing reports to him. He heard my request, and very kindly acceded to it without asking what my nationality or creed might be. One glance, indeed, is sufficient to betray to an experienced ecclesiastic whether his guest is a Catholic or a Protestant. Having been placed in charge of a lay brother I took my leave, and was conducted to the *Foresteria*, or guest chambers reserved for casual visitors in such large monastic establishments. These rooms are of two grades. For those of rank (the *Foresteria nobili*) apartments *dei Signori* are set apart; for those appraised as of lesser value more modest quarters are reserved; while the poor, those on the lowest round of the social ladder, are relegated to the servitors'

quarters, some even to the stables, where the humble pilgrim may at least stretch his limbs on straw. I was given a good room near the dining-hall set apart for strangers. A fresh-looking bed with clean sheets seemed to promise good repose, while the waiter, a brisk young fellow accustomed to wait on travellers in the hotels of the arge towns, and who was engaged now to attend to the guests at the Monastery, comforted me with a promise of supper, saying that he would serve me with it when the regulation hour came ; until then I might amuse myself by inspecting the various conventual buildings attached to the Chartreuse, quite *sans gêne*.

The lay brother then showed me round, explaining everything. There are very few buildings of note or interest ; the more ancient portion of the Monastery has ceased to exist, and there was little to gratify my curiosity. Its position, the mode of life of the monks in this isolated little republic of theirs, the history of the curious monastic Order to which they belong, gave me, however, ample scope for inquiry and observation.

About the end of the eleventh century, Bruno, a monk of the date of the Crusades, framed the rules of the Carthusian Order — an Order which comprises the rules of both the Monk and

the Anchorite, and inflicts on its followers the utmost rigour of self-renunciation. It takes its name from the famous Chartreuse, or Carthusian Monastery, near Grenoble, where the brotherhood was first established. Its statutes (*Consuetudo Cartusianne*) date from the year 1134, and were ratified by the Pope in 1170. The Carthusians spread rapidly and in many lands. This community at Trisulti was installed in the year 1208, Pope Innocent III. having given them a grant of lands and a Convent which had originally belonged to the Benedictines, but had been destroyed. In 1211 the Carthusians rebuilt the Monastery out of the ruins of the former buildings. The castle of Trisulti is said to have given its name to the whole district, that name originating in the *Tribus Saltibus*, or three wooded summits of the mountain.

Although vowed to poverty, these brethren of Trisulti have come into the possession of great landed estates in the province of Frosinone, as it is now called. Their Chartreuse cannot vie with that of Pavia in the beauty of its architecture or its artistic decorative work; but it has, on the contrary, quite a rural character. No such apartments exist here as are to be found in the Chartreuse at Rome, built by Michael Angelo into the ruins of the baths of Diocletian,

and thus of comparatively recent construction—of the sixteenth century.¹

Our ancient and respectable Trisulti Chartreuse is the acknowledged mother of the Roman one.

The small church, built by Innocent III. in 1211, was restored in 1786, when it was decorated with gay marbles and many paintings. The one over the portal represents the founding of the Abbey by Innocent, and his gift of it to the Carthusians. In the interior are the martyrdoms under Judas Maccabeus, and similar scenes during the persecution of the Carthusians in England under Henry VIII. In the choir, which is splendidly decorated, there is a picture of Moses striking the rock, and facing it a representation of Bruno performing a similar refreshing miracle in later times.

The refectory, a spacious room, is suitably adorned with a picture of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Here the brethren assemble to dine together on festa days. At other times their rule obliges them to eat alone, each in his cell. I was shown the neat kitchens and bakehouse, where excellent bread of two different qualities is prepared in great quantities. A cistern, from which a canal has been made,

¹ Now turned into a splendid National Museum. (*Translator's note.*)

supplies a mill in one of the inner courts. The dispensary, however, which they showed me with pride, is the department best worth seeing. I regarded it with greater respect than the church itself inspired. It is the ancient and natural mission of these monks, living in remote districts, to unite the healing of their bodies with care for the souls of their dependants. The brethren who devote themselves to the study of medicine work here with a zeal and energy which are far-reaching and truly admirable. The natural products of the mountains, the healing plants which grow so abundantly here, invite them to the study of botany, and what pleasanter occupation can there be than to botanise by rock and stream, to gather and prepare the wonder-working and fragrant plants and herbs of these mountains?

A handsome monk, with a long reddish beard, who might have sat for the portrait of a magician in the Dark Ages, received me in this most clean temple of Æsculapius, which is within the Convent walls, and not very far from the entrance gate. An open gallery looks out on a botanic garden most refreshing to every sense, so full is it of all kinds of well-tended plants and trees, amongst which gay garden flowers are not wanting. The terrace is decked with flowering shrubs in great vases. A glass door opens into an amply

supplied apothecary's shop. The learned monk displayed to me his treasures in flasks and gallipots with a kindly zeal which made me regret I could not give him more intelligent professional sympathy. Meantime country folk were coming in to beg for medicines, all of which are given gratuitously. The drugs of Trisulti are famed far and wide in these mountains, and revered for their good qualities. Their benefits are felt even in the fever-stricken Campagna. If the district around makes ample use of the medicaments in this shop, the men themselves seem to have little need of them. I cannot remember to have elsewhere seen such powerful-looking monks. Repose, a rigorously temperate diet, but, above all, the splendid mountain air, keep them in health, and their days and nights, broken as they are by constant prayer and church ordinances, leave them free from spiritual conflicts or strivings. The Convent possesses a small library. There are some monks who devote themselves to study, but, as a rule, they do not abound in these mountains. I felt sure of it, from the evident embarrassment of the librarian when I put a few questions to him as we paced up and down in the great quadrangle. The worthy man appeared in such perplexity that it seemed best not to continue the conversation; so I took

leave of him, and seated myself in one of the courts, where I could see the brethren wandering about. They looked stately in their snow-white gowns, and I was glad to see that they did not wear long hair or beards. Twice in the month a barber comes to shave their heads, all but a rim of hair which is always left, and is called the *corona*. Only the lay brothers wear beards, like the Capuchins. There are as many grades amongst these Carthusians as there were in the mystical sect of the Pythagoreans of old.

I did not see those of the highest grade, who live shut up in their cells. The silence in which they shroud themselves must be regarded as the greatest penance which the fanatic can inflict upon himself. When they cast from them the *Word*, the key to life and all its objects, they place their souls under the ban of a frightful spiritual silence which resembles blindness. A *Memento mori*, the horrible greeting which they give to one another when they meet, are the only words by which that silence is ever broken.

They say that these wandering spectres of living men are permitted to keep some one object of love in their cells. One cultivates a flower in a broken pot, with which he can hold silent converse; another may feast his eyes on a favourite picture of some saint;

or he may tend a bird in a cage and listen to its song, if, indeed, a bird ever ventures to sing in such ghostly cells. Sometimes they break the ban—human nature is too strong for them—and end their most devoted, self-abnegating lives. The dumb man begins to speak, and then he is publicly scourged with whips. It may be that here, in these great silent mountains, where the voice of God alone is heard in the rushing of the river, the rustling leaves of the forest, the thunder when the storm-clouds come rolling over their summits, the penance of silence is more endurable than elsewhere. And what dark and sinful souls may not this discipline, the communion with nature, the life in the cell, the rules of the cloister, educate? If we could but penetrate the secrets of some souls, we might become acquainted with the strangest things.

I was roused from such reflections by a welcome summons to the evening meal. My brisk attendant informed me that it was served, and my appetite was quite as great as my curiosity. No animal food is eaten by this community, and the guest must follow the rules of the Convent. Oil and vinegar are the only superfluities he is indulged with. Now my supper consisted of the following comestibles: macaroni soaked in oil, and sprinkled excellently

with mountain herbs instead of grated cheese ; cold green beans, in oil and vinegar ; a flask of wine, exactly like vinegar ; and then, for second course, a section of a tart baked in oil. Though anxious to do honour to my hosts' hospitality, I could eat but little of these viands ; I contented myself with macaroni and the excellent bread, and departed, satisfied, to find out how my man of the Campagna had fared. He said they had given him a loaf and a cold fish.

The night had closed in, and the full moon, riding high in the deep blue sky, lighted up the vast amphitheatre of mountains all around. The trees were bathed in her beams, the rocks in deep shadow ; the valleys glimmered through the mist ; an awe-inspiring silence was over all, only broken by the melancholy cry of the *upupu*—the great owl of the mountains—and the hollow roaring of the Cosa : it was a scene of enchantment.

I was awakened at midnight by the bell of the tower ringing the *Matitudine*. Then I knew that the *Excitator* would go from cell to cell to wake the monks. First, they must recite the four penitential psalms, and then they betake themselves to the church, where they continue to pray for the space of three hours. They return to pray again in their cells for a space, and afterwards a short time is ordained for

sleep. So it is, night after night. I listened to the clangour of the bell—it seemed to ring with a strange and ghostly sound—and I would gladly have gone into the church also, but that I feared I might disturb the devotions of the holy men. I slept, lulled by the echoes of their distant chanting, and when the sky was grey with the coming dawn my trusty guide knocked at my door to wake me up for our ride to Veroli.

I left the Monastery without being able to tender my thanks to the Superior, for not a soul was stirring except the porter and the waiter, who had excused himself the night before for his inability to bring me a cup of coffee before I set forth—but no breakfast was procurable before the hour ordained for it by the rules of the Convent, he said. This, I confess, was a trial to me—your man of letters is seldom at his best in the early morning hours. However, Francesco comforted me by producing a piece of bread which he had taken for his own consumption, and we found a thicket of the most delicious blackberries in hospitable proximity to the Monastery.

The morning was of exceeding beauty, and in these Alpine regions the view, with the ever-changing lights and shades flitting over the mountains, is most revivifying. For an hour

we followed the course of the Cosa, which has here furrowed a bed for itself through deep abysses; then the path descended to long and laughing meadows, where the flocks and herds of the Monastery pasture. All the country hereabouts is in their patrimony, and their horses graze in company with occasional herds of goats. The goatherds' families were camped round a fire, turning sour milk into cheese. The solitude was broken occasionally by little farmsteads. The Monastery possesses a great number of these; I discovered them in green valleys and by fresh mountain streams, so charmingly situated that I thought the people were happy who could spend their days in them in peace and quietness. These people all looked well fed, and no one begged from me.

After long hours we reached—leaving the mountains behind us—the fruitful Campagna of Veroli, and I saw this large place before me, perched on a most remarkable hill. It commands a sublime amphitheatre, reaching as far as the kingdom of Naples, over Latium, and everywhere, on the purple hills, gleamed white castles and towns, far away and close at hand.

Veroli is a bishop's See, and possesses considerable activities, supplying the country around with cloth of a much prized kind woven in

coloured stripes—the Ciociari deal in it extensively. Its streets are narrow and tortuous, many parts of the town absolutely labyrinthine, and full of odd little houses, most of which are built with open galleries. The piazzas were decked out with summer fruits, the cheapness of which was not surprising. At this season the large water-melons are the principal things brought to market, and most excellent they are. A retired soldier, a Napoleonic veteran, who heard that we had come from the Certosa, came over to me in the café, and broke out into a rapturous eulogy of the paradisaical life the monks lead there in their cloistered solitude. It was the wish of his heart to be received there in his old age, he said, as a lay brother. He could at once become a pensioner of the Monastery if he only had the sum requisite to qualify him for it, to place in their coffers. Then the talk took its usual turn. He objurgated the Papal regiment, heaping on them the invectives which we hear every day and out of every mouth. This worthy veteran had excited my curiosity, and I resolved to see the large landed estate of the Carthusians near Veroli. As I was pressed for time I made up my mind to give up seeing Frosinone, though now so close to it, and to ride back to Ferentino over this farm belonging to the monks.

I left Veroli in the middle of a magnificent thunderstorm. The Volscian Mountains and the Apennines were shrouded in dusky blue, fleeting sunbeams came wandering with magic effect over them, bringing out this or that mountain, or convent, or castle, in the brightest reflected light. I hastened, as the rain had already caught me up, through a fertile flat country, through vineyards and orchards, and soon found myself at the Carthusian homestead. It was one any Roman prince might have been proud to own. The buildings are important-looking and admirably kept. They unite the conventual with the castellated style of architecture. Here also the Carthusian rule is carried into effect; any traveller who may knock at the gate is supplied with meat and drink, and, if needful, lodging also. I required neither one nor the other, but I begged to be allowed to see the establishment. The inspector, a robust-looking lay brother, with a white cowl and a long beard, gave me permission to do so, and took me round himself. In the Fatherland I was wont to think of a superintendent, or farm bailiff, as a pretty hard individual, in high boots and spurs, a riding whip in his hand, and an oath in his mouth. This farm manager in the guise of a monk, with all the mien and manners of a modern saint, seemed to be a curious anachronism.

He took me first of all to the church, which is in the strangers' wing of the building. No sooner were we in the chapel than my conductor found out that he had got a heretic in his charge. He flung himself on his knees, and, heaving a deep sigh, he tried to benefit my poor soul by offering up a prayer for its eternal welfare and redemption.

The estate, the *Ticchiena*, is one of the richest in the Campagna. A thousand men, able-bodied and hard-working, belong to it and give a tenth of their profits, that is to say of their labour and the fruits of it, to the Carthusians. Six lay brothers live here and superintend the work—or farm it out. Corn, wine, oil, fruit are gathered in, in abundance. The produce answers the objects of the Convent, the first of which is good works. This Monastery of Trisulti is famed far and wide; I was told that during several years of scarcity the Campagna was supplied by its monks with the means of life. *I certosini hanno governato la Campagna per moltissimo tempo.* These words of praise I have heard in many places, and so with them I will close these pages with all the gratitude that beseems their guest.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE LIRIS

1859

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WHILE Mid-Italy is in arms, Romagna has rent herself free from the Papal domination, and the *Question Romaine* is stirring all minds, I invite my reader to take a peaceful excursion with me through the frontier lands. Starting from Veroli, I propose to go to Isola and Sora, Arpino and Arce, Aquino, San Germano, and Monte Cassino, beginning with Casamari.

This border country is the Latian outpost. The Campagna is divided by the river Liris into two districts. The Roman, or Campagna proper, is watered by the Sacco, which falls into the Liris below Ceprano. The Neapolitan Campagna comprises the plain stretching from the feet of the Apennines to the slopes of the Volscian Mountains. Through this flows the Liris as far as Capua. The mountains standing around San Germano divide its meadows from the so-called *Campania Felice*, or Happy Campania. From the top of Monte Cassino, a man once pointed out to us the Castle of San Pietro

in Fine, saying that *Latii* should be added. "Perhaps," said the learned Dom Sebastiano Kalefati, "he inferred that *in fine* signified the end of the Monte Cassino Diocese." As we were in the act of remounting to ride over the rocks from Veroli to the banks of the Liris, we were not disposed to be captious as to geographical limits.

It was a Latian afternoon in October—the warm light resting on the meadows below, while the hillsides glowed in all the tints of autumn. Classic meads lay spread out at our feet, traversed by the green waters of the Liris—most beautifully designated of all Italian streams—a name which fills the mind with gladness, with lyrical suggestions, and exhales its poetic aura over all those meadows through which it strays.

As I rode through the gate in those great walls which compass about Veroli—set aloft on its rocky eminence—the country I longed to explore lay for the first time stretched beneath me. To the right, deep in the Ceprano vale, was the bridge in crossing which Manfred was betrayed. Yonder stood the Volscian Mountains, a long chain of peaks blue in the distance. To the left, the majestic Sora stepped forth from his parent Apennines towards the river's brink. My

eyes were, however, now riveted on the broad hills in front of me; or, rather, on a white city, now clearly visible, standing on one of them. It was—Arpino!

There is a great charm in seeing some spot connected with world-renowned, epoch-making men, afar off, shimmering mysteriously out of the distance, a place whose name has been familiar to us from our earliest childhood. Childhood's memories now thronged in upon me thick and fast. I saw myself declaiming my Cicero from the form at school; I recalled the look of the well-worn, grey book from which I learnt the Orations by heart—best of all, that high-sounding, never-to-be-forgotten *Quosque tandem Catilina*—and there before me I could see Cicero's birthplace, a town I had dreamt about, yet could scarcely have hoped to behold.

I dismounted to descend the steep limestone rocks encircling Veroli more safely. No practicable road exists until Casamari is reached. There is but one other connecting highway, the Via Latina, which goes on to Capua.

The Campagna cities, standing around on their rocky eminences, are far older than Rome. They go back to the Saturnian epoch, and remain now just as they have stood for unknown centuries, dark and sad of aspect. The counts and

feudal lords of the Campagna each built his particular fortress, now empty and forsaken, a home for nesting owls. Their feudatories grew vines and olives and the Turkish (or Indian) corn, toiling in the sweat of their brows for their rulers—the Roman princes or abbots. To this day their condition remains as it was then, though the labourer is no longer a bondsman. The desolation which characterises the Campagna immediately encircling Rome is generally ascribed to malaria, which is supposed to render it dangerous during the summer. This is not quite a correct idea, as Latium is really a healthy province. It is strange to find a district which looks an Elysium from the distance change to a desert, sparsely sown with maize, its barren earth only waving with golden broom and asphodel, the falcon circling aloft in the summer sky, when we come to tread its soil — picturesque and beautiful as it is. Where we expect to find an active and energetic peasantry and prosperous towns, all that meets the eye is, here and there, a huddled clump of houses, perched at intervals on the heights. The Latian people, a sturdy, good-hearted, good-looking race, remain very much in their aboriginal condition. Their modes of life, their education, their wants are so unchanged that if their remote

ancestors were to revisit them they would find nothing new, with the exception of tobacco-smoking, lucifer matches, and gunpowder. Most of the mediæval castles retain their ancestral names—Veroli, Posi, Arnara, Banco (Babucum), and Ripi. The deeds, or diplomas, respecting their ownership date from the ninth and tenth centuries. Their names, their churches, their counts and *judices*, all have a Lombard origin. I know of no place in all that district which has sprung to life at a later date than the above.

As I scrambled down over those horrible rocks towards Casamari, the afternoon sun was pouring down his beams on the burnt-up fields below me. Presently, passing by a solitary farmstead, I was pleasantly surprised to see a little company of smartly dressed girls disporting themselves in a meadow. As they ran races and played games, they looked like a flock of singing birds newly alighted in the heart of the desert.

Here the road begins, and on each side of it the careful cultivation of the vines and olives betokens the vicinity of some considerable agricultural centre. Presently groups of pilgrims, their long staves in their hands, began to meet us, the women carrying heavy baskets on their heads, while the men, unencumbered, marched on gaily beside them. They were all in holiday

garb—the gay national dress of the mountains of Latium. These pilgrims were coming away from far-famed Casamari.

I had often heard of this Monastery, the finest of its kind in the whole of Latium, with the exception of Fossanova. It was said to be a marvel of Gothic architecture, and here it stood before me, lonely, dominating, and very remarkable, on its platform of rock; a mass of grey masonry above which rose the cupola of its church. The monastic buildings are enclosed within a court, into which a great Romanesque portal leads by an arcade, the *Arcus Ambulatorii* of the rich monks of the Middle Ages. Beside it a little river, fringed by sad-looking poplars, runs past; all around it is an arid and silent wilderness.

When, in these our later times, we find some great Convent, cut off utterly from the outer world, it moves us strangely. By nothing else is the past made so present. Time, for it, seems truly to have stood still. The moral atmosphere of centuries long gone by, of the older races of mankind then existing, remains still within it. The monks follow the same ordinances, pursue the same daily round, that they followed a thousand years ago. They chant, they pray, they keep silence, they wear

the same frocks and cowls, they sleep in the same cells, their lives are filled with the same monotonous activities now, as in past ages. The outside world may change, they heed it not; it suffices for them to know that their Church, its Pope and its Bishops, remain the same from century to century. Their own immediate surroundings are unchanged. Veroli, Posi, San Giovanni, there they stand with their churches and their saints, just as they have always stood. The pilgrim knocks at the Convent gate just as he has always knocked. They are tortured no longer by terror of the Saracen, the robber count, the condottieri; but the dread of revolution is on them, and revolution may yet prove a more inexorable foe to them than either robber count or Saracen. In the older times it was only a question of fire and sword, plunder and devastation. Now it may mean "to be or not to be." The Convent lands are smaller nowadays. The Church has to draw in and lessen her work in consequence. Such a Monastery as this does indeed resemble a parchment chronicle whose miniatures are living persons passing by as in some phantasmagoria.

The word *Casamari* has been incorrectly supposed to mean *Casa Amare*; hence Westphail erroneously speaks of it as "the bitter house,"

so called because of the frightful silence in which Trappists are doomed to exist. The name is really derived from the *Casa Marii*, or house of Marius, because the Monastery was built on the *Fundus Marii*, an ancient appanage of the hero of Arpino. So tradition has it, and so says its historian Rondiminini: *Monasterii Sanctæ Mariæ et Sanctorum Johannis et Pauli, de Casamari, brevis historia. Roma, 1707.* Pious citizens of Veroli founded it in 1036. It was bestowed, in the first instance, on the Benedictines; but as their discipline grew lax they were superseded by the Cistercians, in 1152, under Pope Eugenius III. At the same period, monks of the same order were established in the neighbouring Monastery of Trisulti. The Emperor Frederick II. confirmed its edicts in 1221. The deed dates from Veroli, where it may be read to this day, and yet his troops sacked the Abbey at the same time that they beleaguered Rome.

The history of Casamari is not an uncommon one. It suffered, as all other monastic foundations suffered, in the Middle Ages. It was destroyed, then reconstructed; no man of distinction came forth from it, nor did it possess an annalist of its own as did Fossanova—Muratori edited the chronicles of this latter place—nor was it

ever so wealthy as Trisulti, although possessing certain farms in the Campagna. Its glory is its beautiful church, the first stone of which was laid in 1203, when the Italians began to build in the Gothic style.

When I entered the courtyard and saw its façade I feared I should be disillusioned, for it promised but little, with its circular openings and broad flight of steps leading to the *vestibuli*. Here was a statue of Pius VI., and a tablet recording how that Pius IX. had restored the Abbey to the patrimony of the Church. Then I entered the church, and was most pleasantly surprised. It is a large building, perfect in its proportions, with three aisles all harmonious in character, and only divided from the beautifully vaulted choir by an open metal screen. The simplicity of its architecture—my own native Gothic—the harmony of all its parts, the soft colour of the travertine of which it is built—all this moved me profoundly. If for many years you have been accustomed to the Roman basilica with its flat roof or its cupola overladen with ornament, this Gothic strikes you as being so new, so full of life, so bold, striving after so high an ideal, so imposing in its combined richness and simplicity, boldness and grace, strength and lightness. Its massiveness is tempered by the

combination of all its parts to support and carry out its own fundamental idea. Accustomed as I was to churches overladen with sculpture, with *baroque* and ponderous ornamentation, with pictures and inscriptions, filled with monuments and altars, and finding none of these things here, this seemed to be a fair and beautiful temple consecrated to a pure and free worship. The absence of pictures, niches, and chapels—just one high altar beneath its arched tabernacle—made it resemble our reformed cathedrals at home. Casamari is indeed well worth a visit. In all Italy I have found nothing comparable to it in the simplicity of its style. Its central aisle possesses some pointed arches supported by double columns. At the fifth came the screen closing in the charming choir. There was nothing fantastic—no statues; simply, at each side of the altar, stood a large vase with a tall amaranth in full bloom in it. Imagine the effect of such beautiful natural objects set in so vast a space.

Its purer Gothic is confined to the church. The Monastery is Romanesque in style. The cloisters are spacious, the four sides filled with semi-Gothic arches supported by double pillars, yet the quadrangle is not especially fine. The chapter-house impressed me as being strange,

for here the Gothic tends towards the Moresque. The roof is upheld by four groups of clustered columns, each group consisting of eight bound together, and from these eight-angled pillars spring arches, terminating half-way down the walls in strange ornamental bosses. It is built of alternate courses of white and of brown stone, which give it a decorative effect.

I could see but a few monks, pacing silently up and down. They took no notice of me, but a lay brother gave me some water in a pitcher. When he heard I had come from Rome he asked how things were looking there, and where was Garibaldi now?

The name of that valiant leader, a Lombard name too, flies from mouth to mouth hereabouts, just as the same name, Dux (or Duke) Garibald, and Grimoald, Romoald, and Gisulfus of Benevento, resounded through the Neapolitan boundaries long centuries ago. Garibaldi's personality is popular, though it may present less of hope than of terror to the public mind just now. He would even seem to have been represented to the populace as possessing certain demoniac qualities. Of this I became more aware when I had crossed into the kingdom of Naples. The names of Nicolo Piccinio, Fortibraccio of Montone, Sforza, D'Attendolo, and other mediæval

champions who gained their fame by a hundred marches, battles, and bold sackings of towns, carried with them into the Campagna of old just the same sort of excitement. They were brave robbers ; their deeds of arms were then the pest and the greatest scandal of Italy, while Garibaldi has consecrated his sword to the freeing of his native land from the tyrant.

The shades of evening began to paint the beautiful mountains above Arpino in darker hues when I remounted to ride on to the frontier—one short hour distant from Arpino. It is always pleasant to find oneself in a border land, where states, races, forms of social and political life, come into conflict. The narrow mid-territory between them must always be interesting. You become aware of a certain tension of mind, an advance and recoil ; the dwellers there must keep themselves in a state of constant watchfulness. Those who live far away in the midlands may easily fall into well-worn grooves and grow indolent, while the border folk remain restless, emotional, consumed by curiosity, distrustful, and ready to try any experiment. They are always impelled by others. Crossing over from one form of government to another, they become uncertain to which they may adhere. The goddess Fame has her abode on those frontiers which she loves.

I soon reached the Roman custom-house, standing alone by the roadside, its guardians sitting contentedly smoking cigars. A little circuit shows where the actual line of demarcation is defined by a stone. The tutelary deity—Terminus—has left the Roman and Neapolitan meadows to mingle most amicably, not even separating them by a fence.

Castelluccio, the first Neapolitan town, is a tiny place, and below it lies Isola, that charming island in the river Liris. Through great groups of trees, standing in a deep shadowy hollow, glimpses of the waters are to be seen, gleaming through the branches. Out of this green shade peep pretty villas and large factories, while the well-cultivated, prosperous district stretching away beyond it shows what life a great river can bring with it. Up above the happy fields, folding in one behind another in many a charming interchange of hill and dale, rises the great mountain Sora in all its indescribable grandeur. I was impelled to think of the Conca d'Oro, that marvellous plain near Palermo, when I first beheld this landscape all bathed in the roseate hues of sunset.

The mountains take the same majestic forms in both places, and the plain is equally rich, but here there is no ocean, only the beautiful Liris—or

Garigliano—leaping down from the Abruzzi, like a young Apollo, to fill the meads with lyric melodies as he pours his waters through the clefts of the Volscian Mountains. Roman and Neapolitan drink there alike, while he cleaves his path to the sea, to end his career by its silent shores.

Leaving the "Holy Republic" of St. Peter to enter the "Kingdom," many not delectable differences present themselves to us. It cannot be gainsaid that the people of Romagna still bear traces of the "double glory" distinguishing the Roman government. In the "States" you find a certain thoughtfulness, earnestness—a sense of proportion. Their people have an unconstraint, a freedom of demeanour, a liberality of speech, at all events, which have come down to them from the older times, and find expression in a careless, irresponsible mode of speech. The peculiar constitution of the Papal States, where monarchical and purely political power are in abeyance by the nature of the State, and the absence of any strong secular government, are perhaps not sufficiently appreciated by the subjects of the Pope. They are oppressed by no standing army; the constitution of their municipality, assured to the Roman citizens by long-existing statutes and contracts—statutes first removed by

the French Revolution, and afterwards confirmed by the Restoration under Gonsalvi; and, finally, the non-existence of any hereditary dynasty—these reasons account for the beneficent republican atmosphere of the Roman States.

That there is much less of this in the kingdom of Naples is apparent directly you cross the border. Suddenly the more serious temper of mind of the Romans has gone. The language sounds barbarous and unintelligible. The people look poorer in physique, less good-humoured, less intelligent and lively. They look frightened. Soldiers, police, spies, custom-house officials, swarm—a knavish, suspicious, unreliable crew. No one dares to speak his mind, yet the Neapolitan must be almost at his last gasp when he cannot venture any more to talk.

Isola welcomed us with the sound of many waters, and the verdure of many sloping meadows, and also with its *Dogana*. I was kept there a long time, and all because of six books. These all, with the exception of a Horace, concerned the history of the Middle Ages. They were harmless enough, in all conscience, but the officers could make nothing of their titles. These gentlemen condoled with me on Humboldt's death—Naples would appear to have sustained a severe blow from it. They

lauded the Prussian government, where every one can be trusted with philosophical books, while in the same breath my six little books were declared contraband. They must be relegated to a higher tribunal. The magnates composing it might let me have their decision in a couple of days. I remarked that if one thing made me rejoice more than another in our German government it was that there it was made easy instead of difficult for men of letters to travel. I thought Neapolitan fiscal arrangements about books were barbarous. I thanked my guardian angel for warning me to take no manuscripts with me to Monte Cassino, for I might have lost the labour of years, and have never beheld those manuscripts again. In days when literature is supposed to flourish universally, a peaceable student was subject to incidents like this. Prohibitions concerning books are simply barbarous and useless. Finally I got out of the *impasse*, and convinced those excellent and intelligent gentlemen of the innocent nature of my six books. On my return the Roman officials were much more liberal. I had then, besides the six books bestowed upon me by Dom Luigi Fosti, all the materials collected at Monte Cassino. When I displayed all this dangerous matter in the custom-house at

Ceprano, the Roman officer, glancing at it, said, with true Roman *gentilezza*, "*Passate, pure, Signor.*"

Meantime I had lost much valuable time and the chance of beholding Isola by the light of the setting sun. This friendly little island, beautifully shaded by trees, is encircled by emerald waters, which fling themselves with a leap on its northern shore, descending eighty feet from a cliff, over which they fall in a milk-white cataract. Above, the ruins of a castle stand out against the sky. The turmoil of these waters reached me from afar, and now I could see the countless channels into which the river is led. Gardens planted with all the rich growths of this southern clime lay spread out around me. The Liris is a brimming river here, having received the waters of the Fibreno just above Isola. This junction of the streams has brought about beneficent industrial results. The water drives numbers of wool and paper mills, which give employment to the whole district, and supply thousands of men and women with food. Colonies of sturdy operatives have settled in all the surrounding country to share in the beneficent effects of all this industry.

Isola and Sora are both places of business. The excellent road which connects them is lined

with country houses, gardens, casinos—a most surprising oasis truly, created here during the present century. It did my heart good to see all this industrial activity in the midst of such paradisaical surroundings—a sight long denied to me.

I drove in a char-à-banc—they give the French name to the Neapolitan *currisati* in these parts—in brilliant moonlight to Sora, one hour from Isola. The one-horse carriage now came into use; the poor nag was whipped with the same blind fury that forces him into a gallop in Naples.

The moonlight, lending its charm to this drive, also idealised the houses by the way, as I discovered later. Coming from Romagna the modern edifice looks unusual. When he recalls the dark hill-towns amongst which he has lived so long—towns standing on their rocks since the days of Janus and Evander—the traveller gives a sigh to the memories of what is past.

The factories are chiefly paper mills, on a large scale, and new system. They were established by a Frenchman—a M. Lefebvre—who came with Murat to Naples. A poor man when he came, the river Liris became a very El Dorado to him, and enabled him to leave these factories and some millions of money to his son. Ferdinand

II. of Naples, I think it was, who raised the family to the rank of nobles, an honour they richly deserved. A district hitherto little cultivated has to thank M. Lefebvre, a stranger to it, for its prosperity, for its comfortable condition, which, let us hope, may go on increasing. The creative genius of one man in one specific branch of industry has brought about results here which may be regarded with the most unalloyed satisfaction and sympathy. In England, in Germany, in France such activities as these are found, but seldom in the kingdom of Naples. Here we can well imagine how beneficial they are.

Lefebvre's two largest mills are palatial structures—the *Cartiera del Liri* and the *Cartiera del Fimbreno*. It is delightful to see the efficiency of all that multitude of operatives who manipulate the paper. It gushes out first of all in a grey stream; as it is more confined within bounds, it becomes more milky in hue and more solid in its consistency. In the end it emerges from its steaming, whirling dance as paper. Yes, here it is, a never-ending white roadway on which the thoughts of humanity may travel along. We can conceive of the creation of the world as running very much on the same lines as M. Lefebvre's paper. For ourselves, God spreads our lives out before us—an endless white

path—a sheet of paper on which to inscribe our folly or our wisdom. When we see this genesis of paper—this stream flowing on—all the possibilities it offers to us crowd on the imagination. This wonderful thing which we call paper—it controls our lives. Think of it! It may bring to light genius or mere absurdity, art, science, politics, an honest or dishonest mode of exchange, as it is inscribed with true or false conventions. It may bring us a death warrant, a jubilee message, a contract ensuring peace, a tragedy, a passport; give us a pamphlet entitled *Le Pape et le Congrès*, a pack of cards to be used in a gambling saloon, a photograph, or a love letter! In all those multifarious ways in which our lives are bound up, one with another, this paper plays its part.

I was received at a villa near Isola, whose kind host took me into his neighbour Count Lefebvre's grounds. These had been his own formerly. The beautiful gardens he showed me rivalled any of which Rome can boast. Prince Doria or Prince Borghese might well covet the wealth which Count Lefebvre has drawn out of the waters of that Fibreno which runs through his park. After flinging itself over rocks in a thousand tiny cascades, there it flows quietly, a green mirror reflecting the fragrant woodlands through

which it wanders. The great trees on its banks are kept green by the spray which never fails to refresh them, and through their huge branches we see verdant lawns stretching down to its banks. Dark alleys, caves, Elysian resting-places, flowering shrubs invite the visitor to explore farther, to repose, or to idyllic dreams. This place is a lesser Tivoli, an abode of the nymphs, a delightful retreat.

We got to Sora, the first Neapolitan town—it possesses a Bishop—at ten o'clock that evening, and I slept at a good inn. The menu proved that I was in a new kingdom. It would have been unintelligible to a Roman waiter. Here, too, the traveller is called "Don." Sora revealed itself to me next morning as a clean modern town with good streets; its mercantile activities were very evident. It stands on the banks of the emerald-green Liris, flowing past softly, beneath tall whispering poplars, just as do so many German rivers, and with a wooden bridge across it. I could have lingered gladly in many an enchanting spot by its shores. All around a rich champaign country lies spread, with good roads crossing its vineyards and gardens, and leading to neighbouring towns.

The valley in which the town lies is bounded by mountains—sometimes drawing near to the

river, then standing away from it. Just behind it rises a huge pyramid, dark-hued, rocky, torn and rent and bare. A picturesque castle, now in ruins, borne aloft on its crest, is named Sorella. It looks as brown and dusky as is the mountain itself. Under its shadow lies the modern Sora, peaceful and idyllic now, though it is one of the greatest as well as most ancient of those Volscian cities which have never changed their names. It has been, since its ancient days, by turns Semitic, Latian, and Roman. In this last period it gave birth to the famous Atilius Regulus, of the family of the Valerii, of which family were the orator Quintus Valerius, and Lucius Mummius, names which lend lustre to their native town.

In the earliest mediæval times Sora was one of the frontier towns so often overrun and plundered by the Lombard Counts of Benevento. It was then, in all probability, a Byzantine town, dominated by the Lombards, who at one period filled all this district. Ultimately it fell into the hands of the Emperor Frederick II., by whom it was destroyed. More recently it belonged to the Counts of Aquino, when they were possessors of all the district between the Liris and the Vultumnus. Charles of Anjou created the family of the Cataline Counts of Sora—they were kinsmen of the house of Stuart—Alfonzo of Aragon raised

it to the rank of a Duchy; its first Duke was Nicolo Catalini. The Popes had long coveted this beautiful region, and finally Pius II. succeeded in gaining possession of it by means of his captain, Napoleone Orsini. This conquest was ratified by Ferdinand I. of Naples, but Sixtus IV., when he married his nephew, Leonardo della Rovere, to the king's niece, bestowed this town of Sora upon her as a dowry in ~~1671~~ 1471. In 1580 Gregory XIII. purchased it for his son, Dom Giacomo Buoncampagni, from the Duke of Urbino. Seldom has a Papal "nephew" enjoyed a more charming possession. Up till the end of the eighteenth century it remained in the Buoncampagni-Ludovisi family, and then it once more fell into the hands of the King of Naples. Afterwards, all that had once belonged to that splendid nepotic house, except the palace in Rome, and the second title of Duke of Sora borne by the eldest son of Prince Ludovisi-Piombino, departed from them.

Under the rule of the family of Della Rovere, a remarkable man—its last notable personage—was born at Sora. His name was Cæsar Baronius.

So enchanting, so melodious, so dreamy, are the poplar-clad banks of the Liris, that it is strange that no poet—no Horace, or Ovid, or Ariosto—should have been cradled by them; but

those classic meads produced only warriors and orators—truly, rhetoricians might well have been inspired by such surroundings, for here Nature seems inexhaustibly suggestive in her tropes and similes.

Cæsar Baronius, born in 1538, was the Muratori of Church history. He wrote the Annals of the Christian Faith from the birth of Christ up till the year 1198. The first volume appeared in 1588. It is a work of colossal labour, its materials supplied entirely by the Vatican, and of no value whatever. It is useless and defective in all its parts, because of the source from which it was drawn, and also because those better sources of knowledge which we now possess were not then open to him. He writes in a narrow, false spirit, with all the bitterness against the Reformation caused by the Roman Catholic reaction. Baronius possesses none of the Attic salt of his compatriots the orators; he had no urbanity, no spirit of philosophic discussion, no inherited eloquence. Of Quintus Tullius he only possessed the breadth, and yet he had a certain magnanimity, which shines the more from the limitations of his editors, Rainaldus, Laderchius, and Themiro, all of whom are immeasurably his inferiors. He had his first schooling at Veroli, and studied later in Naples. When in Rome he was the most zealous of all the

pupils of that celebrated saint, Filippo Neri, in whose *oratorium*, *Santa Maria della Vallicella*, he spent his life, after assuming the cowl. He became a Cardinal, and after the death of Clement VIII. the Papacy itself hovered within his reach. He was not, however, an ambitious man, and he relegated the dignity to his friend Leo XI., of the Medici family. Two years later he died, on 30th June 1607. He was buried in the Church of the Oratory in Rome. He remains the chief glory of the ecclesiastical world of letters, and his industry—his power of working—deserves our highest commendation.

I will ask my reader to now turn his eyes back to that lofty and still visible Veroli from whence we set forth. Who is there who has not heard of that once famous book, "The Good Works of Christ"? This book appeared in Vienna in 1542. Innumerable copies of it were printed; it was spread abroad by means of translations; and yet, thirty years after it first came out, not a trace of it was to be found—the little volume had vanished utterly. A thousand busy hands had helped to destroy it. A thousand funeral pyres had devoured it. In the year 1840 we heard that a copy of it had been discovered in a library at Cambridge, and now it has been re-printed in England, in Germany, and in Italy.

Its author was Aonio Paleario; his portrait I would now confront with that of his youthful compatriot, Baronius. They were born in towns not two hours distant from each other. Paleario did not die a Cardinal; after spending three years in the dungeons of the Inquisition, he was sent to the galleys, and in 1570 he was burnt, by order of that fell tribunal. In these days we can scarcely grasp such a fact. How could it possibly come to pass that men should be burnt alive because they had taught, with all the fervour of saints, the doctrine of righteousness as gained through faith in Jesus Christ? When, in future times, a more fortunate generation may be permitted to read this good book, founded solely on the teachings of the Gospels, they may well doubt of the authenticity of such an act, or that the author of this book could have been condemned to death by so-called Christians. It occurred in the days when Carnovacchi, the friend of Pope Clement VII., was murdered; the days when Juan Baldez, Bernardino Orchino, the Vergerii, Paolo Ricci, Antonio Flaminio, and Cardinals such as Contarini, Morone, and Poli, were brought before the Inquisition. The flames of that fire, in the midst of which Aonio was tied to the stake, heated the imagination of Baronius, whose pages would seem to be illumined by the

glow of such funeral pyres; by their light his Annals were apparently written.

The town of Sora was filled with soldiers, as are all the frontier towns now; a cordon had been drawn between each of them. A mountain battery was placed in one of the squares, and lancers were galloping about in all directions. Just before I left, the Seventh Regiment of the Line marched in from Capua, filling the streets with the glitter of their bayonets. The infantry, so it seemed to me, looked far more "fit" and in better trim than the cavalry. I noticed that many of their officers had happy, healthy faces. Their uniform is made of grey and blue linen, like the cavalry; this gives them rather a dull aspect. The gleam of arms, the frequent word of command, the uniforms thick with dust, and the thronging into quarters, made Sora appear to be engaged in a small war. Here, as everywhere, I find myself confronted with the *Question Romaine*. These troops are marching to the Abruzzi. If they realise a foe at all, he takes the form of either Victor Emmanuel, or of Garibaldi. Conflicting accounts are current. We hear that Garibaldi has already fallen on the outposts in the mountains, and that the French are marching through Latium on Ceprano. Naples has been cut off, newspapers sup-

pressed; rumours are exciting and wild—the more readily believed because all this military activity points to war as imminent.

Wherever I turn I meet troops in marching order. Returning from Arca, I could scarcely credit my eyes to see outposts stationed all along the road to Ceprano, just as if Hannibal were thundering at the gates. "You cannot conceive what terror the name of Garibaldi inspires here in Naples," said a Ceprano man to me. "A few days ago we burnt two Papal Bulls on a Church festival. We sent up a few rockets. And what did these Neapolitans do? They blew their trumpets, beat their drums, and so raised the danger signal in Arca and in Isola." "What do these Neapolitans mean?"—a Roman said to me—"If we were to march 500 men into their country at any one point, they might ride on huzza-ing through the whole extent of it. *Ma bisogna che ~~siamo~~^{siamo} buon parlatori—sapete?*—they must be great chatterboxes." This is an essentially Italian expression, which really does meet the occasion.

The war-clouds were gathering so fast that I resolved to take a post-carriage, and promptly visit the birthplace of Marius. The coachman drove at such a mad pace that we almost threw down a woman on the bridge. I shouted, and, at the same moment, she luckily held up her arms.

My driver only blasphemed, and whipped his horse all the more. To reach Arpino from Sora we had almost to return there from Isola. Then we picked up two men from Arpino, most cautious and afraid of expressing themselves, but I avoided politics, and no sooner had we come to their native town than they vanished, ignoring the stranger altogether.

Near Sora we passed by the once celebrated convent church, now in ruins, of St. Domenic^o standing on an island in the Fibreno (it is called *Carnello* just before it falls into the Liris)—a truly delectable spot embowered in trees. Cicero's villa, where he and his brother Quintus were born, is there also. St. Dominic was a tenth-century saint, a contemporary of St. Nilo and St. Romualdo. He was born at Foligno, in the year 951. Under Abbot Aligern he became a Benedictine at Monte Cassino. He founded many monasteries in the Sabina, and this one—at the prayer of Count Pietro di Sora—in 1011. The deed affirming its foundation is still legible. Dominic was its Abbot, and under him Pope Gregory VII. lived here when a monk of the Benedictine Order—at least, so tradition has it.

This wonderful man may often have sat, lost in dreams, on Cicero's beautiful island, beneath

the whispering poplars, no one forecasting then that an Emperor would one day stand at the door of his Convent, a penitent in a hair shirt. A greater mission awaited Dominic in Rome—yes! in the world's history—than that of the weak Cicero or the valiant Marius.

Forgetful of Gregory, the Dominican monks forsook their modest traditions, and seduced by the siren voices of an enervating land, by its too delightful climate and surroundings, they took to high living and carousals. Ah, you monks! Paradise has its dangers for you. Better for you would have been the rugged mountain where your patron saint abode so long. Pope Honorius III. united St. Domenica di Sora—that *hortus deliciarum* as his Bull designates it—in perpetuity, with Casamari, and for five long centuries the place remained unoccupied. After the lapse of those centuries Pope Clement II. established there a colony of Trappists, affiliated to those of Casamari. Finally, Ferdinand II. presented St. Domenica to the Vatican basilica, which still draws a small rent from it. Its Gothic church is in ruins, and of the Convent nothing worthy of note remains.

The memories of Cicero would alone make this a place in which to gladly linger. Here it was that Cicero, Quintus, and Atticus held

those high discourses which we still possess in his three books, *De Legibus*. They strolled up to that "island which is in Fibreno"—*insula quæ est in Fabrino*—there they seated themselves and philosophised. Atticus admires the beauty of their surroundings; Cicero remarks that here he is apt to reflect, to read, to write; it has a special charm for him as having cradled him in his infancy: *Quia hæc est mea et hujus fratris mei germana patria, hinc enim orti stirpe, antiquissima hic sacra, hic gens, hic majorum multa vestigia*. His grandfather, so he relates to them, possessed this villa. His father, an invalid, added to it, and grew old in it, pursuing his studies ever. Cicero declares that, when he sees his birthplace, the same feeling steals over him that hoary Ulysses experienced when he said he would rather behold Ithaca once more than be assured of immortality. Then he tells them that Arpinum is his home, as *civitas*—he is of the *ager* of Arpinum. Atticus proceeds to describe the beautiful island embraced by the Fibreno. He describes how it refreshes the waters of the Liris by its coldness. So cold is it, indeed, that it is scarcely possible to dip your foot into it. As they sit there discoursing of law, we prefer those three men in togas, with their Roman urbanity, their fine culture, to a company

of monks in their cowls, even if one of them was Gregory, seated beside some saint of the eleventh century, in the days of Rome's deepest degradation. How curiously Cicero, Quintus, and Atticus would have gazed at those men of a later century!

And now graceful poplars stand around the spot which cradled Cicero, by the Fibreno. Ay! an enviable birthplace truly! But how to describe it? Of what avail are words if you have never beheld the place?—if you have never had a glimpse of that land of the nymphs—of perpetual spring! Around, what a panorama of mountains—some brown, others of hyacinthine hue—losing themselves in the far distance! Cicero was a child of the Lowlands. His great intellect absorbed to itself all the learning of his day as a great river takes to its bosom the smaller brooks as it flows on to the sea. Marius was a son of the mountains, born up amongst those Cyclopean walls. To the study of him we must soon betake ourselves.

I have seldom seen so restless and noisy a region as that in which Cicero had his home. At every step you come upon a spring, a rushing brook or a canal—some blue, some green, others of a milky hue. Add to this the clattering of the mill-wheels, the voices of the operatives, the rattle of our *char-à-banc* as it flies madly over

the ground as if trying to escape from the avenging powers of Industry. We passed many a country house and garden, before we quitted the valley by a good road, from which we saw new aspects of the Roman Campagna at every turn, as well as the charming plains near Pontecorvo.

For four of the seven miles dividing Sora from Arpino, we ascended into a mountain land rich in olives, the Liris flowing deep down below us, houses and cultivated lands becoming more rare as we climbed higher. At one o'clock a series of zigzags brought us to our destination.

Arpino—the birthplace of Cicero and of Marius—has now about 17,000 inhabitants. Its streets are narrow, its squares small, but it does not want for palatial houses. Yet everything seems to have died out here centuries ago. The towns in Romagna possess, at least, churches, which give them a certain distinction. Arpino has none. Its cathedral was once a temple dedicated to the nine Muses; now nine choirs have taken possession of it—all these, and such a massive body of sacred music, does it need to silence the sweet persuasive voices of the heavenly Olympian maidens.

Like most of the old Volscian towns, Arpino is cleft in two. On the crest of the mountain stands its ancient Citadel, the more recent

town lying at its feet and stretching up towards it. Cyclopean walls surround this Citadel, proving that the modern Arpino occupies the old site. Not only do these Cyclopean walls prove it, but so does the ancient gate of the town, from which a zigzag path over steep bare rocks leads to the bold summit of the hill, which is clothed with olives.

There on the crest of the mountain was the earliest structure, the Cyclopean *arx*, to be replaced in the Middle Ages by a Lombard castle. Of this castle, one ivy-mantled tower remains, in close proximity to the mighty walls encircling the Citadel. These walls rise to such an impressive height that one beholds them with amazement. They form a quadrangle, and are entered by an ancient gateway of strange construction. These Cyclopean portals are usually closed at the top in either an acute or an obtuse angle. Thus they are at Segni, Alatri, and Norba ; but this opening springs up into an almost Gothic arch, its keystones leaning towards each other in a graceful curve. The sides are formed of triple blocks placed close together, six on each side. This portal is seven paces wide, eight paces deep, and about fifteen feet high. It is formed of limestone and blocks of tufa of a porous nature,

The walls, like those at Segni, slope gently downwards; every here and there a four-sided Etruscan tower rises above them, while mediæval watch-towers have been added at a later period. They are all draped with ivy, oleanders and other flowering plants growing in their deep fissures. These weather-worn structures take one back to a primeval Italy, of which Miscella the historian says: "First Fauns conquered Italy. Then Saturn, fleeing from the face of his father Jupiter in the land of Greece, afterwards founded the town of Saturnia. Now, because this Saturn hid (*latuit*) in Italy, was that land of his hiding called Latium."

The Arpino folk believe that Saturn founded their city, but what Latian town was not founded by Saturn? They say he was buried there, and point to a colossal, ancient sepulchre hard by the *Porta del Arco*, which they call "The tomb of Saturn." A modern inscription on the Citadel runs thus: "*Arpinum a Saturno conditum Volsciorum civitatem Romanorum municipium Marci Tullii Ciceronis, eloquentia Principis, et Caii Marii septies Consulis patriam ingredi viator, hinc ad imperium triumphalis egressa urbi totum Orbem subjacit, ejus dignitatem agnoscas et sospes esto.*"

We may well forgive so ancient a town if it be proud of three such notable citizens as Saturn,

Cicero, and Marius. The arms of the town are two towers, over which hovers the eagle—either of Jupiter, or of the Roman Legions.

We can grant cheerfully that ancient Saturn may lie entombed here, but when a herdsman's hut is shown us as *La Casa del famoso Cicerone* ("the birthplace of the famous Cicero"), our credulity is taxed overmuch. I was conducted up to the *arx*, and there amongst a small collection of huts I was shown the one which does duty as Cicero's villa.

I sat down on that great wall, commanding, far and wide, the Latian landscape, spreading out vast and grand as seen from such a height. The great mountain over Sora looked like an Egyptian pyramid and cast its dark shadow over the town at its feet. Yonder is La Posta, whence the Fibreno takes its source; then Sette Frati—the seven brethren—dedicated to the sons of Felicitas. There the strange monk Alberich had that vision which preceded, and may even have suggested, Dante's. Many other towns and castles glimmered out of the blue mists of distance on the sides of the mountains which surround the lovely vale of the Liris, and stretch far away beyond it. Veroli, Monte San Giovanni, Frosinone, Ferentino—all stood out bravely. On one side towered up the obelisk

which bears aloft the Citadel of Arce — on another, the solitary tower of Monte Negro — all of Saturnian origin. I gazed upon them, from that lofty Cyclopean wall, draped with ivy, which had withstood the wear and tear of countless centuries.

Over these walls the young Marius once climbed, testing his strength, mayhap, while the peoples of Calabria, of the Liris, of the Adriatic shores, were rising up to claim their rights as citizens. From this spot he may have looked longingly to Rome, that mighty city to which tended all the stronger personalities of the provinces, in the hope of achieving fortune within her sheltering walls. Surely this old Arpino — built by the hands of giants — was a fitting cradle for Marius: a cradle for a giant whose rough and reckless nature was built on the Cyclopean model — in contrast to the fine aristocratic Sulla, he who would compass his selfish ends by doublings like those of the fox. The whole air of Arpino is permeated by those two personalities, Marius and Cicero. Here, I was placed in an historical centre, which I had sought as eagerly for as for the head water of some great river, rising in its rocky bed to carry life and progress through all the countries of this earth, and down through future ages likewise.

Cicero's learning was a spring from whence all the ancient literature of the Middle Ages took its source. Even now our literature is created by Cicero—a glory, undying and eternal, of which all the vanity and weakness of our poor personal pride cannot rob him. And Caius Marius was an artery through which flowed the blood which fed and founded the Roman Empire. Think of the impetus given by this one man to Rome—to the whole world! Without him there would have been no Empire, no Augustus, no Tiberius, no Caligula. The whole race of despots—or heroes—the idea of the proscription of humanity—sprang from the bloody track left behind him by this Marius. Arpino may therefore well be called the Dragon's Lair in the history of the Roman Emperors.

The African Jugurtha, his fearful fate in the dungeons of the Capitol; the Cimri; the Teutons, precursors of the fall of Rome, brought about, at last, by the Germans; the dreadful citizen war; the Asiatic figure of Mithridates; Marius hidden in the marshes of Minthuria; Marius a fugitive in the ruins of Carthage; Marius a victor, borne in triumph through Rome; Marius slaughtering the proscribed, an old man of seventy-two; then, strangest of all, Marius dying quietly, peacefully—all this passes before my mind's eye, and accords strangely with the landscape around me.

Then appears Cicero, a youth when his compatriot is old, bringing the fall of the Republic to man's comprehension, that fall for which the citizen war under Marius had paved the way. Around Cicero gathered the learned, the eloquent, the statesmen—efflorescence of the last days of the dying Republic. He gives to names and figures such as those of Pompey, Cæsar, Anthony, Octavius, Brutus, Cassius, Cato, Atticus, Agrippa, living reality. Then the head of Cicero placed above the rostrum from which he had addressed the people so frequently and copiously!

I leave the reader to carry out for himself these historical reflections, which cast some rays of light on the surrounding landscape; they are such as would occur to him if he looked down from the Citadel of Arpino. Lofty heights command the best views; from this place all history herself seems spread out beneath me. I cannot quit the spot without trying to give a short summary of the character of Marius as it was left to us by Valerius Maximus.

“From this Marius, an Arpinian of low birth, a humble resident in Rome, a candidate for power, well-nigh abhorred, was evolved that Marius who was to subjugate Africa, to drive King Jugurtha before his chariot wheels, to annihilate the armies of the Cimbrian and the Teuton. His triumph—twice repeated—was beheld by

all the men of Rome; his seven Consulships were recorded in her Fasti. After being himself exiled and proscribed, he became a proscriber. What other life could afford such vivid contrasts? Yes! this was indeed a man who, if amongst the miserable, would be, of all men, the most miserable; if to be counted fortunate, must have attained to the highest pitch of fortune of any man."

This rude Marius, and the cunning Sulla, with his pale flabby face, enervated, worn out, slipping out of all his obligations, or dominating them, despising every one, confounding every one, yet keeping company with the jade Fortune always, may well be set up as the types, in history, of Rome herself.

However to-day no one in the old market-place of Arpino heeds those antique persons. It is the 4th of October, the joint birthday of King Francis II. of Naples and his Queen. Their portraits are displayed in the gaudy, over-decorated Loggia of the Town Hall, which resembles the Coulisse of a theatre. There hangs the likeness of a Bavarian princess, the descendant of those very Cimbrians and Teutons driven out of Rome by Marius long centuries ago!

But here in recesses of the façade of a large building is an inscription. The fortunate Arpinians claim Agrippa also as a son of their soil — "*Arpinium a Saturno coditum Romanorum*

Municipum, M. Tullii Ciceronis, C. Marii, M. Vipsanii, Agrippæ Alma Patria." This building, called the *Collegium Tullianum*, is a Jesuit College—the world has changed somewhat since the days of Cicero! Out of all the open windows of this edifice were leaning Jesuits in their black gowns. They are the all-powerful and favoured nursing fathers of the Bourbon dynasty here, so might well gaze out on the Festa. In the piazza, a band, with harlequin masks over the men's faces, was playing. The inhabitants were shouting "*Evviva il Re!*" Then the band trooped off to escort around the Judiciary (or Giudice) the chief man of the municipality of Arpino. And lo! when he appeared, following it, he was not arrayed in a purple toga, rich with gold embroidery, as might have been conjectured, but was only a neat man in a black frock-coat, and black kid gloves. Next came the Sindaco and the Primo Eletto, also in frock-coats and black kid gloves, pacing forth bravely in couples. Once more every one shouted, "*Evviva il Re!*" and then they all vanished into the church.

In the evening there was music—more correctly speaking, the noise of a band—in the piazza. It was called a *concerto*. Rockets were sent up, and there was the burning of Papal Bulls which always accompanies such Festas.

Here I must not neglect to name a compara-

tively modern celebrity, the painter Giuseppi Cesare, who is known as the Cavaliere d'Arpino. Like Marius and Cicero, he also left his native hills to seek his fortune in Rome, where he decorated many buildings, amongst them the Palazzo dei Conservatori, whose walls he adorned with frescoes of the history of Rome. These frescoes belong to the best period of modern Italian art, the end of the sixteenth century. The cathedral at Arpino treasures a picture of a Madonna as coming from his brush.

I quitted Arpino to drive in a *char-à-banc* to Monte Cassino. The high-road descends through a district rich in olives. Following the course of the Liris, the Roman boundary is close at hand. The green waters of the river gleam out from beneath the poplars now and then, and San Giovanni may be seen perched high above its banks. The great mountain region to the left is almost destitute of inhabitants save where some mediæval tower stands forth, such as Monte Negro, or the Santo Padre, on its precipitous rock. We traversed a low wooded hill which divides the streams of the Melfa and the Liris, and passed beneath many a hill town, such as Fontana and Arce, but without entering them. Looking up, I saw the Citadel of Arce; that very strange place is set on a dizzy precipice and resembles Aornos. It used to be considered the

one inaccessible fortress of the Middle Ages, yet Charles of Anjou's Provençal soldiers scaled its heights and subdued it just as expertly as the Zouaves might do so to-day. Its fall struck terror into all the Ghibelline towns in the kingdom. It was the evil omen presaging the death of Manfred.

The ancient *arx* of the Volscians rises up on the crest of a grey, rent and torn mountain which seems to pierce the clouds. The remnants of this old fortress are surrounded by Cyclopean walls—the modern town lies below it. All these towns are alike in this respect: on the summit the giant Citadel, below it the town. The inhabitants were wont to fly to those strongholds at the approach of the invading Hun or Saracen. As we journeyed by the banks of the Liris, and especially when the smiling levels of Aquino came in sight, those frightful days when the Saracens established themselves here came vividly before me. For thirty long years they dominated these lower districts of the Liris (or Garigliano). From that robber hold of theirs at Minturna they streamed forth into the Campagna, driving all before them, and subduing the inhabitants to their rule as far north as Tuscany and the Sabina. They reduced all its noblest monasteries to ashes—Monte Cassino, San Vicente on the Volturnus, Subiaco, Farfa. They destroyed their libraries, their archives—an

irreparable loss to the civilised world. At last Pope Giovanni X., a strong prelate, aided by the Italian-Byzantine League, vanquished them in the August of 910, and thus he became the saviour of his Italy.

Below Arce there is a custom-house, where my passport was demanded, but luckily my baggage was not examined. With connivance of the driver, a fine cheery young fellow from Arpino, I had concealed a precious book and also my travelling diary in the carriage. When we were safely past the frontier we drew it out laughingly, and I locked it up in my bag. We met soldiers everywhere, and they were in keeping with the old battlefields we passed by. Having seen those, I felt a still greater impulse to go back upon the history of this beautiful region. It is the theatre on which was enacted the history of Southern Italy. In the earlier Middle Ages three groups of towns had parcelled out this country amongst them—Benevento, Saturno, and Capua belonged to the Lombards—Calabria belonged to Byzantium—Naples, Amalfi, Gaeta, and Sorrento to the Maritime Republics. Later on they all fell to the Normans. So many hostile powers were striving for the possession of Italy that her history became chaotic. The Lombards, the Greeks, the Emperor of Germany, the Popes, the Republicans, the Saracens, all these were

fighting for supremacy in that fair land. Dante's *Inferno* presents but a feeble picture of the reality, and of the crimes and passions pervading both courts and governments in those centuries when terror reigned supreme. History became labyrinthine, records were lost, and yet at Monte Cassino many treasures—diplomas—remain which were saved in those dark days, that of Gaeta more especially. Excellent as is the history by Giannone as regards judiciary and municipal matters, it is by no means exhaustive. It is far below our modern requirements in matters of research.

There is a bridge across the Melfa, which retains its ancient name, but now, in October, it is reduced to a trickling rill, stealing through its broad, flinty bed. Beside this bridge soldiers were encamped round a haystack, their lances, with little red pennons, piled up against it. It would have been a good subject for a Dutch artist. As we sped on along that most beautiful of all roads leading to Capua, the verdant meadows round about Aquino and Porto Corvo came into sight. To the left, quite close to us, rose the Apennines and the lofty Cimarone, their flanks gleaming with white towns—Castello, Rocca Secca, Pallagnolo, Piedimonte—while beyond rose the great mountain Cairo, the goal of our present excursion, with Monte Cassino, the Athens of the

Dark Ages, rising up, a palatial edifice crowned with cupola and dome, beyond it. And there it was that Paulus Diaconus wrote his "History of the Lombards." To the right, the blue peaks of the Volscian range rose up, showing just the same aspect as from Segni, many towns on their acclivities coming into view—San Giovanni in Carico, and Pontecorvo—that little Papal possession which Bernadotti once held—more distant Olivo, and others. The Liris bathes the feet of these mountains, flowing on in links and convolutions, as if reluctant to leave the rich meadows he fertilises. From both sides rushing mountain streams come leaping down to fling themselves into his shining waters. Most enchanting to the eye is his tortuous course.

How those Saracens must have battered on his banks! No Quadalquiver, or Sebetius, could afford them pleasanter quarters. This Paradise has been the prey of many successful conquerors—Alaric's and Ataulf's Ostrogoths—the valiant Goths under Totela and Tiji—the Isaurians, the Huns, the Sarmathians—the Greeks—the terrible hordes of Lothaire and Bucelin—the cultured Lombards, who filled all the land and colonised it, making it flourish—the Arabs—the Hungarians—the Normans—the French—the Spaniards—the Germans—all these nations had regarded these

meadows with hostile eyes on their bloody marches through the "happy Campania," the key of the Neapolitan kingdom.

On the mountains above San Germano are Rocca d'Evandro—San Pietro in Fine—St. Elia—above them again is the territory of Aquilone. The greater portion of the lands and diocese of Monte Cassino lies in these beautiful plains, to many a town within their bounds the Monastery owes its maintenance. This "ultimate" Latium has none of the solemnity and sadness of the Roman Campagna. It is more southern, warmer in colour, softer, better farmed. It lies all together, and is not intersected by so many hills.

Just as we left Fiera for San Germano we met numbers of country folk. The costume resembles that of the valley of the Sacco—some, indeed, were Ciociari, from Sandal-land—but instead of the high *busto* these women wore a soft bodice with straps over the shoulders, and two skirts, the upper one draped across like an apron; this has a very beautiful effect.

Now I will ask the reader to leave the road to Capua, and turning to the left to accompany me to Aquino, which is in the plain. It was pleasant to come upon the newly laid railway, which, however, ends here. It is a great pity

that its opening should be delayed; while giving all honour to the Neapolitans for carrying this important line thus far, one must be sorry that the Romans have not advanced to meet it yet. The Campagna line is only opened as far as Albano (1859). A path through fields brought us to Aquino in a quarter of an hour. Once the great Roman city of Aquinum, one long narrow Borgo is all it now possesses, only one church tower rises above its houses. Its position beside a mountain stream and in the middle of a plain is in no way remarkable, but the verdure of its trees and gardens lends an idyllic beauty to it, while the horizon all round is unequalled. The ruins of the ancient city are close by—gates—walls—remains of temples to Diana and to Ceres—none of them calling for much notice. Near the river are the ruins of a church of excellent design, a basilica with three aisles; over its portal is a mosaic of the Madonna, still in good preservation. So do the remains of two epochs approach each other. Aquino has had much to be proud of, in both her Roman and her mediæval period.

Her glory can scarcely be said to be enhanced by the fact that an Emperor was born there. Pescenius Niger, like Marius, was of humble origin. This capable man rose to the rank of

Dictator in Syria, and when Pertinax was murdered he seized the Imperial purple. His reign was short. He was slain by the African Septimus Severus, who caused him to be beheaded. From two of her other sons Aquino gained more glory, two men characteristic of their different epochs, and in the same juxtaposition to each other as are the ruined Roman Temples and the Christian Basilica of Santa Maria Libera. Could there be a greater contrast than that which these two men—Juvenal and St. Thomas Aquinas—present? Juvenal, the great satirist of the heathenism and depravity of the Romans, and St. Thomas, called the “Angelical Doctor,” the famous exponent of theology, of scholastic belief? Aquinas exemplifies the trenchant antithesis between the Christian Atonement and the pagan corruption of Rome, described by Juvenal when he leads us into the centre of the city as established by Marius, the man who placed the Julian dynasty firmly on the throne of Rome.

Rome steeped in blood—a moral swamp—one great lie—plague-stricken both morally and physically. Every one venal, the nobles, and the citizens, alike, crowding round the table of the despot either to riot or to starve—as it might turn out. All thought, literature, the very tribune itself gagged—nothing but flattery

free. The slavish spirit, the inordinate love of pleasure, and all men prostituting their natures to it. Amongst that terrorised groveling mass of sensuality a few stoical spirits strove to express the disgust they felt for it all—as soon as a milder despotism permitted them to do so—by means of satirical and historical writings.

Juvenal was born at Aquino. His origin is obscure, as is that of most of the ancient poets, and this fact those worthies have no reason to deplore. Each of their personalities is legendary. No indiscreet descendant, friend, or relative edited their letters, no journalist described their looks with such precision that not a birthmark could escape. No one accompanied their every step from childhood up, cataloguing each weakness, each fault, each debt—inexorable as Shylock. The lives of Horace, and of Ovid, as they are known to the world, can be recorded in two pages. Of Eusebius, of Euripides, only very doubtful descriptions of their deaths exist. Terence, the exquisite, vanished somewhere in Hellas, in a Stygian morass.

It is by his own verses that we know of Juvenal's birthplace. Was he banished to Egypt? or perhaps to Scotland? Where did he die? The gods alone can tell. His long life lasted through the reigns of many Cæsars—

Claudius, Nero, Calba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Nerva, Trajan, and Hadrian. His wit was darkened—or illumined?—by all these Cæsars successively. He saw in them contrasts—a line of destructive demons with the rare exception of a few who reigned to benefit the world from the world's throne—it was really the most wretched period in the history of the Roman race, however unveraciously it may have been called the “fortunate epoch.”

We can scarcely realise what a man of humane feelings and sympathies must have experienced when beholding, in the flesh, the scarred visage of Nero, or the mild countenance of Titus. If that succession of Emperors had been reversed, if Juvenal had lived under Titus first of all, we should probably not possess his Satires, for his youthful impressions generally influence a man's later writings. Yet Rome was much the same socially under Titus, that it was under Nero. Unhappy Juvenal, condemned to be the poet of his day and times! His utterances, his position in that oppressive Roman atmosphere, his life, like that of Tacitus, embittered by painful experiences. Both those men have left some statues which had better been cast in mud and filth than in marble.

Who is there who can read Juvenal's Satires on the men and women of his day without his

gorge rising? Who is there who does not deplore that so richly endowed a mind should have had to resort to the very slums and pits of iniquity for his inspiration? *Facit indignatio versum qualemcumque potest.*

With some justice, Juvenal has been compared to his nobler and greater contemporary, Tacitus. But a historian is in some degree exempt from the need to acknowledge the tragic doom which must in the end befall all despotisms. The satirist is bound to depict, with whatever abhorrence he may do it, the lewdness of the men and women he scourges. Yet how immeasurably above the novelists and dramatists of our present times was Juvenal! While things more prurient and feeble than Petronius depict sin with a sickly sentimentality—or show the venal judge as an angelic personage—Juvenal's spirit is always lofty. We Germans may venture to congratulate ourselves on the absence of a Juvenal, or a Sue, or a Dumas from our own literature, while we lay a fresh wreath on the brow of our high-hearted poet, our Schiller, who sings to us of freedom and of a human ideal.

Both Juvenal and Tacitus sighed for the lost republican freedom of Rome. Both dreaded the days that were to come, for an abyss seemed yawning and threatening to engulf the

future. The danger seemed more immediate to the poet than to the historian.

To both, that Jewish sect, the despised and misrepresented sect of Christianity, appeared occult—immature, though they were not unaware of its ideals.

Those Germans whose heroic simplicity, whose vigorous natures excited the admiration of their historian, Tacitus, were to shatter the despotism, and cleanse the falsity of Rome.

Christianity—we are standing now amongst the ruins at Aquino—comes forth to meet us in the form of a celebrated saint—the angelical doctor—from the church of Santa Maria Libera. Tall of stature he looked in his Dominican cowl, a roll of books under his arm, thin, slightly stooping, with a large powerful head and a dark brown face, “wrinkled, but the flesh still soft” —*Molti carne quæ acumen ingenii et excellentiam indicarit.*

A thousand years and more had gone by since Tacitus and Juvenal had lived, when—not in Aquino, but above it, in the picturesque Castle of Roma Sena—Thomas was born in 1224.¹

This castle was built on the mountain of Asprano, by the Abbot Manso of Monte Cassino,

¹ Mr. Hare, in his “Days near Rome,” disposes of this idea, and states, as a fact now established, that St. Thomas was born at Aquino. (*Translator’s note.*)

in the tenth century. It belonged in the thirteenth century to the Lombard Count of Aquino, of the ancient family of Landolfo. His father was Count Landolfo, his mother Teodora Caracciolo; his uncle was Landolfo, Abbot of Monte Cassino. When the boy was a few years old his parents took him to the great Benedictine Monastery, vainly thinking he might live to be its Abbot in time. It has been the custom of the followers of St. Benedict to receive children of tender years into their monasteries, and it remains so still. Dom Luigi Fosti, of our own day, the celebrated author of the History of Italy, and Dom Sebastian Kalefati, the learned librarian of Monte Cassino, both of them worthy men whose names are known and respected by many German students, were each admitted to the Monastery of Monte Cassino at the age of eight.

For seven years Thomas remained there. He then went on to Naples, where he studied theology, and became a Dominican. He studied in Paris. He visited Cologne to learn wisdom from that wonderful man Albertus Magnus. He became a professor at Naples, and finally, he died at the Cistercian Monastery of Fossanova, near Paperno, only distant a few miles from his birthplace. This, then, was the great personality of the Middle Ages, who introduced the study

of philosophic theology, or rather, we may say, who raised theology to a philosophic system.

The word "scholastic" is too apt now to suggest, quite inaccurately, a labyrinth constructed during successive centuries by persons of disconnected, dull, and limited understandings. Who, in these days, ventures to dip into the "Summa" of Thomas Aquinas? Who will trust himself in that dark and ghostly forest where dwells the Aristotelian-Christian Minotaur? We now regard his colossal Gothic philosophy as an antique system exciting our wonder. Its hair-splitting distinctions, its moral speculations and researches, its problems, so remote from all modern aims, no longer occupy a generation become more materialistic and practical, freer and more simple in its modes of thought. But let us not forget that his was the fundamental system for the study of metaphysics. Let us also confess that we are just as helpless now, when having to confront the highest questions which the mind of man can evolve from this nineteenth century, as was the Scholastic of the Middle Ages, or as was the first man Adam in Paradise.

We departed from Aquino, then, glad to have been able to behold it. Returning to the main road to Capua, a short hour brought us to the foot of Monte Cairo, which we skirted, for was not Monte Cassino awaiting us? Were not the

Roman amphitheatre, the friendly San Germano, the famous fortress of Janula, before us? But these present sheets are already too numerous, so this much must now suffice.

When I consider all that this short excursion has opened up to me, I may well feel astonished by the richness of this district, this Land of Italy. No other Land on the face of the earth is so permeated—so inspired—with the spirit of the past. Nature and history have both emptied their treasures over her—each epoch has left its developments visible on her soil. She is, indeed, the mother of all the Western lands, a Pandora in her gifts, which have been both good and evil. If Italy should ever arise from her ashes and take her place amongst those European nations which she has educated—partially, at all events—nations which have by turns conquered, plundered, and received their chief pleasures from her—she will only be enjoying what is due to her. Yes! this is a noble land, well deserving the love of the whole human race. Even in the midst of the chaos now existing—the dreadful mingling of truth and falsehood which prevails—we Germans cannot but give her our warmest sympathy, our best hope that she may attain to Liberty—and this is the land which we, too, have ourselves so often oppressed!

FROM THE VOLSCIAN MOUNTAINS

1860



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I HAD long desired to ride across those Volscian hills which lay so invitingly before my eyes as I looked over to them from Genazzano, where I had once spent a peaceful summer. Later, too, I had designed to descend upon the Maritima. In accordance with these schemes I mounted my steed one fine morning, and set forth upon what proved to be a most delightful excursion.

After for three hours crossing grassy levels, broken by occasional knolls, we reached the first slopes of the mountains. The Campagna of the river Sacco much resembles the district surrounding Rome. Brown, weather-worn towers, the last relics now visible of the Feudal Ages, also start up from the plains here—sad, solitary, but lending a charm to the landscape, by recalling those wild Middle Ages when the Barons lorded it over Latium. The great family of the Conti then shared, with that of Colonna, much of this Volscian land. The Conti had seized the districts lying closest to the

mountains. The three great branches of their House took their titles respectively from the towns of Segni, Valmontone, and Anagni. Above all, however, they were Lords of the Campagna, quartering its eagle with their family arms. Three hundred years ago the Conti became extinct. They had given many Popes to Rome. Prince Colonna still exists, and possesses estates in Latium, although younger races, enriched by Papal "uncles," have annexed, either by purchase or by family arrangement, many of his ancient fiefs. Such are the families of Doria and Barberini. If you ask the herdsman, pasturing his sheep on Latian meadows, "To whom does the land belong?" he is sure to reply either "Colonna" or "Borghese," and this, too, will the custodian of each gloomy old castle in that district say, if you stop, riding by, to inquire "Who is its lord?"

In the Maritima, however, we find ourselves in the territory of another great noble, for there the Caetani — Dukes of Sermoneta — are lords of the soil. I crossed the Sacco at Mola de' Riscuri, a most picturesque mill niched into the crumbling remains of an old Colonna fortress; we found it also called "Turris de' Piscoli." The Sacco here foams and frets round a black tufa rock; on this rock lie strewn the ruins of a

castle which once dominated the Via Latina. Half-an-hour's distance from it, that ancient road passes Valmontone. I rode on by a pathway over bare fields, only enlivened by the shepherd and his sheep. These herdsmen wear goatskins bound round their legs with the hairy side out, which gives them a strange resemblance to satyrs. It is easy to see how the myth arose which gave goats' legs to the followers of the god Pan, for doubtless in the legendary ages these men went about clothed just as they appear now.

A short ride brought me to Valmontone, which lies invitingly above the old Roman Way. The castle, the Barberini Palace, and the church—striking buildings in the rococo style of the eighteenth century—are placed together on a low, but abrupt, tufa rock; the town is gathered closely round about them, and encircled by orchards, vineyards, and rich meadows. The topographers of to-day say that it occupies the site of the ancient Toleria. The newer name appears first in an edict of the thirteenth century, which concerns a provincial town belonging to the Lateran Church in Rome. This boundlessly rich Basilica sold the town in 1208 to Pope Innocent III., a Conti, or to his brother Ricardo, Count of Sora, who then

became the feudal head and founder of the Valmontone and Segni branches of the family of Conti. They continued in possession of it until the race became extinct in 1575. Giovanni Baptisto left one daughter and heiress, named Fulvia, by whom the name was merged in that of her husband's family, the Sforzas. In 1634 the Sforzas sold Valmontone to the Barberini, from whom it was purchased in 1651 by Cardinal Francesco Camillo Pamphili, nephew of Innocent III. Since that date it has remained in the possession of the Pamphili-Doria family. Camillo, one of the wealthiest princes of the seventeenth century (his mother, Olympia Maldacchini, gathered in money like a very harpy), built the palace and church. If we did not know their date, one glance at these buildings would suffice to betray it. They are of the Bernini period, as it is displayed in Rome. They resemble rather the Pamphili Palace, and the Church of St. Agnese in the Novana, than products of the Campagna. This family expended much money on princely and luxurious edifices. The nephew of Pope Innocent III. built one of the most gorgeous palaces in Rome, that which is now called the Doria Palace. Its picture gallery is richer in good works of art than any other in the City of Rome.

Innocent himself built the great Pamphili Palace and the church in the Novana, giving the commission for them to Bernini, as well as one for the erection of the fountain in the Novana, one of the noblest in Rome.

And in this manner did the Conti family add some conspicuous features to the physiognomy of the Eternal City. The Borghese and the Barberini followed in their footsteps. However we may criticise the style of the eighteenth century, with its overloaded ornamentation and superabundant details, this much must be conceded to it, that it mirrored faithfully the spirit of its age; it possesses much that is noble, and it expresses the epoch when luxury had reached its height truthfully and fearlessly. The spacious rooms, the superabundance of comfort and convenience, of elegance, and of all that wealth can give; the splendour in which the useless baron, rustling in silk and velvet, spent his life—his vassals sweating to afford him his luxuries—all this we see expressed in the architecture and decoration of the eighteenth century. On the head of this pampered being fell the terrors of the French Revolution—he was annihilated, and for ever, by fire and sword. During that century the Popes ceased to build. Since the reign of Pius VI. nepotism

has ceased to exist; the magnificent palace given to his nephew Braschi, which stands on the Novana near the Pamphili, was the last luxurious building created at the expense of an oppressed peasantry to gratify the pride of the Papal offspring. We shall see no more palaces built now, by either the Barberini, the Borghese, the Dorias, the Abani, the Odalesci, the Rospigliosi, or the Corsini. Quite another order of buildings is coming into vogue. In place of the splendidly adorned villa or palace built for the families of Popes and Cardinals, we shall have in future railway stations, hotels, theatres, casinos, and the modern barrack.

Nothing worth noting now remains in Valmontone—not a monument of the Middle Ages survives. The town was destroyed by the army of Charles V. in 1527, after that army had plundered Rome, and no sooner was it rebuilt than it again suffered the same fate at the hands of the Duke of Alva's soldiery and Marcantonio Colonna. The only remarkable view from it is that of the Volscian Mountains from the piazza where the palace stands, and of the town of Monte Fortino, lying dark and grim on a hillside, and overcrowned by the huge baronial castle which rises above it.

Small and remote as Valmontone may be, it

is enlivened by the concourse of many travellers. Every one visiting Rome from the South passes through it, and endless trains of carts and waggons, drawn by slow white oxen, stream through it as they proceed to Rome to find a market for their corn and oil and wool. Three times a week a post carriage comes through, but it only goes as far as Frosinone; so to get to Ceprano, or any Neapolitan town, a private carriage must be hired.

The Via Latina traverses an umbrageous valley, then, by quiet meadows and old towns, it reaches the mountains. Having crossed the Sacco, we began to ascend, continuing to do so till Segni was reached. As we rode over the foothills of the Volscian range we saw Tortino to the right, Gavignano on a pleasant eminence to the left. The road is a little monotonous, climbing always higher into the mountains; as we wound up, the classic plains of Latium spread out more and more beautifully at our feet, sad and grand, each hill crowned with its castle, and all shut in by the blue Apennines. Far in the distance the white cones of still higher ranges shone in the sunshine, and Naples lay beyond them.

I have traversed most of the classic meads of Italy; I have strayed through the fields near

Agrigentum and Syracuse; but, fair as these are, they failed to impress me as does the Campagna of Rome. This familiar region—I know it as well as I know my own home; I have been making researches in it for my History of Rome in the Middle Ages for a long time past—this Campagna remains ever new, ever impressive to me. It awakens always the old yearning affection; I never look down from Monte Mario, on that vale trending away towards Palestrina and Colonna in the Latian Campagna, without longing as ardently as at first to return to them. It is probably its historical interest which enhances the charm of that landscape, yet its noble features alone must enchant all who love Nature in her grander moods.

Some districts look quite mythical—the forest of Castel Fusano, near Ostia, for instance, with its lofty pine-trees standing by the sea-shore, the Tiber flowing out from them into the Mediterranean. It must be peopled by fanciful, unreal beings. Some meadows are lyrical; others epic, Homeric—such are Astura and the Cape of Circe. The Campagna alone is in the grand historical vein—it has the sublime repose of tragedy, as it lies there, a great dramatic stage—the stage of

the world's theatre. No verse of poetry, no artist's pencil or brush—many as are the attempts made to paint it—can reproduce the heroic beauty of Latium, or suggest it in the least degree to him who may not have beheld it for himself. Romance has nothing to say to it, it has no fanciful charm, it is large, silent, masculine, serious. The face of nature there is, to him who reads it aright, like the Juno of Polycletes.

To mount up and up into this radiant mountain land, you should borrow the wings of yonder eagle—the real Conti of the Campagna—as he soars and circles in the sunny, beneficent air. That kingly creature, living on the rocks or floating majestically above them, looks like the possessor of the whole earth, as he hovers motionless in the still air with that vast landscape beneath him.

The road winds through a deep gorge in zigzags up the steep red rocks on which Segni is set, so that you do not see the town till you reach it. These splintered, piled-up rocks are so closely set together that they form a natural wall with mimic towers rising from it. As I gazed at this geological formation, which is common to all the mountains of Latium, it suddenly occurred to me that this was what

had set the men of old to rearing up Cyclopean walls. Nature herself has built them, and why should we not imitate her handiwork? Hence the work of the Cyclops!

The sun blazed hot at midday when I found myself before the gates of Segni. This ancient city stands high, and giant walls, broken in places, still encircle it. Its grey limestone houses, in successive terraces, as at Palestrina, ascending the crest of the hill, with an unsightly tower at intervals, may be curious, but are not specially attractive. No cathedral or fortress breaks the uniformity of its rows of low houses. I had fondly imagined I should find it an ancient place, filled with old monuments, but I was disillusioned. The towns in Latium proper bear the stamp of the Middle Ages, but this old *Signia* looks desolate, sad, with no historical interest—simply *ennuyant*—yes, that is the word for it. Yet the verdure of the groves near it, a glimpse into a dark, shadowy beech-wood close to it, with the mountains behind it, were some compensation for the disappointment I had to face.

The Volscian towns, so far as I have seen them, have an entirely different character from the Latian ones. They are simply mountain villages, with no industries, of little agricultural

value, and less commercial enterprise. Their fields produce oil, and wine, and fruits—cherries on the heights, peaches, chestnuts, and above all, acorns for the swine. The Volscians only rear black pigs; the hams of the district are much sought after. If we except Cori, which is not so far from Rome, the Volscian towns have all a forlorn, poverty-stricken, and deserted aspect.

The houses are built of alternate courses of black tufa and white limestone, and however childish they appeared to Pisan architects, this would have rather a cheerful effect. I had often come upon the expression *Signino opere* in old title-deeds, and now I found out what it meant. I found Segni grey and monotonous; not a garden, not a tree, breaks its uniformity; its limestone is dull in its hue.

I rode in by the Porta Maggore, hoping to find an inn. This is the only gate to enter by; here alone is it accessible, precipitous cliffs guarding it everywhere else. The gate rests against the Cyclopean wall, and above it is a huge edifice which once dominated the town, the Palace of the Conti, built in the so-called *Signino opere* manner. It resembles a convent more than a castle. There is no castellated work, not even a tower, to mark it as a feudal fortress. It had, doubt-

less, a far other form before the town was destroyed by Marcantonio.

The Conti, ancestors of Innocent III., Gregory IX., and Alexander IV., and their families were, as I have said, the lords of Segni. After the reassertion of the Roman independence in 1143, the Pontiffs were often obliged to fly from the hatred and persecution of the Roman people to their strongholds in the Campagna. They came by turns to Palestrina, Tusculum, Anagni, and Segni. Eugenius fled to Segni for the first time, from the wrath of the Roman senate, in 1145, when he built himself a residence there, and there Innocent III. was born in his father's palace. He and Alexander III. and Lucius III. all resided there at intervals.

Later, the family of Conti came into possession of Segni, after having ruled it as podestas, then as Vicars of the Holy See. When they became extinct, and Mario Sforza had inherited it, Sixtus V. raised the title which went with it to that of a duke. Notwithstanding its strong position, the soldiers of Alva destroyed it in 1557. No trace of any Gothic building now remains. The town was rebuilt, but the Sforzas were forced, owing to debts, to sell it; then Urban VIII. bought it and gave it in fief to his nephew, Cardinal Antonio Barberini. For half

a century a lawsuit dragged on between the houses of Barberini and Sforza ; this, at the end of the last century, was decided in favour of the Sforza-Cesarini family, who are still Dukes of Segni. This, in brief, is the mediæval history of the place. Its more ancient records are lost in the mists of tradition, and mount up to the times of Janus and of Saturn.

When I have got hold of the geography of these Campagna towns, I visit, as a rule, the cathedral, which is the historic museum of the place, and it is seldom that I fail to discover in it some relic of the Middle Ages—inscriptions recording important events, or monuments which have a charm for me, with their sculptured stones and Latin characters ; in fact they are historical documents. Time, the destroyer, alas ! obliterates much. It defaces the old work, and it perishes under bad, defacing renovations, such as rob these sacred places of their brasses and ancient tablets. How many have now disappeared from the Roman churches ! At one time every church in Rome had its mediæval tombs. Since the days of Julius II. the monuments of even the Popes have been removed from St. Peter's—destroyed, or cast away. When a church undergoes "restoration," its ancient monuments are rarely respected. It is with difficulty that ancient

history can be spelt out from the few surviving inscriptions to be found in these Roman churches.

I was building on this cathedral at Segni, for it has been a Bishop's See ever since the year 499, but a modern edifice confronted me, decorated, after the present Roman fashion, with an exuberant painted cupola which it dislocated one's neck to look up at. There are two modern statues in it, both of famous personages whom Segni delights to honour—Pope Vitalian and Bishop Bruno. The first, a native of Segni, was Pope from 657 till 672, when the Byzantines were lords in Rome. Then the Emperor Constantine II. came to the imperial city to rob it of the last remaining portions of the fine artistic gilt bronze roofing of the Pantheon, which had been spared by the Vandals, but were now stolen to adorn his church at Byzantium. Bruno, a native of Asti, in Piedmont, came to Rome, was received by Gregory VII., and consecrated Bishop of Segni by Urban II. In violation of the canonical law he abdicated, relinquished the See, and went to Monte Cassino, where Abbot Oderisius received him into his community as a Benedictine monk. In defiance of the commands of Pope Paschal to return to his pastoral charge, Bruno

remained at Monte Cassino, of which great Monastery he was elected Abbot, and there, in cloistered leisure, he wrote his mystical works. His statue, of mediocre artistic value, confronts that of St. Vitalian.

As a result of the strife concerning this investiture, Pope Paschal was taken prisoner by the Emperor Henry V. He then promulgated the decree that the Emperor possessed full authority and power of investiture to sacred offices. Paschal was then liberated, but, Henry having gone back to Germany, the Bishops and Cardinals urged Paschal to annul his former decree, and break his oath. Of those fanatics Bruno was among the most zealous. His vehemence enraged Paschal, who inhibited him from holding either the abbacy or the bishopric. He resigned his dignity at Monte Cassino, and, returning to his former charge, he died at Segni in 1123, and was canonised in 1189. An Englishman, Lord Ellis, Abbot of Monte Cassino and Bishop of Segni, raised this monument to his predecessor. This cathedral is curiously connected with England. In 1173 Thomas à Becket of Canterbury was canonised there, shortly after his murder, at a synod held by Pope Alexander III. An inscription in the church records this.

Lord Ellis restored the cathedral in 1708,

when Bishop of Segni. He also founded a seminary to which pupils crowded from far and wide to be taught their "humanities." Whether destined or not for the priesthood, they wear clerical gowns. This school stands on the highest ground in the town, close by the Church of San Pietro. On this remarkable site stood the Volscian Cyclopean Fortress in days of old.

On that eminence, dominating the whole of Latium, were seated the Citadel and temple of the ancient Signia, of which but few fragments now remain; a circular cistern is amongst these. This platform is a favourite resort of the townsfolk, who stroll about on what resembles a huge stone table supported by prehistoric walls, and set amongst grey rocks overgrown with moss and wild flowers. Nothing can be more original than this promenade, up in the clouds, and in such a grand and rocky region.

To-day was Sunday, and many smart ladies were parading up and down in their rustling silks, fanning themselves. Sheer down fell the rock into the Latian plains below, where in a glance you behold more provinces, cities, mountains than it is possible to enumerate, each rich in historical memories, classic associations, and poetic myths. The panorama reaches from Rome, dimly discernible on the horizon, to Cicero's

Arpino, shimmering on a purple mountain far away in the kingdom of Naples.

The air felt cool, almost sharp; wild roses, tall brown grasses, sprays of golden broom waved in the breeze to and fro. The spirit of a primeval world—a grand, awe-inspiring, prehistoric world—broods over the weather-worn Cyclopean masses which form these ancient walls.

I climbed up to examine them, far-famed as they are. As in all the other Latian towns, their long lines encircle the *arx* or Citadel set on these mountain precipices. Their gigantic blocks are as closely fitted into each other as if the architect who placed them there had been at work only yesterday. A low Etruscan gateway has here and there been broken out through their massive bulk. The original Cyclopean gate of the town is still in use. It is composed of huge blocks of dressed stone leaning towards each other at the top of the opening, with a great lintel stone covering them in. The colossal size of these walls, their surface worn by the storms of thousands of years, the wild growths which garland them, the immense strength of the rocks which they crown, the vast scale of all their surroundings, excite emotions which it is quite impossible to put into words.

From this gate, a steep path descends over the rocks at the farther side of the mountain, whence we lose sight of the Latian Campagna. Here I found a large cistern, hewn out of the rock, thirty feet at least in diameter. Tubs were set all round its wide lip, for it is here that the women of Segni wash their clothes. These ancient, well-preserved cisterns are peculiar to the Volscian towns. But I cannot remember to have seen one of the same size and shape as this elsewhere in Latium.

A second promenade for the townspeople leads up the rocky valley from the town gate to a convent hidden away in the forest, thence on and up into the mountains. Giant chestnuts, elms, and oaks shade the green carpet, and create a solitude as romantic and fairy-like as heart could wish for. As it was evening, the citizens streamed out in crowds, the higher classes dressed in French fashions, the people in their national costume. Below, in the Campagna, the women wear red kerchiefs; this colour prevails in the plains, and accords with the character of a people whose life is easier than it can be in rugged mountains wrapped in thunder-clouds. Here the universal head-gear is of dark blue wool, and the sombre hue of this mantilla, as it is called in Sicily, seemed to me to work in naturally with

the scenery. Black and blue were the only colours which the people here seemed to wear.

Fair and full of beauty as the situation of this town is, I should never decide to spend a summer there. The grey stone, the demoniac, the melancholy aspect of the place, would soon strike the muses dumb. The wind, too, now blew keenly round it every day, thunder growled amongst the mountains, and suddenly rain came down on us in torrents.

The living was very good at the solitary inn of the place, which is clean and cheap, as is the case everywhere in the mountains. The nectarines, of a light yellow colour, were delicious. The white wine was good, though very sour. The poet Martial says that it has an astringent quality :—

“Potabis liquidum Signina morantia ventrem
Ne nimium sistant, sit tibi parca sitis,
Quos Cora, quos spumans inimico Signia unista.”

Next morning my friend, the water-colour artist Müller, and I, designed to mount our horses at daybreak, to climb to the summit of the mountain, and then ride on through the primeval Volscian Forest to Norba ; but the heavens were overcast, thunder-clouds were tossed from peak to peak, and rain fell for long hours. We

hesitated as to setting forth, when suddenly Jupiter Pluvius began to smile. We sprang on our steeds, quick as the wind, our guide set off ahead at double-quick speed to pioneer the way. The wind was sending white masses of cloud from hill to hill, driving them across the sky like a fleet of ships in full sail—an enchanting and magnificent spectacle.

We rode through a dense green forest with all the more delight because, as woods are not plentiful in Italy, this one brought their own native forests to the remembrance of two German travellers. There were, however, no dark whispering Christmas pine-trees there—only beeches, oaks, elms, and stone pines. This Italian pine reverberates like a harp when the wind plays round its crown, not murmuring sadly like our native fir-tree, but singing a sort of blissful and inspired song.

The path grew steeper, but we sat on our horses that our feet might not get so wet as those of a pair of poor bare-footed mushroom-gatherers we passed. The deep silence was only broken by the distant strokes of a wood-cutter's axe reverberating through the tree-stems. Then we came on a travelling merchant, a heavily-laden mule carrying his wares to Cori; he must needs clamber painfully over these mountains to reach

a market. Trade cannot be very brisk between Cori and Segni, we thought. A two hours' ride through this forest and then over some dark rocks brought us to the summit of the pass, when, after feasting our eyes on that beautiful Italian land we were leaving behind us, we began our descent of the other side of the mountain, with the broad Maritima and the sea beneath us, and a rocky pyramid before us, which we had to skirt through idyllic fields and vales, out of whose recesses broke murmuring brooks. No pastures could be more smiling than those through which we now rode and walked, for we dismounted to enjoy them all the more.

Then we ascended again into the ancient forest, and rode for two more hours through it. The broken ground, the deep ravines in whose depths lay great moss-covered trunks of trees like prostrate warriors, glimpses of cattle browsing on distant pastures, fields gay with flowering shrubs growing luxuriantly, hollows into which the sunlight slanted—all this recalled our own Fatherland to us. Before I had seen these southern woods I fancied that only in Germany, or other northern countries, did we know what was the true meaning of the word "forest." But when I got home again and went forth into our German woods I was dis-

appointed, for there we have no undergrowth, no climbing plants, or fair flowers.

How charming is this Volscian forest! Never had I beheld wild woods so filled with poetry! This is the land of the fays and the elves. In yonder thicket—that grey cave—sleeps old Saturn, with his long silvery beard. I could not but wonder when I beheld these trees in their full beauty. The beeches, their tops embracing the blue ether, looked the colour of the rocks, soft grey shoaling into green. It often seemed as if the giant stems were but the growth of the precipices themselves in which they had their roots.

We dismounted in a beautiful nook, and flung ourselves down on the grass. Blackberry bushes, with their ripe clusters of fruit, invited us to make a sylvan meal. Not far off lay a green pond, reeds and grass waving round it dreamily.

How beautiful it must be here when the moon rides high above the tops of the beeches, and the elves are dancing in fairy rings over their own flowery carpet!

At last a glade of the forest opened out to the south-west. We emerged from it on the mountain-side, and, as if our eyes had suddenly been unbound, a marvellous sight burst upon

our view. Below lay the Maritima, a shining spectacle; the Pontine Marshes, a softly glowing carpet of many hues; the sea, like liquid gold, the distant Isle of Ponza set amongst those radiant waves; the Cape of Circe, the tower of Astura, the Lenia Pia, and the Castle of Sermoneta—all lay beneath our feet. Coming out of the dark forest, this picture, suddenly unfolded to our gaze, probably one of the most beautiful in all Italy, was so bewildering that I can find no words in which to describe it. I had been told in Rome that this ride over the crests of the Volscian Mountains, and the view from their summit of the Pontine Marshes and the sea, was the finest the traveller could anywhere find, and I had not been told too much about it. I would counsel all travellers who can compass it to see this sublime spectacle when they find themselves in these Roman territories.

After a ride of six hours we reached the little town of Norma. It stands on a breezy height above a high, in places a dizzy, precipice, and just beside the Cyclopean remains of Norba. Norma, Norba, Ninfa—such are the legendary names we hear here in every one's mouth. These poetical names give to this mountain an unreal, mythical, fantastic atmosphere. Norba, Norma, Ninfa, Cori, Sermoneta—how musical

they sound, and how they take hold of the imagination!

We entered the inn at Norma, our host leading the way into a front room, the windows of which disclosed to us all the glories of the Maritima. Looking over the edge of the precipice, which here falls sheer down to the plain, our eyes fell upon a great ring of ivy-mantled walls, within which lay curious mounds and hillocks, apparently made of flowers. Grey towers stood up out of them, ruins, all garlanded with green, and from the midst of this strange circle we could see a silver stream hurrying forth, and traversing the Pontine Marshes till it vanished in a lake lying golden in the sunlight, not far from the sea-shore.

I asked, amazed, what that most puzzling great garland of flowers, that mysterious green ring, could be. "Nympha, Nympha," said our host. Nympha! then that is the Pompeii of the Middle Ages, buried in the marshes—that city of the dead, ghostly, silent. And this afternoon we should wander through it, at the hour when fair Selene rises behind the Cyclopean stones of Norba.

After a good midday meal and a refreshing rest, we sallied out, traversing the little town in search of Norba. Norba is the ancient Volscian

name of the town, out of which grew Norma, I know not when. I met with the first mention of it at the beginning of the eighth century, when the Greek Emperor Constantine V. granted two pieces of crown land to *Nymphas et Normias*. From this I take it that Norba, the Volscian town, was then already deserted, and Normia, or Norma, had nestled herself in beneath her ruins.

These are a few minutes' walk distant from the present little town, and consist of the very remarkable remains of the Citadel and its surrounding walls. Here again the *arx* was placed on a platform of rock fortified on one side by nature, where the rock falls down precipitously from a dizzy height to the plain below. The inner quadrangle of the fortress is encircled by a double line of Cyclopean walls. An ancient gate leads into it, at one corner of which stands a circular mass of gigantic blocks, piled up to a height of thirty-six feet, and resembling a pillar or tower. The walls are in places forty or fifty feet high, making an even greater whole than those of Segni. They surround the steep limestone cliffs in long lines, and above, on the level space which appears to have been hewn into a rectangular form, are three great foundations formed also of Cyclopean stones, on which, per-

haps, once rested the sanctuary or temple which was part of the Acropolis.

Let us picture to ourselves such a structure, be it a temple or be it a dwelling, with these huge walls around it; how vast, but how dark, how gloomy it must have looked! We might imagine it, perhaps, as somewhat resembling the Tabularino in Rome, which is of the same transition period, between the Volscian and the Etruscan. It is erroneous to suppose that these so-called Cyclopean walls are of a fabulous antiquity; of this I am convinced. From them to the so-called Servian period in Rome there is but a step, as I have remarked when speaking of Alatri.

An ancient cistern and a few subterranean chambers and grottoes—these are all that remain besides the Acropolis and the walls of this old Norba. It seemed to me that there were no tombs, or *loculi*, in the rocks, such as we find in Etruscan cities and in old Sicilian towns. These towns, such as Syracuse, Leontium, Agrigentum, and Enna, contain an astounding number of rock tombs. In Norba I found none, but it is possible that they may have escaped my sight.

The Norma folk call the more ancient town *Civita la Penna*. I cannot explain where this name came from. It would seem to have some

connection with Spain, where *pegna*, or *peña*, means a rock. The "city on the rock" would suit this mythical Norba excellently well—a town which Hercules is said to have built.

In the later Roman time, it is connected with Marius. He was besieged there by Emilius Lepidus, Sulla's general, who, by the aid of traitors, made his way into the city of the Cyclopeans. The citizens in despair threw themselves into the flames then consuming their houses, just like the people of Numantia. It is possible that Norba has remained in ruins ever since that time; when Pliny knew it, it had already been deserted.

From the Citadel the panorama of the Maritima is especially magnificent. The whole of the seaboard from Antium to Circe's Cape near Terracina can be distinctly traced; even farther, for Ostia Pratica and Ardea may also be distinguished; many martello towers rise, like lonely obelisks, by the shore. These picturesque watch-towers were built in the ninth century, when the Saracens began to fall upon the Italian coasts and ravage their villages, and to this day they girdle all her shores and islands. In each of them about five artillerymen are quartered, guarding some odd, antiquated-looking piece of ordnance rusty with the lapse of centuries. Lamoricière,

the new generalissimo of the Papal army,¹ has removed the cannon out of these towers and has taken them to Rome, with the culverins, which used to yawn out on the sea from their little platforms. Now, not Saracens but Garibaldi's free lances are trying to land there secretly.

See, there is a tower gleaming on the sea-shore, dark woods stretching down to it; that is the famous Castle of Astura. A mile farther there is another, Foreverda, so called from its river flowing down to the sea from a marshy wooded wilderness. Yet farther on stands a tower, embosomed in thick green woods, by a large lake whose surface sparkles like molten gold. A ghostly stillness reigns all around as we stand by that lake; we might fancy we could behold a strange world sunk beneath its waves. The osprey is circling overhead. We see the pale, fever-stricken fisherman, floating in his frail craft over its waters; the leech-gatherer, half naked, who spends half his life by its margin. These are the lake and town of Fogliano, the Clostra Romana, where Lucullus had his villa in days of old. The Nympheus, that charming stream which gushes forth from the green circlet of Nympha, falls into

¹ This was written in 1860, and is interesting as showing the then existing condition of things in the States of the Church. (*Translator's note.*)

that lake. We can trace its course all through the Pontine Marshes. Near Fogliano is the Lago de' Monaci, then the Lago di Crapolace, and finally the great lake of Paola, with its tower. All these are visible, and then comes Circe's Cape rising like an island from the waters.

He who has not traversed the Pontine Marshes as far as Terracina by the Via Appia will have a most mistaken idea of them if he imagines that they are loathsome swamps. Morasses and ponds do exist, but they lie hidden away in the woods, where the hedgehog, the stag, the wild boar, the buffalo, and the half-wild cattle may still be found. In May and June this Pontine territory is a sea of flowers, poured out, as far as the eye can reach, over this whole land. In the heat of summer, it is true, it becomes a Tartarus, where pale fever creeps around to torture the poor herdsman or labourer, who must earn his bread in suffering, and cannot fly from its pestilential air.

Nearer the sea, more forests are seen from Norba, creeping down to the Circean promontory. These woods succeed each other all the way from Ostia, and the mouth of the Tiber, to Terracina. In their depths, or on their outskirts, lie isolated farmsteads where cattle are bred. Such are Conca, Campo Morto, Campo Leone,

Tor del Felce, and others. Where the woods cease, endless meadows stretch away inland, solid ground fit for growing crops, and the Appian Way, renewed by Pius VI., can clearly be traced traversing the Maritima. Close to it is Cisterna, the largest of the Pontine villages, near which the "Three Taverns" once stood, and a little farther on comes For' Appio, the ancient Forum Appium.

There has never been a time when these marshes could be effectually drained. Julius Cæsar had a plan for doing it, but he died before it could be put into execution. The Roman Emperors, so lavish in buildings, did nothing to forward it. It is the more remarkable, then, that a barbarian king, the inheritor or conqueror of Rome, the great Theodoric, was able to drain some portion of it round about Terracina, as well as to restore the fast-vanishing Appian Way. These noble works of a Goth are recorded, as may be read from the original inscription at his death, on two tablets at Terracina. In the Papal times Sixtus V., a man of practical Roman sense, tried to dry up these swamps. He was followed in his attempt, more than two centuries later, by Pius VI., who, when restoring the ancient way, had a great canal dug near it, by which he turned

a portion of the marshes into arable land; for this he gained the enduring gratitude of that portion of the Maritima.

We clambered down from the Citadel of Norba to Nympha, which lies just beneath it, within the radius of the marshes. A convenient zigzag path leads down to it from Norma, but as it was possible to make our way straight over the buttresses of the mountain, and we were nimble of foot, we chose this shorter route, and vanished over the rocks, like a flash of lightning, with a hop, a skip, and a jump.

And this is Nympha, this unreal semblance of a town—its walls, its towers, its churches, its convents all half buried in the swamp, and entombed beneath the thickest of ivy. Assuredly it has a more charming aspect than Pompeii with its staring houses, like half-decayed mummies dragged from amongst volcanic ashes and set up all around. But a fragrant sea of flowers waves above Nympha; every wall is veiled with green, over every ruined house or church the god of spring is waving his purple banner triumphantly.

The impression this ivied town makes as you enter it is indescribable. You wander through its grassy, flower-decked streets and between its verdant walls. Save the wind, which is whispering

blossom and leaves waving in the evening breeze? How can I describe the niches, the naves and aisles of those churches (they are all of the eleventh or twelfth century, if not still earlier, for they are of the very early basilica form), all draped and garlanded round with flowers? Flowers which offer up their fragrant service now, in those deserted aisles. The roses swing their lovely censers, a Bacchanalian crew! From their walls, from here and there a tribune smothered with greenery, peers forth some early Christian saint or martyr, his palm branch in his hand.

Surely this may be called a companion picture to that which Pompeii gives us. There we find the classic age expressing itself in the gayest of frescoes, here the Christian Church speaks sadly from the walls of Nympha. There are depicted the festive aspects of life and all its joys; little Cupids fishing in marble fountains, a tiny chariot drawn by grasshoppers, floating Bacchanals veiled in soft white garments, clashing cymbals, or bearing some charming mysterious casket, or holding aloft vases filled with ripe figs. Here this Pompeii of the Middle Ages, revealing to us only death or pain from its sad frescoes. Instead of joyous groups, dismal images from the catacombs, the mythical saint or martyr in flames, bound to the cross, or kneeling

before his slayer's uplifted sword, his hands folded in prayer. Is it not high time that these saints and martyrs, these crumbling crucifixes were, once for all, buried beneath flowers? Here, at Nympha, nature showers them down from full hands out of her abundant cornucopia, over the graves of poor penitents and monks who scourged and tortured themselves in the days of the Christian Church's darkest superstition. Why should Catholic humanity not take a lesson from nature? Let us give peace to our dead, and a grave hidden under fragrant flowers.

At the entrance to Nympha stands a fortress, once the seat of a baron; in its forsaken state it is an outrage on feudalism itself. High aloft rises its tower, four-square, built of flints like that of the Milizie in Rome, and, as it appears, contemporary with it. It stands close to a pond, spreading itself out like the Stygian pool before the dead city of Nympha. This lake is garlanded by tall reeds—a mystic spot—it might have come out of the world of shadows of the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. The dark tower and others cast their trembling images down upon the still waters of this pool. The reeds rustled sadly. Often, deep within them, came the sobbing cry of the water-hen,

like the soul of one of the departed living in this Hades and longing for the upper regions. I sat on a fragment of masonry and gazed into that green spirit-world, then up to the blue enchanting mountains, and to the Cyclopean stones of Norba and her august Citadel, then over the Pontine Marshes to where the sparkling Circean promontory soared aloft out of the sunny golden sea.

Had, indeed, the sorceress Circe quitted her castle there aloft? Did she, perhaps, now abide in Nympha? Was she the ivy queen? Here there is so much ivy that it seemed to me Nympha must be the ivy arsenal that equips all the historical ruins of this glorious land with their green robes.

You should sit here when evening bathes, first in purple then in gold, these ivied halls and ruins. I will say no word about it, nor will I try to describe it when the moon rides forth across the sky and the fairies dance in circles.

The Nympheus gushes forth from this pond. It takes its rise there apparently, and speedily carries into this green city of the dead a surprising thing—a young tumultuous life, just like that of a living being, as it speeds on through the marshes to the sea.

A mill, built into a mediæval structure, is driven by it, a portion of this building still retaining its Romano-Gothic columned windows. On a corn-loft there is an inscription setting forth that Franciscus Caetani, Duke of Sermoneta and Lord of Nympha, built it, with the entrance-gate to the town, in the year 1765.

In ancient days a temple to the nymph from which the town takes its name stood by the spring in the lake. On the site of this Nymphanus the Church of St. Michael was built. In 1216 Ugolino Conti founded here the Church of Sta. Maria del Mirtelo—of the myrtles.

The history of Nympha is, for the rest, very obscure. The Frangipani owned it in the twelfth century; the famous Pope Alexander III. was consecrated there on the 20th of September 1159. Then the race of Caetani entered into possession of it at the end of the thirteenth century, and the descendants of this renowned family retain it to the present day. Its archives in Rome contain many deeds showing how the nephew of Pope Boniface VIII., Pietro Caetani, Latian Count Palatinate, and Count of Caserta, by degrees bought up all the houses and farms of Nympha from their owners. I find no records of the fifteenth century, but in the fourteenth, on the 22nd of February 1349,

there is one in which figures a baronial castle, now in ruins. It runs thus: *Actum Nimphe in Scalis palatii Rocce Nimphe presente Nicolas Vicario Sculculi.*

The next morning we hired mules to convey us from Norma to the ancient and renowned town of Cori or Cora. Here we arrived, after a hard ride of three long hours. A road leading to Cori traverses the level ground by Nympha; but we chose a shorter way across the Volscian Mountains, by a mountain path skirting the precipices, for the prospects from that higher route are wide and fine, extending all over the marshes, the sea, and as far as Rome, across the Campagna. The early freshness of day-break, the clearest of September atmospheres, made this ride sufficiently enchanting, although the hills over which we were riding were uniform and lifeless, save where the shepherds had gathered in their flocks to milk the ewes, or to make cheeses over a fire, or were setting up their temporary huts made of branches of broom and heather.

As you look across this classic land to the Latian strand, and over the ancient country of the Restuli, and of Ardea, if you have any poetry in you, you will recall the people in Virgil's *Æneid*, for this is the Roman Troy, the scene

of the combats between the heroes in Virgil's great poem. Camilla, the Amazon, scours the plain; her beautiful form is visible glancing through the forests. She is the heroine of this Volscian land—

“Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla
Agmen agens equitum, et florentes ære catervas,
Bellatrix.”

The description of her death, and the tragic story of Evander's son Pallas, are the most beautiful efflorescence of Virgil's muse. The melodious lines of the *Æneid* must be read again in these Latian Meads to feel all their charm. Virgil's poetry is as translucent, as full of serious beauty, as is the Campagna of Rome itself. That deathless poem of his will always remain the most soul-inspiring which we have left to us from Roman times. In all future centuries these mountains, these woods, these meadows, must be imbued by it. Tarnus — Menzentius — Lavinia — Ascanius, —the faithful Achates—the *fidus Achates*—lived here! And what a picture! how large, how epic it is! Only that spread out beside the Scamander can equal it; perhaps this is the grander, for what can be more sublime than the Campagna of Rome and its sea-shore?

The Virgilian memories bring Troy and Hellas into the near neighbourhood of ancient Rome.

The atmosphere becomes more and more Hellenic the closer we approach to Cora, for this oldest of towns belonged to the mythological Pelasgi in the days of prehistoric Italy. Rome is called the Eternal, but not because of her age; most of the Campagna towns are far older. Cora, according to the calculations of both ancient and modern topographers, is one of the oldest towns in the world—it is said to have been built 1470 years before Christ, and 700 before Rome.

The myth says that Dardanus, the Trojan (the son of Corytus, king of Italy, and of Electra, a daughter of Atlas), founded it. Then he fled, his brother's murderer, from Siculus and from his father, to Asia, where he built Dardania, which was first called Tros, or Troy, by his grandson. We find the name of Cora in the seventh book of the "Æneid"—

"Tum gemini fratres Tiburtia invenia linquunt
Fratris Tiburti dictam cognomen gentem
Cotullusque acerque Coros, Argiva juvenus."

Three brothers, Catillus, Coras, and Tibur or Tiburtus, were sons of Amphiaraus of Argos. They came from Greece to Italy, and founded Tibur, now called Tivoli. Cora was built, it is said, by Coras; this is the second myth concerning its origin.

And there, set on its mountain, it lies before us,

a pyramid of houses, high over them all those most beautiful remains of the Temple of Hercules. At the foot of the hill are vineyards and olive woods. Cora has about 5000 inhabitants. Since the Middle Ages it has been a fief of the Roman Senate and people—a crown land, or domain of the city of Rome—a truly valuable possession.

I will not fatigue the reader with the description of its ruins; but well do its Pelasgic or Cyclopean walls deserve his admiration. They are visible from many parts of the town, and have been compared to those of Mycene or Tirynth. They support the Acropolis, the crowning pinnacle of the town. When you climb up there, you find yourself standing, filled with amazement, before the peristyle of a temple which seems to be entirely Greek. It is a graceful little building, of the Doric order, in good preservation. The bluish-grey colour which the travertine of the pillars has assumed gives it a charmingly antique aspect. They call it the Temple of Hercules, but apparently without any good reason for doing so.

Castor and Pollux, Fortuna, Diana (the huntress goddess of the Pontine plains), Sol, Janus and Eolus, Apollo and Æsculapius all had their temples in Cora. Still, four beautiful Corinthian columns are shown, built into the wall

of a house, which to this day are called the Temple of the DioscURI. Remains of baths, of cisterns, a Roman bridge over the foaming mountain stream which rushes from the mountain side from Cora—these and other ancient relics of past glories will pleasantly occupy him who may care to search for them.

The Middle Ages are not very well represented at Cora. The Cathedral of St. Peter, built out of the ruins of the Temple of Hercules, does not present much of interest, but Santa Oliva, on the contrary, is well worthy of note on account of its architecture. However, all these ruins, what are they, compared to the view over the Maritima which we may enjoy from every nook of Cora? A summer spent here would richly repay the visitor. The air is cool and fragrant, the wine is excellent, the fruits are in such abundance that I bought twenty-six fresh figs for one bajocco; but Cora is not visited by the Romans. They congregate at Frascati and Albano, and few indeed of them know anything about the charms of their own Campagna. Could there be a more delightful life than that which I led in the Volscian, Hernican, and Sabine Mountains, bathing my spirit there in unsophisticated nature?

AN EXCURSION THROUGH THE
SABINA & UMBRIA IN 1861

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AN EXCURSION THROUGH THE SABINA & UMBRIA IN 1861

I INVITE the reader to join me in a drive through Roman Tuscany—the ancient Etruria—and the Sabine Mountains. This offers special interest to the traveller just now, from the fact of the recent annexation of these Papal States by the kingdom of Italy. It is safest to travel by *vetturino*, that essentially national institution which may too soon have ceased to exist, as the iron way spreads in Italy. The post-chaise has much to recommend it to old-fashioned folk, even if it is not always the most luxurious mode of locomotion possible. It gives chances of becoming acquainted with interesting localities and their people, which neither the stage coach, plying daily between Rome and Perugia, nor the railway can afford.

One early morning in September, when the weather was at its very best, and the Tuscan Campagna was wrapped in all the glorious colours of its autumn mantle, I drove out from Rome by the old Flaminian Way, through the

Porta del Popolo. To the right rose Soracte, peaked and solitary, while the mighty summits of the Sabine range gradually revealed themselves in a succession of magnificent vistas. Towns are scarce; the first we reached, the ancient Saxa Rufa, now called Prima Porta, took its old name from the red rock which crops out just there, and which is a peculiar feature in the Romano-Tuscan landscape. This formation, with its mimic hill and dale and precipice, is picturesque, with high-lying plateaux, which suggest good sites for towns. Those who have visited Veii and Castellana can realise what this curious formation looks like; it is quite unlike any other in Latium.

The Tiber at first accompanied us, winding beautifully through level fields, mountains rising grandly from its banks. Presently we quitted it, turning to the left to visit Castelnuovo, near Rignano. The road was here enlivened by a detachment of Papal Guards, marching pretty fast, and shrouded in such a thick cloud of dust that they remained somewhat unreal to me, nor did I discover the destination of this, the last display of the Papal troops which I saw in the Pope's dominions.

Roman Tuscany, divided by the Tiber from the Campagna, formed part of the patrimony of

St. Peter, although it is a mistake to credit the Empress Matilda with its bestowal on the See of Rome. That munificent benefactress of the Hierarchy owned, it is true, a few farms in this district, but her fiefs were principally situated in Latium. This Patrimony of St. Peter was the oldest of the Papal possessions. The first gift ever bestowed on the Bishops of Rome is recognised now to be Sutri, above the Lake of Bracciano, and that was given to the Church by Luitprand, the Lombard king. While the Carlovingian dynasty held rule, the Popes enjoyed the suzerainty over all the other towns of Roman Tuscany, ruling them by rectors or *Duces Comitum*. These lands were forfeited when the Carlovingian dynasty fell, reverting to their former hereditary counts, who re-assumed their rule over them.

When the Empress Matilda reigned, the Bishops of Rome possessed neither territorial nor political influence in either the Sabina or Tuscany. The so-called "Donations" of Pepin and Charles were gibed at and flouted by a hundred petty counts and barons, then supreme rulers in those territories.

It took many wars, and the lapse of long centuries, to re-establish the Papal power and re-assert its supremacy in what had of old been its patrimony.

We rested for six hours, during the heat of the day, at Rignano, still in the *Comarce* of Rome, but here its authority ends. Small and inconsiderable as it is, Rignano, like so many little towns in Romagna, gives a title to a great family. The eldest son of Prince Massimo is called the Duke of Rignano. At the inn I met a colonel of the Papal Guards, now discharged from service and trying to reach his home at Macerata. His pass, it appeared, did not satisfy the Piedmontese commandant on the frontier; it had not been viséed by the Consul, so he had been turned back. These guardians he described as very autocratic; they regarded with suspicion everything emanating from Rome. A reaction, so he fondly hoped, was now setting in. An exciting rumour, to the effect that 200 Neapolitans, in Zouave uniforms, were marching north, was current here and in other towns. They were about to cross the Tiber; some testified to having seen their encampment. The townsfolk here were living in dread of such excesses as had occurred in Naples. My *vetturino* became uneasy, and settled to shorten our day's journey by stopping at Civita Castellana. The movements of the reported Zouaves had caused the despatch of those Papal Guards we had seen by the river bank. We met no more troops that afternoon

as we pursued our journey through a magnificent district. The scenery grew more and more beautiful when Rignano was left behind, and we trotted along the Flaminian Way, skirting the base of Soracte, on its acclivities each little town and mediæval church clearly distinguishable. This mountain—immortalised by Virgil and by Horace—stands in the heart of Tuscany, yet is visible from Rome. It rises from the plain, a rugged mass of reddish limestone, lifting its sharp and beautifully defined crest far above the Tiber. Its isolation, its colour, its conformation, all reminded me of Monte Cairo by San Germano, though Soracte is the higher of the two, rising 2000 feet above the sea level. Archæologists recognise it as the shrine of ancient pagan gods, and the historian prizes it as the scene of many important events during the Middle Ages.

Pope Sylvester, that lucky Pontiff who baptized the Emperor Constantine in the Baptistry of the Lateran, receiving in return—so the legend has it—not merely the city of Rome and Italy, but the whole of the Western world in recompense—(how long did the belief in that absurd donation last?)—Pope Sylvester lived here in solitude during the days of the persecution of the Church. A Monastery bearing

his name was built on the summit of Soracte, on the site, so it is now conjectured, of an ancient temple to Apollo. It was famed as being the oldest existing in Romagna. Carloman, the eldest son of Charles Martel—the great Frankish hero—here assumed the cowl in 746. He forsook Soracte for the still more beautiful Monte Cassino, in order to escape from the incessant incursions of the French nobles who were bound to stop at the Monastery for rest and refreshment, on their way to Rome.

Many other convents were established on Soracte, most of which have now been destroyed. In one of them—St. Andrea—near the foot of the mountain, the monk Benedict wrote his important yet barbarous History—or Chronicle—in the tenth century. It was discovered in the Chigiana at Rome by Pertz, who had it printed in the *Monumenta Germanica*. This borderland of the Sabina was a very stronghold of the Benedictines. Their ancient Monastery, Farfa, is still standing on the further side of the Tiber. Farfa was a famous Imperial and Ghibelline Convent under the Lombard kings. The German Emperors frequently utilised it for defensive purposes. On the whole it has little learning to boast of, though students of mediæval times owe some gratitude to the compiler of the precious

Codex, or register of Farfa, now preserved in the Vatican Library.

This important record of edicts, deeds, &c., like that written at Monte Cassino by Petrus Diaconus, affords excellent information to all who devote themselves to historical research. The Teuton regards Soracte with the more interest from its association with the journeys to Rome so often made by his Emperors during the pontificate of Pope Gregory. The very road they traversed remains intact to this day, following the course of the Tiber, and passing Flajanium—now called Fiano—as it goes north from Rome.

To my regret, it was impossible for me to visit the town of Oreste, which nestles so invitingly on the very summit of the mountain. Archæologists allege that the famous Temple of Feronia once stood there, and that the town, now built on its foundations, was once called St. Edistio, corrupted to St. Resto and St. Oreste; but it is more likely that the name came from that of the mountain itself—Soracte—which, during the darkness of the Middle Ages, was converted into that of an apocryphal saint.

At six o'clock we reached Civita Castellana, a strange place, with a view, extending to Veii, which is quite unsurpassable. It rises from a reddish-coloured rocky platform, its shattered

wall, draped with climbing plants, forming, with the Tiber which encircles it, and is crossed in each direction by fine old bridges, a natural defence for the town. A deep gorge, cleft by the river Treja, offers most striking and picturesque points of view, such as must enchant an artist.

During the Middle Ages, when the inroads of the Saracens rendered this region insecure (they destroyed the Monastery of Farfa on one occasion), the ancient town of Falerii, standing in a strong position on a rock where the present town is now placed, was made available for defence and once more occupied under the name of Civita Castellana. Its old stronghold became the residence of powerful nobles, and is often named in the records of successive Popes. Here Vibert of Ravenna, the anti-Pope and dangerous rival of Gregory VII., lived and died.

There is but little to note now in this pleasant, spacious place, with its 2400 inhabitants. Like the other towns in the "patrimony," it has been the seat of an archbishop from early days.

The Cathedral of Sta. Maria has a Romano-Gothic vestibule and portal, curious specimens of thirteenth-century architecture, with their round arched windows and vaultings. The pillars and mosaics are Romanesque. In the portico

are many inscriptions, the oldest of which, dating from the ninth century, concerns a gift of lands made to the See.

The town has no municipal relics. Of its feudal period only the castle, built at the end of the fifteenth century, and with the Borgia arms emblazoned on its façade, now remains. It was built, by command of Pope Alexander VI., by Antonio di Sangallo. It has been used latterly for a Bagnio or State prison. Visitors may still remember the famous robber chief Gasparone, whom they may have seen when he was imprisoned here. He was a near relation of Cardinal Antonelli. I did not ask whether he was still alive and incarcerated there. A friend of mine went to see him out of curiosity. He asked the bandit how many men he had caused to be murdered. "Not very many; only about twenty," replied the fellow.

A French flag was flying above this dark and picturesque old place, which is the last Papal stronghold on the border and is occupied by Napoleon's troops. The French soldiers described their banishment to this remote spot as being most *ennuyant* and sad. They had certainly some reason to grumble at the lack of shade or protection from the blazing sunshine, and yet the town was thought to be

very healthy in former days. They also complained of the sourness of the wine, and its want of strength. After a good night's rest at an inn, the "Post," which proved to be fairly clean, I departed betimes in the morning. Civita Castellana, being at the junction of many important highways, seems to be much frequented by travellers.

Here, where the Tiber divides the remnant of the Papal dominions from the new kingdom of Italy, I encountered the first detachment I had seen of Piedmontese soldiers. The river, flowing north, forms the boundary between Umbria and the Sabina. On the hither side I came upon the ruins of an ancient place called Borghetto—now the last of the Pope's possessions on this road. Old Father Tiber winds charmingly through a spacious and glorious valley, the Sabine Mountains standing all round it; the gleaming white towns on their heights are now filled with Lombard and Piedmontese troops. The river is wide at Borghetto, and is spanned by a beautiful old bridge just below it, called Ponte Felice, in memory of its builder, Pope Sixtus V.—Felix Peretti—who completed it in 1589. So far, ships have ascended the Tiber to this bridge. For some years past small steamers, starting from the Ripetta in Rome,

have made weekly trips up the river, carrying wares for the Sabine markets. Quite a brisk trade had been carried on until the long drought of the present summer lowered the stream, and at present only an occasional coal barge may be seen upon it, or moored to its banks.

Just in the middle of the bridge, above the inscription to Pope Sixtus, the French flag was waving. The jurisdiction of the present successor to so long and world-renowned a dynasty of Popes ends there. There begins the new kingdom created—*per fas et nefas*—in the year 1859 by the Italian revolutionaries. At the other extremity of this bridge hung two Italian standards—they hung disconsolately from the lances supporting them, while withered laurel-leaves were still crowning them. There was not a sufficient breeze to stir these ensigns, and the Italian and French tricolours seemed to regard each other very doubtfully. In a hut close by, big, broad-shouldered Piedmontese Guards kept watch and ward over their three-coloured ensign, with its inexorable green stripe. These powerful-looking, big fellows looked solemn and suspicious when they demanded my passport in a *patois* which offended my ears, so long used to the soft Latian tongue. While they examined it, I took occasion to

return to copy the inscription to Pope Felix; but I was stopped by a grenadier, who rushed after me, declaring pretty vehemently that he dared not permit me to recross that bridge—he himself dared not overstep the boundary by so much as one inch; that would show me how authoritative was their flag. Remonstrance was vain; the brave fellow could not see what I wanted, nor would he listen to one word I tried to say—back I must go. The good man behaved quite civilly, and both he and the customs officer were perfectly friendly. The panorama seen from this bridge was most extensive and beautiful. Just opposite stood the grim old Magliano, the See of a Sabine bishop arrested and imprisoned some months ago, and beyond it was Poggio Mortalo, now the headquarters of the Piedmontese frontier army, for the civil governor had replaced the Papal delegate of the province at the larger town of Rieti.

I drove on and up into that beautiful mountain region—its hill-sides rich in oil and wine and chestnuts—a smiling district truly. The people are a strong, honest, patriarchal race; primitive and untaught for the most part. The character of this district is quite unlike that of Latium, with its sunny southern aspect. The

dry summer had parched the land, and the maize looked deficient, the olives rather scanty, but the vines gave promise of an abundant crop. The little old town of Otricoli, so famed for the number of artistic treasures which have been discovered there, was our first halting-place. Here was found the head of Jupiter, now in the Vatican Museum. Here the celebrated Arnolfo of Brescia was taken prisoner by the followers of Barbarossa, to be first incarcerated, then given over to the tender mercies of the Cardinals, and finally to be executed in Rome. He experienced the fate that Italy might hope for now under Papal rule.

Otricoli is called an Umbrian town, though the boundary is invisible, and it is in the Legation of Spoleto. Here we entered that strong and ancient Duchy. So far the only evidence of the new order of things had been the display of the Italian flag, while the arms of Savoy were newly painted up at conspicuous corners. Here we found Piedmontese grenadiers, lancers, and bersaglieri everywhere; the last, in their peaked hats, cocks' feathers, and short blue cloaks, looked figures fit for the stage. The National Guards increased in numbers as the Roman boundary receded, till at last the "Regulars" disappeared almost entirely.

Just at the back of Otricoli is the great ravine

through which the waters of the Nera rush down from the mountains to join the Tiber. After this, Narni, with its mighty fortress and its many church towers, rose up before us. It is one of the oldest cities in Umbria; its position is very fine just where the Nera, hastening away from its dark bed, enters a wide and grand valley through which it takes its course. This bursts on our view suddenly to the right, with mountains on each side of it, the bold arches of the ancient Roman bridge spanning the torrent to the left. As the eye travels over those Umbrian hills, one longs to explore the Emilia with its fig groves, and many another fine region now unfolded to us. About five miles from here lies Interamna, now called Terni, the birthplace of Tacitus. A more leisurely ramble through these enchanting regions in either spring or autumn would be delightful.

Narni, besides its splendid castle, possesses many monasteries and churches well worth seeing. The cathedral is dedicated to St. Juvenal, the first Bishop of Narni. Its chief treasure is the great picture by Lo Spagna of the Coronation of the Virgin, in the Convent of the Zoccolanti. Many genuine pictures by Lo Spagna are to be found in these Umbrian towns, with some that are by no means genuine. Not many remains

survive of its Cyclopean walls, while of the Roman monuments of Narni, the birthplace of the Emperor Nerva, only the bridge built by Augustus over the Nera still remains, admirable in its decay. It has been one of the most stupendous works of its period, though but one of its arches is now left. This fragment, the rushing river, a convent hard by, with the massive buildings in the town and the unequalled view which stretches out below it, form an enchanting picture, view it from what point you may. The bridge fell into decay in the twelfth century. That it no longer existed during the dynasty of the Hohenstaufens is proved by the fact that Parcival Doria—Tancred's General of Horse—was drowned in an attempt to swim his steed across the Nera, both man and horse being in full panoply at the time. As it would have cost more to repair the ancient bridge than to build a new one, the present bridge was erected in a less dangerous position than its predecessor.

The reference to Tancred's general recalls another notable personage whose prestige is maintained at Narni. Just in front of the cathedral stands a bronze equestrian statue by Donatello—the first of its kind produced by the Italian Renaissance. The Venetian Senate placed it there to do honour to a well-known Condottiere,

Gattamalata, so called in return for services rendered to the Venetian Republic. He was a native of Narni, by name Erasmus. Yet another well-known man was born here—Cardinal Bernardino Ercoli, who died in 1479, and lies entombed in the crypt of St. Peter's in Rome. The Ercoli are the sole surviving patrician family now left at Narni, where they live in the old family Palazzo. The present Marchese Giovanni Ercoli is a man of some renown as an antiquary, an authority on historical subjects, as well as a living chronicle of the monuments in his native district, and a describer of them in his "Collection for Collectors" in the *Miscellanea Narnense*.

I stopped for a few hours and visited this very genial gentleman, who, though already in his prime, still remains a bachelor. Such a man must find living in a small and forsaken town like this all the more unendurable, if he is an accomplished and intellectual person. The Marchese was evidently pleased to welcome a passer-by of congenial sympathies, more especially as I came from Rome. He received me in the kindest manner, and was ready to facilitate any researches I might wish to pursue in Narni, or in the archives of any other Umbrian town I might intend to visit. He asked me to come into his studio,

which was at a short distance from the Palazzo. This turned out to be a photographic studio, heated to the temperature of a forcing house, and well-nigh insupportable. His attempts were scarcely such as to induce me to sacrifice myself on the altar of dilettantism, though the camera was placed on a floor inlaid beautifully with black and white marbles.

When we quitted Narni, a land of green hills, olive groves, and smiling villages, with brimming rivers to refresh the vegetation, lay before us. Cheerfulness and abundance, beauty and grace abound in this garden of Mid-Italy. The country folk speak with a certain musical cadence. It is easy to understand how a school of painting should have flourished here, where charming subjects abound, and every form of beauty surrounds the artist and inspires his pencil.

This Umbria is the stepping-stone between the south and the still finer land of Tuscany. A splendid road traversing the fruitful and delightful Campagna of Narni soon brought me to Terni, the birthplace of Tacitus, a place chiefly known now by the falls of the Vellino, which I did not see. I wandered round the town—a stirring place with about 9000 inhabitants, fairly clean, and where the Renaissance has almost superseded the ancient baronial architecture of

mediæval times. Many important palaces prove it to be the residence of rich and important families, while its political situation makes it rather a lively place just now. Being larger than Narni—nearly as large as Spoleto—it possesses a good deal of importance. The Italianising of the town was very evident. I saw the signboards over tradesmen's shops re-painted in red, white, and green—the national colours—and the national flag decorated the table at which we dined. A peculiar species of green water-melon, which, when cut in two, displays these three colours, grows hereabouts. A vendor of "cocomeros"—so these melons are named—had unfurled a big tricolour flag over the stall on which his wares were shown, and on this the goddess of melon culture was displayed, a lady of genial aspect arrayed in cocomero colours. She was supposed to represent Italy, and a transparency beneath her stated that *Natura mi dêi questi colori*. The witty melon merchant had, no doubt, good reasons for it. In the Papal States nature also reproduces the colours symbolising the powers that be—and more especially when they may be discovered in a stale egg cut in two.

The streets are re-named; so are the cafés and hotels. Returning home after an absence

of a few years, a former inhabitant will wonder where he is. The big square which used to be the Piazza Sta. Maria—or St. Paulo—is transformed into the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele. Other patron saints are ousted in favour of Cavour, or Garibaldi, or Ricasole, men of the sword, or legislators. It would be amusing to reckon all the streets and cafés in Italy that now rejoice in the name of Garibaldi.

Terni is the headquarters of General Brignone, and the street corners display appeals to the people, from the Umbrian Intendant, to come forth and be enrolled. I am told that the Umbrians are more averse to the hated conscription than are the newly annexed people of the Marches. Fugitives arrive here fleeing from this conscription. They have been encouraging the reactionary feeling in Naples, and it is almost impossible, in the present state of the country, to guard the frontiers from their ingress. It will take a long time to accustom the Italians to compulsory military service. One precious boon which the people received from the Papal government was freedom from compulsion to serve in the army.

The Roman emigrants now in Terni and other towns and districts of Umbria amount to at least 5000, I have been informed. The number may

possibly be exaggerated. In Rieti, their former headquarters, disagreements arose between the aliens and the natives, and hence the former have had to spread themselves over other parts of the province. These exiles are likely to fare badly, as a committee formed to aid them can scarcely find funds enough for its own subsistence. Being in direct touch with the national committee in Rome, they conspire with it eagerly. The Umbrian and Sabine newspaper, called *Italy and Rome*, is probably edited by these exiles. It is published at Perugia; it is read with avidity, and many copies of it are smuggled into Rome.

From Terni I went to Spoleto—a monotonous but invigorating drive of many hours' duration, partly beneath the shade of oak forests. Just behind Terni the ascent of the Apennines begins, or rather of that mountain called the *Somma*. An excellent high-road winds up to the col of this mountain, through a ravine carved by the Stretura, with huge cliffs on each side. This mountain stream, which has such volume during the winter, is now dried up. Its sides are clothed with brushwood, but not a village, not a farmstead is visible during the ascent. The excellent white oxen of the district were yoked to the carriage, and as they clambered up slowly I enjoyed a

ramble on foot through the mountain solitudes we were ascending into. The breeze was so fresh, the air so elastic, that I walked for hours without feeling the least trace of fatigue. Profound tranquillity now prevails, and there is nothing to fear from robbers. As I went on ahead I saw a man hiding among the bushes. He cowered down, making frantic gestures, such as Italians are rather apt to fall into when they see a stranger approaching. I stopped in the middle of the road—he signed to me still more excitedly to proceed, but I kept my ground. Was he warning me of some danger? At last he came down over the rocks, and then I saw that he was a good-looking young fellow in the uniform of the National Guards. “You seem to distrust me,” he said. “I signed to you to go on your way peaceably and not to spoil my sport. I have hidden to find out what that youth and the girl are doing down in the ravine yonder.” Then I went on, seeing how excited the simple lad was. Ay! jealousy—the green-eyed monster—lurks even in these silent hills, which seem to have been created for a patriarchal people. This victim to the passion may have had good reason for his, however, for presently a little pair stole away from under the bushes, taking a tender leave of one another as they emerged from beneath the

branches. The girl followed the dry bed of the river, while the lover disappeared in the distance.

At length we gained the top of Somma Pass, the oxen were unharnessed, and for six miles we rolled down a similar deep ravine to the one we had just ascended, passing charming groups of mountains, and wonderfully soon the old town of Spoleto came into view: beyond it the vale of the Clytumnus and the vale through which flows the Tiber. After being buried in the recesses of the mountains for so many hours, Spoleto presented many fine and striking aspects. It seemed to me I had never beheld so picturesque an object as that dark old fortress crowning it, with its towers, its crenellated walls and low battlements. As the golden rays of the setting sun struck full upon it, it looked like an ideal city arranged in the grand historical style.

Much depends upon the point of view from which these ancient towns first burst upon one's view. It is our own conception of them which gives its significance to most places. As yet I did not know Spoleto, but how rich in interesting memories and remains it was to me!—its history coming down from the Lombard Duke Faraold, to the luckless General Lamoricière,

who had made it his headquarters last year (1860), hoping to defend the Pope's territories against their last usurpers with but a handful of troops to assist him.

When I entered it the impression of antiquity entirely vanished. The world of fashion was streaming up and down a gay esplanade, disporting itself in clean streets, between modern houses, while an air of universal prosperity gave one the pleasantest impression of the lives its inhabitants must lead.

The Lombard Duchy of Spoleto was founded in 570, shortly after King Alboin had led his army into Italy. Its two first Dukes were Faraold and Ariolf. They seized one province after another from the Greeks till their Duchy at last comprised the greater portion of Mid-Italy—the Sabina, Umbria, Marsia (the present province of the Abruzzi), and the Marches of Fermo and Camerino. The Popes lived in constant dread of these Lords of Spoleto, whose domination threatened them even more than did that of Benevento, the other great Lombard Duchy established in Italy at the close of the sixth century. When Charlemagne had made an end of the Lombard dynasty, the Lords of Spoleto, though then merely vassals of the French King, remained sufficiently

powerful to ensure the maintenance of their dignity by France herself. After the fall of the Carlovingian dynasty, Guido, Duke of Spoleto, crowned himself Emperor, bequeathing his empire to his son Lambert, a brilliantly heroic youth, who was killed when hunting in the year 898. These two, Guido and Lambert, the only Dukes of Spoleto who attained to the Imperial title, may be called the Emperors of the Italian people, by whom they were elected—Emperors opposing the German claimants to the throne, although those were French by descent. When the German Othos were reinstated, the Duchy of Spoleto fell to them in reversion, as no heir of the Lombard race then survived. For a time it was incorporated in the territories of the Empress Matilda, together with Ancona; but at last the Papal See possessed itself of all those estates, to which, ever since the days of Charlemagne, a claim had been made, first by Innocent III. Gregory IX. finally succeeded in annexing Spoleto and the Marches of Ancona, Camerino, and Fermo to the States of the Church. In 1532 this possession was granted, to be lost again only, and within the space of a few brief days, in 1860.

The French commandant Lamoricière chose Spoleto as his headquarters on account of its

central position. Troops massed there might be dispersed in many directions to attack the Piedmontese. General Schmidt was placed at Foligno; Pimodan, with the second brigade, at Terni; and De Courtea at Macerata. At first Lamoricière feared he must direct his attack on Naples—against Garibaldi; then Fanti's manifesto informed him that the Piedmontese had marched upon Umbria, and the Marches, on the 8th of September, while Masi had burst into Citta' della Pieve, in the Papal States, and was marching on Orvieto. Lamoricière got his troops together on the 10th, and on the 12th he set out for the Marches, followed by Pimodan, leaving 300 Irishmen under the command of Major O'Reilly, with two cannons, to guard the Citadel of Spoleto. This little fortress was attacked on the 17th by the Piedmontese under General Brignone. According to Lamoricière, the Irishmen defended themselves valiantly, repelling many assaults, and only yielding after twelve hours' hard fighting. He also reported that the Piedmontese lost 100 killed and 300 wounded, while the Papal troops had only three dead and six wounded. It was strange enough that the last stand made by this ancient fortress should have been by the Irish. It retains marks of the battle still. No

soldiers are garrisoned there now ; it has become a State prison.

Except here, all traces of last year's events have vanished from Spoleto. The Delegation is now turned into a Sub-Prefecture, under the government of Perugia, the seat of the central authority for Umbria. Thus Spoleto has lost the importance which attaches to a provincial capital, with its delegates almost resembling courtiers. These small provincial Papal governments—especially those ruled over by the Papal legates—possessed a certain amount of independence. All that is now a thing of the past. Prefectures and districts take the place of provinces and of the political divisions existing formerly. The old historic designations—Umbria, the Marches, and Sabina—are only retained for their geographical value.

The streets of Spoleto slope gently upwards to pleasant squares, wonderfully picturesque and thoroughly Italian in character. Portions of the town are uninhabited and falling into ruin, yet one easily perceives that it has been the centre from which a minor monarch has ruled over a rich district, though it now barely possesses 9000 inhabitants within its walls. The Renaissance prevails to the exclusion of older styles of architecture, yet there are many fragments of

the Roman period still to be seen. One old tower, beside the Gavotti Palace, brings to mind that day when Hannibal fell back upon Spoleto after fighting his great battle by the Lake of Trasimene. It is called the Porta della Fuga, or Di Annibale.

I sought in vain, however, for any trace of the Lombard period. "Where did the Palace of the Dukes of Spoleto stand?" was the first question I asked, but no reply was forthcoming; the historian, Giancolombino Fatteschi, declared it to be unknown. Of the Palace of those princes who were once so powerful here, who ruled Spoleto for so long a period, not a stone remains that could attest to their place of residence; all memory of its site has passed away. There is a vague tradition which might lead one to conjecture that it stood in the cathedral square where the Aroni Palace now stands. Yet in that fortress dwelt and reigned successively the Counts Faraold, Ariulph, Toto, Thrasmund, Agebrand, Hildebrand, Gisulph, Guido, and Lambert. Their long line, beginning in 569, ended when Conrad the Suabian swept away their ducal rule in 1198.

The cathedral stands in a charming piazza, against a background of mountains, and is the oldest monument of the Middle Ages in Spoleto.

It was built in the year 617 by Duke Theodolapius,¹ but during the lapse of ages it has been much restored. It is now a beautifully simple church with a Romano-Gothic tower and a façade of the thirteenth century. The atrium, by Bramante, is comparatively new.

This façade is adorned by a great mosaic, the work of Solferino, bearing the date 1267. I noticed with surprise this early specimen of Umbrian art. Fra Philippo Lippi, one of the most pleasing of the early fifteenth-century painters, has immortalised himself by the frescoes with which he has enriched the choir. He lies buried beneath it. Unluckily the rest of the interior has been entirely modernised; not even in the atrium does one mediæval inscription remain. In addition to the cathedral, which is the chief ornament of the town, the Church of San Pietro, a specimen of Lombard architecture, still remains. Amongst the sculptured figures which cover its façade is a series which depicts most naïvely the fable of Reynard the Fox.

The communal buildings, great part of which is old, contain a beautiful, quite wonderful fresco of the Madonna and Saints by Lo Spagna, also a marble tablet with an inscription stating that the town was destroyed by the Emperor Barbarossa,

¹ Teudilapius (?). (*Translator's note.*)

that terrible destroyer of cities, in the twelfth century. I transcribed it, as it now exists, from the wall. It runs as follows :—

HOC EST SPOLETUM
 CENSU PPLQ EREPLETUM
 QUOD DEBELLAVIT
 FRIDERICUS ET IGNE CREMAVIT
 SI QUERIS QUANDO
 POST PARTU VIRGINIS ANO
 MCLV
 TRES NOVIES SOLES IULIUS
 TUNC MENSIS HABEBAT.

It is possible that the Palace of the Lombard Dukes was destroyed in this conflagration.

The upper town is connected with Monte Luco by a gigantic aqueduct—a most picturesque object. The town is cut off from the mountain by a ravine 260 feet deep, now spanned by this stupendous bridge, with its ten tall, narrow arches. It was built in 604 by Duke Theodolapius, third of his line, but it has often been renewed. It conveys the water for the use of the town from Monte Luco; a narrow footway, leading from the Citadel, follows the course of the aqueduct out, on, and across the mountain side. Crossing that giddy height on a windy day, you may well cling to the handrail for safety. This

Monte Luco is the Umbrian Montserrat. A Syrian hermit, St. Isaac by name, had made it his retreat. In the tenth century a Convent had grown up beside his hermitage, and so many Anchorites had come there that the hill then almost resembled the Thebaid. Only one cell is now left in its original form, the Anchorites having long since deserted their Umbrian retreat. Many of their dwellings have been converted by the townsfolk into pretty country villas. A stroll beneath the venerable oaks which clothe the mountain slopes is delightfully refreshing. The air to-day was filled with the fragrance of the balsams and herbs which clothe the ground. Gentle breezes stirred the leaves of the old trees overhead ; scarcely a sound, not even the tinkle of a bell, broke the stillness. Looking down from these heights, the white ribbon of the Flaminian Way can be traced as it creeps up to the city gate, and far away stretches the long misty valley of the Tiber.

The mighty mass of the Citadel rises majestically above the town, commanding all the district. This is a noble building, of the best Renaissance period, one of the most beautiful now left in Italy ; its dark quadrangle is broken by low turrets.

The once famous Gil d'Albornoz, a contempo-

rary of Cola di Rienzo, the People's Tribune, began the restoration of this Spoleto fortress (already old in 1356); Pope Nicholas completed it later on. Its former lords are now forgotten, but a fascinating and world-famous woman who once looked forth from its lofty casements is still a vivid personality to the world. Her name was Lucrezia Borgia. She was the daughter of Pope Alexander VI., and he appointed her châtelaine of Spoleto, for, at least, a brief period. Lucrezia was the Cleopatra of the fifteenth century. In the year 1499 her father gave her the regency of this district, an unexampled honour for any woman to attain to under the Papal government. The beautiful Duchess left Rome on horseback, with a splendid retinue, on the 8th of August 1499, to assume the command bestowed upon her. The magnates of Spoleto received her outside the gates, and escorted her up to the Citadel. Here she took up her abode, after delivering to her lieges an apostolic brief from her father, which ran as follows:—

“To my well-beloved children greeting, and our apostolic benediction. We have delivered to our daughter, beloved of Christ, the noble dame Lucrezia di Borgia, Duchess of Bisceglia, the office of guardian of our Citadel, as well as regent

of our towns of Spoleto and Foligno, together with all their lands and provinces, for the good and peaceful government of our said towns. Relying on the unusual wisdom, the distinguished truth and uprightness of the said Duchess Lucrezia, as is set forth and more fully declared by us in divers briefs, also on your obedience to us and to our holy office, we hereby exhort you to receive your regent the Duchess as you are bound in duty to do. To give her all honour and observance, to obey her in all manners and ways and under all circumstances; and as we desire the said Duchess should be revered and received with full acceptance by you, so we command you to obey the said Duchess Lucrezia, your regent, as you value our favour and hold it of worth. If you would avoid our disfavour, obey her in all that concerns her rule and the rights and customs thereunto appertaining both in particular and in general, also in all she may think fit to command you to do, as if she were ourselves in person, showing yourselves zealous and apt to carry out all her ordinances, giving her due and joyful service as it beseems you to do.

“Given at Rome, under San Pietro, his signet, and the symbol of the fish, this eighth day of August in the year 1499.”

Lucrezia must have found her life dull and

intolerable when suddenly installed successor of the Lombard Dukes in this old fortress of Spoleto. The only fact which has been recorded of her brief tenure of office is that she reconciled the contending municipalities of Spoleto and Terni. A deed is still extant in the archives of Trevi bearing on it this formula in her handwriting, *Placet ut supra Lucretia di Borgia*. Her residence, however, as governor, was but brief. When the Pope came to Nepi, his beautiful daughter went to visit him on the 21st of September, and she returned finally to Rome during the following October. A few months after her departure, in July 1500, her husband, Don Alphonso of Aragon, Duke of Bisceglia, was poignarded by Cæsar Borgia on the steps of St. Peter's, followed to his house, and there murdered.

She left her chief officers in charge of Spoleto, —Antonio degli Umioli di Gualdo, a Doctor of Jurisprudence, and her secretary, Christoforo Piccinino. Pope Alexander bestowed the regency on Ludovico Borgia, Archbishop of Valenza, on the 10th of August 1500.

From Spoleto to Foligno I followed the course of the Clytumnus, driving through its beautiful vale, and passing that exquisite little temple erected near the crystal spring from whence the river takes its rise. This temple, of which Pliny's

description must now suffice, is dedicated to its tutelary deity. The post station, Le Bene, is close by that crystal-clear spring.

All around is a smiling district, with enchanting vistas of the Umbrian Mountains visible in the distance. When you traverse this little Papal kingdom as I have done, travelling within a few weeks from the heart of Latium to the Tuscan borders, you must confess that this was a valuable monarchy; any king might have been glad to wear its crown. You must behold its meadows, its forests, its ancient towns, in order to grasp what superhuman piety any man must have possessed to patiently resign such an inheritance. Yet the force of circumstances cannot be withstood by even the most legitimate of claimants.

Foligno is a considerable town, with double the inhabitants of Spoleto—a busy place, with factories where cloth, paper, wax candles, and the best *confetti* in Italy are made. It is sure to increase in importance, standing as it does at the projected junction of the Umbrian and Roman lines of railway.

Everything looks more or less modern here, yet the town can boast of palaces of the style and date of Bramante. The interior of the cathedral has been entirely renovated; the façade and ancient portal alone retain their Gothic orna-

mentation. It contains a masterpiece by a pupil of Perugino, one of the best artists of the Foligno school, by name Niccolo Alunno.

After Foligno I passed Trevi, and Spello, seated each on its hill, both mediæval towns with dark towers and battlements and ancient gates, and still retaining their antique character. Many of the houses in Spello were destroyed by the terrible earthquake of 1831; they still lie in ruins. This betokens but little energy in its citizens. I now approached the valley of the Tiber, which flows down between the mountain heights on which stand Perugia and Assisi. Where we crossed it, below Bastia, it looks almost small and infantine, but its Campagna is fruitful and very well cultivated; much maize is grown in it, rows of mulberry trees festooned with vines standing up from amidst the yellow grain.

I left Assisi to be visited more conveniently from Perugia. The native town of St. Francis rises grandly, from the mountain side, in terraces and arcades, its ancient towers and mighty walls bearing up the Convent dedicated to the Saint. About two miles below it stands the huge memorial church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, built in the sixteenth century to enshrine the little chapel of St. Francis; but, as it was destroyed by the great earthquake of 1831, Gregory XVI. caused it to

Set aloft on its many hills which rise steeply from the river below, most ancient in its aspect, recalling Palestrina in both its position and character, Perugia now comes into view. When you enter the famous capital of Umbria, you feel at once that it is an important place. It impresses you as being essentially a town of the Middle Ages, with an important municipal record. The ruling town of the province, rich and prosperous, a museum of Umbrian art, an old-established centre for the sciences and *belles lettres* by means of its University, it was the jewel in the Papal diadem, and consequently it was treated indulgently and considerately. Ever since the Byzantine epoch Perugia has been, in name at least, a possession of the Church; and yet, like other towns, she was withdrawn for whole centuries from the Pope's sway, predominant amongst her neighbouring Republics. Governed by turns by the People (Raspanti) and the Nobles (Beccarini), her proclivities alternately the Guelph and the Ghibeline, she became at one period, just because of her faction fights, a residence of many Popes in succession. The great Innocent III. died here in 1216, and here he was buried in the same vault with Martin IV., who died of the eels of Lake Thrasimene, having eaten of them

to excess one Holy Saturday. Innocent IV. also resided in Perugia. Here died also the unfortunate Benedict XI., the last of the Popes who reigned before they were exiled to Avignon.

During the fourteenth century this municipal Republic flourished exceedingly. The whole of Umbria was then subject to it; but in 1370 it was forced once more for a time into submission to the Pope. After five years the citizens rose in rebellion and demolished the Papal fortress, only to be once more conquered at the close of that century. But the internal dissensions amongst the townsfolk themselves and their republican independence by no means came to an end at that period. The families of Oddi and Baglione, the latter especially being pre-eminent for its warlike leaders, played a prominent part in these internal wars. The notorious Braccio Fortebraccio, who once made himself master of the town, was a Perugian. At length Pope Julius II. overcame Paul Baglione, who was beheaded finally by Leo X. in the fortress of St. Angelo in Rome. Paul III. annihilated every remaining spark of independence in Perugia. From thenceforth the Republic was governed by Cardinal Legates, who took up their residence in the noble old Communal Palace of the town.

Perugia remains imbued more thoroughly with the spirit of the Middle Ages than do many Italian towns. You find none of the modern tavern and restaurant life there which pervades most places now. That serious and consistent, yet cultivated courtesy prevails still, which dates from the party conflicts between noble and commoner. The fame of those former leaders and tyrants, the Baglione and Fortebraccio, is now eclipsed by that of her great families and her craftsmen. Perugino is the great glory of the place, and its boast. The Perugians were the first to recognise the full value of that talented master, who laid the foundations of Raphael's glory. But I will not try to bring "owls to Athens" by dilating here on those two great artists' works. I will not even attempt to describe the Cambio, which their genius has adorned so richly, and which is the great treasure of Perugia.

Perugia is divided into an upper and a lower town, connected by curious flights of steps and bridges of brick. From both, the view over its curious groups of buildings, as well as the wide panorama around, is very surprising.

The upper town, the old Perugia, is much the more beautiful and remarkable, with its broad and finely-laid Corso, or principal street, a lasting monument of her republican period, as well as

her many huge palaces, dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Their Romano-Gothic façades, so old and so full of character, produce an effect of completeness almost unique in these days; they relate the history of the place—present to us her very features, if one may say so. The Palazzo Publico, dusky and sad, sombre and vast, with its Moorish doorways and windows, dates from 1281. On one of its walls it bears the arms of the princes who have been her allies and of their towns. Beneath the griffin, the heraldic cognisance of Perugia, hang the chains of the gates of Siena, carried off in ancient days by the Perugians.

The Piazza del Duomo—the cathedral square—on which one side of the municipal palace looks out, is adorned by the great Pisani fountain and the bronze statue of Pope Julius III. I will not speak of the cathedral, nor yet of many another church, such as St. Domenico, in which is the tomb of Benedict XI., or St. Agostino and St. Francesco—all of them have already been abundantly described. The treasures contained in the great palaces of the Conestabili, the Donini, the Baglione, the Bracceschi, the Baldeschi, the Monaldi, the Penna, and the Cenci have also been written about again and again.

Not far from the Corso arose the Fortress of the Popes, built by Paul III., Farnese, and his horrible son, Pierluigi, who put the Perugians to the sword. This all-compelling fortress was built on the site of the old Baglione Palace. Violent hands were laid upon it in the year 1848; it was destroyed, and it now lies low, a heap of stones only indicating where it once stood. This was the stage on which was fought out the last battle between General Schmidt and the Nationalist troops, and its relics are gruesome enough to behold. I found a number of the younger citizens perambulating this spot, and regarding it with evident satisfaction. They seemed to be feasting their eyes on the ruins of this, their miniature Bastille, while entertaining each other by recounting the incidents attending its capitulation to the soldiers of General Fanti.

The old structure was of no strategical importance, though it had served in old days to bridle the citizens. The Piedmontese troops marched up to it from all sides unimpeded, and were able to take possession of it without let or hindrance from its garrison. It has not yet been decided what may be built on its site. Its position on the brow of the hill is very fine, and the view it commanded of the vale of the Tiber and its

surrounding mountains is magnificent.¹ The square on which it stood has been named after Victor Emmanuel, and its change of name is commemorated on a marble tablet erected to commemorate the 14th of March, when the Italian Parliament confirmed the fact of its having been named after the king. A road leads down from thence to the lower town. The ancient glacis and walls have long been used as a public promenade, as in so many other Italian towns. This is, in some cases, difficult to effect when the ascent to the higher levels is steep. It filled me with joy to see the alley of German chestnut trees bordering this walk, but the long drought has bared them of all their leaves, and only forlorn, little, shrivelled-up clusters of flowers cling to the branches, and give them a wintry aspect.

A stranger naturally sets himself to the exploration of the principal walks in a strange town, and on Festa days these are discoverable by their being the resort of the *élite* of the place; but this indication does not hold good as regards Perugia. Here the number of promenaders was small even on the sunniest evenings, and very few wives seemed to walk abroad

¹ A town hall has now been built there. Its open colonnades offer to the citizens a charming *al fresco* of a summer's evening. (*Translator's note.*)

with their spouses. On the other hand, *filles de joie* abounded; a gruesome sight it was to see them, with their balloon-like crinolines and veiled faces, pervading the place.¹ It is deplorable to find that the decorum which had prevailed previously in all Italian towns is no longer observed since 1859—so, at least, it would appear; and the towns previously under Papal jurisdiction are now given up to unbridled licence. I cannot remember to have ever before beheld so shameless a parade of these creatures as I saw in broad daylight in the streets of Perugia. Young men were not ashamed to confer with them openly in the Corso. It is horrible, too, to see the flood of obscene photographs from France which is just now poured out over Italy. It is, however, a source of great commendation that the Pope has forbidden by an edict all traffic in such wares in Rome. This should be done in all the other towns. Nothing can be more fatal to the morals of the people than this abuse.

On the whole Perugia is quiet at present. I saw very few regular troops; the National Guards, having possession of all the defensible posts, are encamped in great numbers near the town. These recently embodied troops will, it is said,

¹ Perugia is now (1898) free of this reproach. (*Translator's note.*)

be ultimately enrolled in the national army. Colonel Masi, who commands them, was, it is said, originally secretary to one of the Buonaparte princes. He spent many years in America embarking in unsuccessful speculations, and in 1859 appeared on the Tuscan borders as leader of their newly formed bands of volunteers, winning his spurs first at Montefiascone. It is strange that this race of Condottieri, peculiar to Italy in the Middle Ages, should have survived there so obstinately. The Italians hate regular military service, being too independent by nature to submit willingly to be disciplined. I saw the army of Francis II. at Naples, when they were marching on Aquila in 1858. They looked splendidly equipped and well organised, but those 50,000 men were scattered like chaff before the wind by Garibaldi's volunteers. Now they have placed themselves under the leadership of such adventurers as Chiavone, Crocco, Rinco, Nanco, and Cipriani, to fight and be shot down like bandits. That romantic kind of warfare appeals to the Southern temperament. The more moderate, amongst whom there are also cavalry, are joined by many free-lances even from Rome, where young fellows will often escape from their parents and employers to serve in the regiments at Spoleto or Perugia.

You see these young officers full of national feeling and enthusiasm in all the cafés here. The general feeling seems hopeful on the whole in Umbria, it appears to me, though one has to confess that the difficulty of the situation is great. The seed of reaction is still vital, and exists among the former officials belonging to the aristocracy and the priesthood, who have been treated with clemency and retained when it was practicable to keep them on. The Umbrian nobility, when, as in Perugia, they belong to old and wealthy families, remain attached to the old *régime*. Besides being fettered to the Papacy by tradition, by family ties, and by serving it in many capacities, they dread being swamped by the new democracy. These nobles live in sulky seclusion on their estates, or in their palaces in the towns. The smaller gentry, on the other hand, have joined very readily in the new movement, and the same may be said of the inferior clergy.

Perugia possesses no fewer than thirty-six convents for monks and nuns.¹ A few have been closed, such as, for instance, the Dominican Monastery, the brethren having now migrated to Rome. The higher clerics abhor the Revolution. The Umbrian Episcopate to a man

¹ Almost all are now (1898) suppressed. (*Translator's note.*)

rallies round the Pope. This unanimity of the Italian dignitaries—the exceptions are so few as not to be worth considering—has something impressive about it. The bishops have again and again contravened the edicts of the Umbrian Intendant by pastoral letters when these decrees affected convents, the estates belonging to the Church, the abrogation of the ecclesiastical forum, or the abolition of clerical control in public schools. This Intendant, by name Gualterio, is a self-reliant personage who takes no notice of their protests. The Press is perfectly free. In Perugia, so lately under Papal jurisdiction, Diodati's Bible is for sale just as in Florence, and all the bookstalls abound in vehement invectives against the Papacy. The *Gazetta dell' Umbria* and the weekly *Roma e l'Italia*, which are both published in Perugia, contain tremendous articles against the domiciliary priests and the Cardinals. The friends of the former administration are obliged to be satisfied with showing their passive antagonism to the new order of things, being overborne by its magnitude and power.

The University here, once under the protection of the Popes, and distinguished both in ancient and modern days for its excellent teachers, now contains the same conflicting elements. Many of the professors, belonging to

the old nobility, are reactionary, while the more youthful spirits have embraced the newer doctrines and are revolutionary. There has ensued some stagnation in the courses of instruction. Young men have forsaken the rostrum to take arms in their hands, and the world of letters suffers from the absence of repose and concentration needed for study. Neither does there seem any prospect of this evil becoming less. Perugia, as some men have laughingly assured me, must absolutely become the capital of Italy. This, it has really been thought, might be desirable, because, besides being the very navel, or centre, of the country, it possesses many other requisites for it.

My object was to pursue my archæological studies, with a view to the History of Rome in the Middle Ages, in the admirably ordered muniment room of the Decemvirs in the Palazzo Publico, as well as elsewhere.

At present all documents removed from the various convents are in the possession of the municipality. Twenty-two monasteries have been suppressed, those only excepted which are occupied by the Mendicant Friars and the Benedictines of San Pietro.

As they had been also suppressed in 1810, however, many of their deeds and records have

been lost. One of the professors at the University, Signor Adamo Rossi, took me to the former Servite Convent, Sta. Maria Nuova, where the town archives have been placed in several rooms. Whole piles of parchments lay heaped up or scattered over the floors, a disheartening spectacle, for it looked like some vast treasury which we lacked strength to unearth. We burrowed into it like true treasure-seekers, clouds of dust rising up around us as we stirred the rolls, but not one important document did we discover. These were evidently only Convent records, of purely local interest.

The forlorn aspect of these convents is indescribable. Grass grows in their empty courts, and the scholastic spider weaves her webs in their forsaken halls and corridors, where a few sad-looking monks glide about like spectres of the past. It is the conclusion of a historical epoch which we have come upon here.

Eight brethren survive in the famous old Abbey of the Benedictines, San Pietro, where Gregory IX., the inexorable foe of Frederick II., lived for two years. The Monastery is nine hundred years old. It has a fine basilica attached to it, of beautiful proportions, resting on antique granite columns. This is counted the gem of Perugia. It is a veritable museum, filled

with specimens of Umbrian art by Perugino, Orazio Orfani, Doni, Lo Spagna, and other old masters, as well as exquisite copies by Sassoferrato of Perugino's and Raphael's masterpieces. These Benedictines do not complain of their lot—they seem to have resigned themselves to it. The worthy Abbot expressed himself as being in favour of a united Italy, but he would like to be assured that Rome was still to be left for the Popes. I could see that he had something else much at heart about which he was silent. The privilege has been granted to this Abbey, as well as to the metropolitan one of Monte Cassino, of preservation till after the death of the last monk. These brethren have established a school of agriculture for fifty boys.

One of the younger men showed me their archives, which include certain Imperial diplomas signed by Henry III., Conrad III., and Barbarossa, and many Papal Bulls. Its great glory, however, is, or was, the oldest deed in Perugia, the privilege granted to Petrus, first Abbot and founder of the Monastery, in 978, by Pope Benedict VII. When the town was stormed in 1859 by the Swiss Guard, under the command of the Pope's general, Colonel Schmidt, they broke into the Abbot's residence,

where they ravaged everything. They flung about diplomas (so I was told), tore the seals from Papal Bulls, and, alas! laid violent hands on that priceless document. A small fragment of it was rescued, and is placed under glass by the wall of the muniment room. One of the monks has composed a Latin epigram to perpetuate for all time to come the vandalism of these troops and the *furor Helveticus*.

I went my way through Umbria, trying always to explore the archives of each town I came to. Everywhere I was most kindly and liberally treated, thanks to certain letters with which I had been provided by the Italian Minister of Education, Micheli Amari.

Of all these places none has left a more charming impression on my mind than Todi.

This very ancient town, called in old times Tudur, or Tuternum, is seated on a smiling eminence above the Vale of the Tiber, in the midst of a hilly district, clothed with olive groves and vineyards, through which the beautiful river glides tranquilly. Remote from the great thoroughfares, Todi seems to lie wrapped in slumber; in a silence which is by no means that of death, but of retrospection—in the memory of her past glories.

It was night when I got there, having tra-

velled by the post carriage to the foot of the hill, from whence I was driven up to the gates of the town, in search of a hostelry. It did not promise well, that dark and forlorn Locanda which I reached through gloomy and deserted-looking streets, but in the morning I discovered how groundless my forebodings had been.

It was a most charming little spot when viewed by the brilliant sunshine next morning, yet with that unmistakable character of the Middle Ages which so few Italian towns now retain. It is encircled by ancient walls, a portion of them Etruscan, and its squares are spacious and level, though set on the ledges of so steep a hill. Old palaces, brown mediæval towers, most picturesque buildings — Romano-Gothic in style—venerable churches and monasteries, sprang up all around, while the stately cathedral soared up above them all.

The public buildings are in the square, monuments, all of them, of the days when Todi was a free Umbrian Republic, waging war with some of her neighbouring towns—such as Terni and Spoleto—concluding treaties with others. In the thirteenth century, her flourishing period, Todi could send 1000 horsemen, fully armed and accoutred, into the field. In her six

quarters she could boast of having 30,000 inhabitants, while now she can number but 4000.

Her constitution was Guelphic, and thoroughly popular; the guilds of the artisans were her sole rulers, through their committee in Parliament. A Podesta, and a Captain chosen by the people, were at the head of this free State, and administered justice. These were always strangers, and were elected annually. Amongst them were many Romans of the most important families in the thirteenth century. The names of Colonna, Orsini, Frangipani, Anibaldi, Cenci, Caetani, Savelli, Malabranca, and others, appear in the list.

The venerable records of this republican town are now kept in the Communal Palace and the palace of the Governor, both in the principal square. The first is a large Romano-Gothic structure, of very noble proportions, with a wide flight of stone steps leading up to it. The second has a higher tower, and its façade is battlemented. It reminds me a little of the Palazzo Venitiano in Rome. Facing these buildings is the cathedral, which is likewise of pseudo-Gothic architecture, and has a huge tower. Of its three principal aisles, the central has the early Gothic vaulting of the eleventh and twelfth

centuries ; a fourth aisle has been added at a later period.

With the exception of the cathedral, the immense Gothic Church of St. Fortunatus is the most notable of the thirteenth-century churches here, being dedicated to the patron saint of Todi, and standing apart in picturesque seclusion. In it I spent most of my time while I remained there, for in it I discovered the most important of its communal archives. When I had obtained the Syndic's permission to use these documents, Signor Angelo Angelini, the keeper of them, led me through the church down to a chamber beneath it, near the Sacristy. Here he put aside a broken devotional chair, when a low door became visible, through which we passed into a small room. This was the muniment chamber. Quantities of parchments, for the most part in a deplorably dilapidated state, lay heaped up on shelves and in presses by the wall, while a table which filled up the middle of the room was piled with yet more parchment manuscripts and masses of books, all thickly coated with dust. The latter had once formed a portion of the library of the Cardinal-Bishop of Albano, Bentivegna d'Acquasparta, who is spoken of by Dante. He died in 1289.

I toiled in this spot for many hours a day, hampered for room by the remains of the library, examining parchments and papers in the most profound silence. An attendant was told off at first by the Commune to watch me, but I made a protest against what seemed to be this rather insulting lack of confidence in my intentions, and I was ultimately put in possession of the key of the door, but not of the archives.

It soon got abroad in Todi that a stranger who could read old documents was in the town. The news brought the president of the Worshipful Guild of Tailors to my hostelry. He arrived with a sheaf of papers under his arm—namely, the statutes of his ancient and honourable confraternity, yellow with age. He was a young man with an intelligent expression, and very sprucely attired. "I have come to you," he said, "our guild being in a difficulty, to ask for your advice." Repressing a smile with an effort, and wondering what great things I had done in the world, that I, a visitor come from East Prussia, should be thus called upon to be an arbiter in sartorial affairs in this little Umbrian town, I assumed all the solemnity of the Seven Sages of Greece. He then proceeded to say, or rather to complain, that the Italian Government had laid violent hands on the property of their

honourable guild, or rather on certain rents accruing to it. Said Government would seem to regard the guild of the *Ars Sartorum* as instituted to further good works only. From time immemorial the Hospital of San Giacomo had been one of its endowments; the proceeds, to the amount of 360 scudi annually, had now been claimed by Government, which had thrown a trifling sum in compensation to the guild. The president, who expressed himself very fluently, proceeded to remark that the Revolution of 1860 had been brought about chiefly by the artisans and tradesmen of the country. He had himself borne arms, leaving his affairs to march to Orvieto, and this was all the thanks he had got from the new administration. It had assumed in the most aggressive manner the long-established rights of his guild, and bestowed their endowments to swell the Cassa Ecclesiastica. The deeds which he showed to me no one in Todi could decipher. He had taken them to Perugia and placed them before the authorities there; but they had never been even looked at, only flung contemptuously on the floor. So he besought me to examine them and to inform him whether they might contain anything likely to prove useful in convincing the Government that their rights existed.

I told him that I would examine them and let

him know the following day what they might contain. When he came back he had to be satisfied to know that his deeds were only of value from their antiquity, that they were purely formal documents drawn up by a notary, and proving nothing. He then confessed that he had suspected as much.

Nevertheless the guild is a very venerable and respectable institution, dating from the Middle Ages. It has a Board of Directors called "Consuls." These choose twelve ministers as councillors, who are called Fratelli, or Brethren. Their statutes fill a parchment volume sixty pages long, and go back to the year 1308. They were translated from the original Latin into Italian in 1492. The volume begins:—

"El Prohemio della matricola de Sarturi:
Capitolo I.

"Nel nome del nro signor Iesu Xto et della beatissima sempre vergine maria sua madre: et del beato santo michele archangelo: et del 6, sancto ioanni baptista et S. Joani Evangelista, et de beati apostoli S. Pietro et S. Paolo: et de beati confessori: Sancto Fortunato, sancto Calisto et S. Cassiano: et de tutti i santi et sancte della corte celestiale: Questi sono i ordinamenti et statuti iscritti: dell arte sarturi et cinaturi della citta et contado de Todi: facte et ordinate per

glomini della decla arte : nel tempo dello offitio de consoli : cive delli sapienti homini iacobuccio dandrelle : del rione de sancta presedia : et de cechole de manella : del rione della valle : iscripti per me ser francesco de mæstro iacomo publico notario della detta arte : nel tempo et neglanni del signore nell mille tre-cento otto : nella in dictione sexta : nel Tempo del pontificato del nro signore benedecto papa duodecimo : et addi ventidua de novembre." ¹

I made many pleasant acquaintances in Todi, all of whom were most helpful to me in my quest. Amongst these was Signor Alessandro Natali, formerly a bookseller and burgher of Rome, and editor of Leoni's "History of Todi," as well as of the Life of Bartolomeo d'Alviano, a famous warrior who lived early in the sixteenth century, and was a native of Todi.

Signor Natali is lay rector of the former Convent of Monte Christo, now turned into a Foundling Hospital. He took me to see this beautifully situated institution, where ninety-eight foundlings are taught and kept. Here I found archives also, but they only related to the place itself, which had been originally designed for a Lazar House, and was built on a charitable foundation.

The same friendly guide took me over the

¹ The eccentric spelling is retained. (*Translator's note.*)

Capuchin Monastery of Monte Santo, which is on a hill just outside the gates. There is a beautiful picture by Lo Spagna over the high altar of this little church. It represents the same coronation of the Virgin which I had seen at Narni. Both works are by the master's own hand. We were hospitably entertained and served with coffee in the Prior's parlour. He asked me about Witte, whose fame as a commentator on Dante had penetrated even into this remote spot. Then I was shown, with much pride, a MS. poem by Fra Jacopone, a profound and mystical poet of the Order of Celestino, and the valiant opponent of Pope Boniface VIII. Todi is very proud of this monk, who died at Collazione in 1304, and is buried in the Church of St. Fortunatus there. The words of the *Stabat Mater* have been ascribed to him, and perhaps rightly so. That glorious and celebrated hymn might well confer immortality upon any man.

I found one of the monks at Monte Santo busily occupied with making a transcript of the Codex containing the *Stabat Mater*, as well as other verses by Fra Jacopone. There are older poems by this Franciscan at Venice and at Florence. These at Todi only go back to the close of the fourteenth century.

All the men whom I met there seemed per-

fectly contented to live out their narrow little lives at Todi, even to enjoy its unbroken monotony, hardly ever varied by any unusual event. On moonlight nights the ladies used to stroll out on the promenades made by the town on the slope of the mountain below its ancient Rocca—or fortress—now in ruins. Following these paths, you reach the Church *di Consolazione*, built by Bramante and surmounted by a cupola. There are no great feudal families now left in the town. The mightiest of these, in the Middle Ages, were the Acti or Atti, the Oddi, the Fredi, the Bentevenghi, the Carocci, the Portani, the Laudi, the Corradi, and the Astancolli.

Many stately old palaces remain to remind one of these proud nobles. They are now inhabited by either more recent families or by, in one or two cases, their impoverished descendants. "In these days when everything is designed for the gratification of the passing moment, those great enduring edifices, which are found even in the smallest provincial towns in Italy, may well put us to shame. They were built in the Middle Ages by our forefathers, a sturdy race with iron wills and very practical natures." So said Signor Pieroggi when I saw him at Todi. He is a doctor of laws and a writer of comic songs.

Many a dramatic poet might envy this isolated individual the solid contentment which he enjoys in the palace which has been handed down to him by a long chain of ancestors.

I had been urgently pressed by friends in Rome to visit Aspra, a lofty town in the Sabina, where I should find valuable communal archives, and explore an enchantingly beautiful wilderness up in the higher mountains. This I settled to do. Starting from Terni, a public highway would leave me near this remote place. Yet there were certain drawbacks, for Aspra contains no sort of inn. A native of Terni, however, said he could make arrangements for me, to which end he indited a letter and sent it on in advance.

I hired a little carriage and set forth, at four o'clock one morning in August, from Terni. We drove, through a hilly country, in a direct course from north to south, by one of the best of roads, yet passing a very few very small farmsteads by the way. We often traversed beautiful forests of oaks. At Torri the mountains open out, disclosing to our view an ancient castle, which belonged in the tenth century to the Crescenti, once a powerful family in the Sabina. It stands, dusky and picturesque, right up on the summit of a mountain ridge. And now a grand prospect lay

before us of the Roman Campagna and Soracte, the acclivities of the Apennines, and the Sabine range, while across a deep ravine rose a steep cliff, bearing on its crest a dark cluster of houses girt round by a black wall broken by a few turrets. This was Aspra, the Casperia of the old Romans, an eyrie which looks from below not only inaccessible but unapproachable.

It was now midday, yet the air on that 1st of August felt crisp and cool in those high regions. The road made a great *détour* to get round the end of the ravine, and then at last we began to climb the mountain painfully, by a field road winding round about it, till, behold! the walls of Aspra stood up before us. My driver called a halt; no wheeled carriage could enter a town which possessed no streets. I alighted, therefore, and walked in at the gate. What a place! How wild and strange and forlorn it looked! How frightfully narrow were these airless slits between the stone houses, which more resembled the beds of mountain streams than streets—beds to carry off the rain-storms and water-spouts which must burst over this lofty spot in their utmost severity.

It chanced to be a Sunday, and all the inhabitants, clad in the grey-blue jackets of the district, were playing ball in front of their houses.

They stared at me open-mouthed as I was conducted up hill and down dale to the Syndicate. The Burgomaster came out, dressed like the rest in a peasant's jacket, and informed me he had received letters not only from Terni, but from Perugia, concerning my business, but that I could not see the archives to-day. It was Sunday, and his secretary was otherwise engaged. I might find lodgings at the cobbler's; he kept a kind of *locanda*.

I was led off in search of this hostelry, and a wretched spot it looked. Mine host ushered me up to a little hole of a chamber, with one broken window in it that shook and rattled in the fresh breeze which is always blowing up there. Yet, when I looked forth from it, I was amazed at the panorama which opened on my gaze. It was of quite indescribable sublimity. I threw myself on a dirty bed in one corner, but was soon roused by the stings of mosquitoes and the bites of other little demoniac creatures. Mine host set a dinner before me which I could not relish, and in my desperation I declared that I could not remain there.

I hastened back to the Syndicate, where the Burgomaster accompanied me on a search for the secretary. We three stood under a stone

arch connecting two streets, while the magistrate advised as to what could be done to assist me. At last the two wiseacres decided that the archives should straightway be unlocked, and that the worthy Syndic should set off in search of a lodging for me in some respectable dwelling.

The secretary took me into the Town Hall, a massive though not ancient building, and there he unlocked the door of a small room. Two presses which were in it contained all the written treasures of the Commune. Here I discovered many edicts and deeds concerning the Roman Senate in mediæval times, when Aspra, like her neighbours in the Sabina, was a free and independent town under the jurisdiction of Rome, from whence were sent out rectors and podestas to govern it. Strange to say, I found some forged tenth-century documents also.

When the evening began to close in, the secretary returned to say that one of the best families in Aspra was ready to receive me. He then conducted me to a mansion of palatial size, where I was received by a tall young lady, dressed in Roman fashion, and with quite city manners. She said I would confer an honour on their house by staying in it, and

then she led the way herself, to the room prepared for me. On the way we traversed a deserted reception-room. It had been struck by lightning some weeks before, which had shattered the windows as well as the chimney, and left a rift in the wall from which the blue sky was visible, nor had any steps been taken towards repairing it. Ancient coats of arms carved in stone showed that the family had seen better days. The destruction visible in the *salon* made me curious to see my bedroom, the door of which the signora now opened. It looked most habitable, and contained a clean Roman bed. The young lady's brother now came in—a handsome man in the uniform of the National Guard. I was besought, in the most friendly manner, to arrange everything to suit my convenience, and I consented to take advantage of their kind hospitality on one condition: that I should be permitted to dine with my first host, to whom I had letters of recommendation from Terni. This was arranged accordingly.

I stayed there two days, and, alarming as was the first aspect of the place, I spent those days most pleasantly. I worked from early morning till 5 P.M. in the little Muniment Chamber, my industry exciting the utmost

astonishment. The curious went and came, regarding me with wonder and departing with a pleasant greeting. It was years since a stranger had appeared at Aspra. I was able to point out to the secretary a valuable document. It was in the handwriting of the Tribune of the People, Cola di Rienzo, and addressed to the inhabitants of Aspra. He begged me to give him a translation of it, and I dictated an Italian version, which he wrote down and placed with the other deeds in the archives.

One afternoon I accompanied this gentleman and the schoolmaster, a layman, to the Capuchin Monastery, where a Festa was being celebrated. It is a charming place, beautifully situated on a mountain clothed with oak woods. Women, closely veiled, knelt in the little church, while others were standing by the portal. Amongst the latter was the wife of my guide, with some young girls. One of these, a young creature of barely sixteen, was most beautiful. Though in the first flush of youth and beauty, her countenance was full of thought, her expression serious and reflective. Happy the man who is to receive this daughter of the gods as his wife, and lead her across the threshold of his smoky edifice, stricken by lightning. My companion introduced me to these fair ladies, who

seemed to be charmed when I divided amongst them the artificial flowers I had bought in the Monastery.

Long as I have wandered over Italy, I have never beheld so magnificent a panorama as disclosed itself to me when I had gained the summit of that mountain. The sculptured outline of Soracte, the whole of the Vale of the Tiber, the Umbrian plains and mountains lay spread out below, while the distant peaks of the Apennines, the Sabina, and the Latian hills stood round the Roman Campagna; and all this scene of enchantment was bathed in a flood of carmine. This was indeed an earthly Paradise that we gazed down upon. The nearer hills, majestic in their wild, rugged outlines, were set with towns and grim old castles, like jewels, in their recesses, and in these little communities dwell the descendants of that old, persistent Sabine race, still retaining the customs and modes of living and of tilling the soil which have been handed down to them from primeval days. Miles away to the south, a round-shaped hill heaved itself up from the river's brink—it was the Monte Mario! and where the Eternal City spread out from its base, a round hillock rose up above the roofs, like some natural object. This was the dome of St. Peter's. When Easter comes,

the people at Aspra see that dome illuminated, resting on the horizon like a fiery ball.

From the roof of the Monastery we counted twenty-six towns, some far off, some close at hand. Just to show the extent of that unequalled view I will enumerate a few of them—Soracte, Caprarola, Collevocchio, Montasole, Stimigliano, Magliano, Rocca Antica, Poggio Sabina, La Fara, Poggio Mirtelo, Montopoli, Torrita, and across the Tiber, gleaming silvery, as its wanderings might be traced through the great plain, were Felucciano, Cantalupo, Monte Gemaro, Tivoli, Palestrina, and all the walled cities of the Alban hills.

When we returned to the town, there stood the Syndic at his own door, inviting us to walk in. The worthy man bears the name of his native town, and is called Asprone, as if he were the very embodiment of his municipality. His wife came to meet us, an exceedingly stout lady. I had to sit alone on the sofa, when the mayoress handed me a plate piled with Sabine cracknels. Then her spouse went down, candle in hand, to the cellar, and presently emerged from it, bearing a mighty stone measure of wine. We pledged each other valiantly in this wine of the Sabine hills, the special vintage

with which the stone *cruche* was filled. I drank to the prosperity of the Commune of Aspra, and to its magistrates, which seemed to warm the hearts of the Syndic and the other gentlemen mightily. They talked with wonder of my exertions; they were filled with admiration for the zeal which could bring any one to so far away a spot merely to read some old manuscripts, though why I should wish to read them they could by no means comprehend.

When we left the Syndic's house, the secretary pressed me to honour his by visiting it; he evidently did not wish to be excelled in hospitality by his chief. His young wife received me in her comfortably arranged house, carrying a baby in her arms, and all the time she sat beside me she continued to nourish this infant from her quite uncovered breast.

Later on I bade adieu to the hospitable and kindly owners of the abode where I had been housed, and they gave me a hearty invitation to return. They entrusted me also with a letter for their Roman relations. When I departed, before sunrise, a light was still burning in one of the rooms, though no one was visible. A donkey, chartered to convey me down the hill, was standing at the door, and I quitted Aspra in a happy mood, glad to

have found its people as pleasing as their natural surroundings.

A fine ride down through the mountains brought me to the Pass of Corresi, where I caught the post for Rome.

THE END





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